For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2024

https://archive.org/details/bwb_P2-CEO-835

THE UPPER OR MAIN FALLS OF THE GENESSEE.

Etched Copy of a Sepia Drawing made by a French Traveler about 1810-12.
The Original is in the possession of the family of the late Silas O. Smith.

ROCHESTER

A Story Historical

BY

JENNY MARSH PARKER

Behold! a change which proves e'en fiction true,—
More springing wonders than Aladdin knew. . . .
These cross-crowned spires and teeming streets confess
That man at last hath quelled the wilderness.
FREDERIC WHITTLESEY. 1826

All honor to the toil-worn pioneers,
A brave, a sturdy band, although to fame
Unknown, who, like the orb of day, untired
And still, have changed by labors ever new
The dark primeval wilderness to fields
Of smiling beauty. . . .
The noblest benefactors of their race.
HARVEY HUMPHREY

ROCHESTER, N. Y.
SCRANTOM, WETMORE AND COMPANY
Publishers and Booksellers
1884

HINKLE MEMORIAL LIBRARY
SUNY COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY
AT ALFRED
ALFRED, NY 14802

FEB 03 2003

29
7
37
997

Copyright, 1924,
By JENNY MARSH PARKER.

All rights reserved.

The Riverside Press, Cambridge:
Electrotyped and Printed by H. O. Houghton & Co.

Reprinted by –

HIGGINSON BOOK COMPANY
148 Washington Street, Post Office Box 778
Salem, Massachusetts 01970

Phone: 978/745-7170 *Fax*: 978/745-8025

A complete catalog of thousands of genealogy and local history reprints is available from Higginson Books. Please contact us to order or for more information, or visit our web site at **www.higginsonbooks.com**.

This facsimile reprint has been photo-reproduced on acid-free paper. Hardcover bindings are Class A archival quality.

DEDICATED

TO

SARAH R. A. DOLLEY, M. D.

CONTENTS.

		Page
I.	The Old Long House and the Tenant Unknown	1
II.	The Tenant Dispossessed	2
III.	Trouble in the Camp	16
IV.	Irondequoit Bay	21
V.	The City of Tryon, on Irondequoit Bay	32
VI.	The Genesee of the Senecas	36
VII.	The Title Deed of the New Tenant	41
VIII.	Arrival Number One	47
IX.	Some of our First Families	57
X.	A Dismal Swamp	70
XI.	Rochesterville	84
XII.	Our Brave Thirty-three	95
XIII.	"Clinton's Big Ditch"	106
XIV.	A Decade Memorable	119
XV.	The Old Files	205
XVI.	Mount Hope	223
XVII.	The Isms Charge	245
XVIII.	Men and Things Notable	272
XIX.	What shall be Hereafter	319
XX.	A few First Things: Scrap-Basket Historical	337
	Appendix A	353
	Appendix B	357
	Index	407

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Genesee Falls . . . . . *Frontispiece.*
Glen House, Lower Falls (faces) 4
Rattlesnake 6
The Tenant Unknown 7
The Tenant Dispossessed 15
Emblems whose Glory is Departed 20
Irondequoit Bay 21
Hennepin's Picture of Niagara 31
Embryo Isaak Walton 35
Stump Mortar 40
Indian Treaty 43
Map of Phelps and Gorham's Purchase (faces) 44
N. Rochester (faces) 58
Selye Fire Engine Manufactory (faces) 60
Mills of Thomas Kempshall (faces) 60
A Cavalcade 64
Map of the Original One Hundred Acre Tract (faces) . . . 64
The Carthage Wooden Bridge, 1818 69
Eagle Tavern (faces) 74
Rochester City Bank 94
Canal Boat 106
Plan of the New Aqueduct (faces) 112
Keg from which Clinton poured the Water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic 118
Map of the Village of Rochester in 1820 (faces) 118
Rochester House (faces) 120
Christ Church (faces) 130
Second Baptist Church (faces) 132
First Presbyterian Church (faces) 132
St. Luke's Church, P. E. (faces) 132
St. Patrick's Church, R. C. (faces) 132
Tonnewanta Railroad Bridge 134
Carthage Railroad 135
Henry O'Reilly (faces) 146
The Old Arcade 155
Old Residences on Fitzhugh Street (faces) 162
Mills of Charles J. Hill (faces) 164

Mills of E. W. Scrantom (faces) 164
The New Market (1838) 165
Rochester High School 166
Mills of Warham Whitney (faces) 166
Eagle Mills (faces) 166
Brick Church, Presbyterian (faces) 168
St. Paul's (Grace) Church, P. E. (faces) 168
Dr. Dewey (faces) 170
The Old Allen Seminary, now the Site of the Warner Buildings . 183
Third Presbyterian Church (faces) 194
First Methodist Chapel (faces) 194
A North Road Stage Coach 210
"Plain Bonnets for Friends and Methodists" 211
J. Robinson, the Hair Cutter 212
The Summer Garden in Carroll Street 216
Entrance to Mount Hope 223
Myron Holley (faces) 230
Erickson Monument (faces) 232
View of Hill of Revolutionary Patriots at Mount Hope (faces) . 236
Susan B. Anthony (faces) 260
Kate Fox (faces) 268
Powers Commercial Buildings and the Powers Hotel (faces) . 272
Monroe House (faces) 274
D. W. Powers (faces) 280
Warner Buildings (faces) 282
The Warner Observatory, Interior (faces) 284
Warner Observatory (faces) 286
Warner Residence (faces) 288
Elephas Primagenus 291
James Vick (faces) 294
University of Rochester (faces) 296
M. B. Anderson (faces) 298
Rochester Savings Bank (faces) 302
St. Paul's Church in Ruins (faces) 312
First Baptist Church (faces) 318
Bird's-Eye View of Rochester 319
Brick Church, Presbyterian (faces) 322

ROCHESTER: A STORY HISTORICAL.

I.

THE OLD LONG HOUSE AND THE TENANT UNKNOWN.

When Diedrich Knickerbocker began his unique History of New York with the creation, and accepted the theories of "one Charlevoix, a man averse to the marvelous," whereby a hypothetical fourth son of Noah was given the honor of discovering the New World, he had at least the satisfaction of going back as far as his most exacting reader could demand.

The story of Rochester begins with that of the Genesee Valley. The story of the Genesee Valley has its beginning in the unwritten history of the early human race on this continent, the first possessors of this soil we call our own. The evidences of that unrecorded occupancy are fast disappearing. The traces of the mound-builders in Western New York are nearly obliterated. Who can find at Hanford's Landing to-day the outline, even, of the semicircular embankment the early settlers discovered, but had little time or inclination to study or preserve? Of what value to them were the bones, coins, and pottery found around Irondequoit Bay, having decided that they were the remains of modern Indians killed in tribal war, or those of some of the Frenchmen that once tried to possess the land? Skulls that our prehistoric students of to-day would give much to examine were tossed aside as worthless by the "money-diggers," who delved in vain for French treasure chests in Webster and Penfield.

The ends of that semicircular embankment, we are told, extended to the very edge of the ravine. It had three nar-

row gateways, placed at regular intervals. The traditions of the Indians reveal nothing concerning it, but Mary Jemison tells us that just before she came to this country (1759) there was a great land slide on the Upper Genesee, and human bones were unearthed, which the Indians declared were those of the people who held their hunting-grounds long before them, and who were not of their kindred. Whence they came and whither they went the wisest sachems did not pretend to guess. To the Indian, the Tenant Unknown, the ancient possessor of this country, was as great a mystery as he is to us. The few remaining evidences of his occupancy do not lose their interest because our wise men cannot tell us for a certainty the color of his skin, his status of culture, or his lineage; whether he perished without descendants in the course of nature like many species of plants and animals of former years, or whether he was exterminated by a stronger and wiser people. Of the race succeeding him we know almost as little. Nor can we say with certainty that the traces of ancient works in this locality can lay claim to the highest antiquity. Their last faint traces are rapidly disappearing. We may look in vain at the "Sea Breeze" for an outline of the two mounds where fragments of bone, pottery, and other rude relics were found. It stands recorded that these historical mounds occupied the high, sandy ground to the westward of Irondequoit Bay, where it connects with Lake Ontario, and that on the eastern shore, in a corresponding position, was another mound of considerable size which, it is said, contained human bones. Unfortunately our famous townsmen, Lewis H. Morgan and Prof. Henry A. Ward, were not on the ground when those mounds were opened, nor when the treasures of another on Irondequoit Creek, in Penfield, were brought to the surface. The platform of the Bay Railroad Depot at the Sea Breeze is said to be built upon soil that has yielded a rich harvest of coins, skulls, and implements of ancient warfare, if the stories of the old settlers may be credited, but nothing has been preserved. The flat, sandy meadow to the southwest of the station has

been called "The Old French Burying-Ground," and there is a legend that it was there that De Nonville buried his dead.

The Genesee Valley was rich in ancient remains. Traces of the cemeteries and forts of the early Senecas were numerous along its banks, and if the testimony of the Indians may be received, a people have lived upon its shores and passed away of whom they have not the faintest tradition.

The spade of the pioneer of the Genesee Country has unearthed other prehistoric remains than those of the mound-builders. We know that the mastodon once went tramping over this region, browsing on forest trees, and that he existed on the soil of North America for thousands of years. Whether he was the contemporary of the mound-builders or not we may never know for a certainty, or if his day was waning when the lord of the bow and arrow disputed his supremacy. He claims the dim border land of our historic soil, and none of us are inclined to dispute the assertion that "he must have lived at a time when the surface of the country was better calculated to sustain mastodons than now." The tusk of one of these gigantic quadrupeds, discovered here in 1838, was nine feet long. It was found by the workingmen digging the Genesee Valley Canal, near where the Plymouth Avenue Bridge now stands. Bones of the head, several ribs, parts of the vertebræ, etc., were also found, intermingled with gravel and covered with clay and loam. Unfortunately, the workmen had made sorry havoc before the nature of the bones was discovered, and measures taken to preserve them. This valuable relic of some prehistoric quadruped may be seen in the State Museum at Albany. Molar teeth of the mastodon have been found in various places near Rochester, and as early as 1817 a discriminating eye discovered what proved to be similar remains in the bed of Deep Hollow Creek.

Mound-builder and mastodon, — and yet we have hardly reached the beginning of our story. Perhaps Diedrich Knickerbocker was correct after all, and we had been wise

in following his example. Rochester is an evolution of the Genesee Falls. "Gä-sko-sā'-go" was the Indian name, meaning "at the Falls," and for years after Allan's Mill was built at the ford the place was called Falls Town. The story of the Falls is best told sitting on the piazza of the Glen House, for one of the first chapters thereof is written in the succession of strata so plainly seen on the high eastern bank. If, when you have called each stratum by name, you tell us how the gorge has been excavated, how the Genesee has made its channel and its cascades, taking us back to the time when there was but one cataract, — where does our story begin, pray tell? And if, when you are done with making plain how with the wearing away of shale and the opposition of Niagara limestone, etc., a cascade, yes, two or more, went traveling southward years ago, and that this recession is still going on,[1] and that a time will come when the Falls, in the phrase of our southern folk, "will be done gone entirely," the river rushing over a gradually sloping bed to its outlet, Irondequoit Bay a marsh or meadow, a tranquil stream winding through the valley, — when is this story to end? Can you tell?

And so perhaps the most exacting reader, who has little approval for a story of Rochester that does not tell of the first things that may be told, will forgive our only casting a glance at the Old Ridge Road. That ancient landmark, more surely than the river, perhaps, will lead us back to an age when this New World was the Old World in the physical history of the earth's surface, to the time before the upheaval of the hills standing round about our city, and when the conditions of the surface and the proportions of land and water were very different from the present, when there was possibly a communication between the waters of this great valley and the Mississippi, "and masses of ice with boulders were drifting over the surrounding inland sea."

That the Ridge Road, a much traveled trail of the Sen-

[1] It is said that the Falls of Niagara are receding at the rate of forty feet in fifty years.

GLEN HOUSE, LOWER FALLS.

ecas, and an almost finished road for the early settlers, was the ancient beach or boundary of a large body of water has been settled conclusively. A discussion of the many theories as to the cause or causes that drained Lake Ontario from its old limits may be most profitably discussed in driving over the smooth, hard roadway, through the charming farm lands of Greece, where there are many who, in digging their cellars and wells, have found shells, pebbles, and other evidences that the land was once submerged. Dr. Dewey used to exhibit to the pupils of the old High School a fragment of a tree, — a white cedar, which in 1834 or thereabouts was found sixteen feet below the surface in a well in Greece, about five miles west of the Genesee. The vegetable mould in which it was discovered lay upon a bed of fine white sand, like that of the present lake shore. The Doctor's lectures upon the subject, well illustrated with drawings of modern lake beaches and ridges, with perhaps a geological and botanical excursion of the class to the Lower Falls and the Ridge Road, are well remembered by many of his old pupils still in our midst, and how he used to discourse in his ever serene, happy way, — with many a story and an occasional pinch of snuff, — of the different theories concerning the formation of the Ridge; of the proofs that the water covered a large tract of country, but only to a moderate depth; that there was a gradual subsidence by the bursting of successive barriers; and how at last, by the removal of the one on the St. Lawrence, the waters subsided to a still lower level, and Lake Ontario sank to its present dimensions. If his pupils sometimes failed in following him when he pursued his subject through the denuding agencies which excavated the valleys of Western New York, and the formation of river channels and lake basins in general, he was sure to gain their attention when he told the stories of the modern Ridge Road, the reminiscences of early settlers and later pioneers who had been quick to discover what that natural highway would prove to the Genesee Country. One Joe Perry, a favorite rhymster of our early pioneers, had sat in a Ridge Road bar-room

as early as 1812, and sung what he called "The Song of the Genesee Bushman": —

> "I sing of the great Ridge Road,
> Of the highway our children shall see,
> That lies like a belt on Ontario's shore,
> Carved out in the wisdom of ages before,
> For the races that yet are to be," etc., etc.

It was in the locality of the Falls that the workmen, in blasting for the foundations of Whitney's Mill at the foot of Brown's Race, discovered the ancient remains of what suggested that snakes akin to the boa-constrictors of Ceylon had once been a feature of the landscape. Mr. Nehemiah Osburn is, I believe, the authority for the size and comparative number of the skeletons, and will testify, no doubt, that they may be properly mentioned with our prehistoric mastodons.

The Ridge Road and the Genesee Falls were to the Senecas' section of the old Iroquois Long House what the spacious entrance and hearthstone are to one of our Rochester homes of to-day. The dominion of the Iroquois, the League of the Five Nations, conquerors and masters of all the Indian nations east of the Mississippi, comprised the greater part of the Empire State, their name meaning by Indian interpretation, "People of the Long House," a fact with which we have all been made familiar by the title alone of Lewis H. Morgan's "League of the Iroquois" (People of the Long House). This confederacy of five distinct nations ranged in a line along Central New York was likened

to one of the long bark houses with which Mr. Morgan's readers are familiar. Five fires and five families. Some of these long houses deserved the name, as they were found by actual measurement to be five hundred and forty feet long, although only about thirty in breadth.

As undisputed tenants to-day of the old Seneca Long House, it seems fitting that we should give a remembrance at least to the Tenant Unknown, him of whose occupancy so few vestiges remain, — faint outlines of old walls and embankments (who can say if they be tombs or altars?), and a few tusks and molars of animals that may have been troublesome invaders of his peace. He has a place in our story as rightfully as the marked physical features of our domain, and no less for the reason that his claim upon us seems that of a fossilized race of independent fragments, so used are we to seeing him thus represented in museums of prehistoric remains.

II.

THE TENANT DISPOSSESSED.

THE Genesee Country, when the white man first heard the roar of its Falls, was in the possession of the most numerous nation of the League of the Iroquois, — the Senecas, — justly proud of their distinctive title, "Ho-nan-ne-ho-ont," or "The Door-keeper," of the Long House. To them belonged the hereditary guardianship of the Western Door. The grand council fire, it is true, was in the Onondaga Valley, but the Senecas commanded the Western Door, an honor still maintained by their pale faced successors, some may say, when our city's supremacy in Western New York is fairly estimated.

"The Iroquois," says Parkman, "was the Indian of Indians, a thorough savage, a finished and developed savage . . . as savage in his religion as in his life." He has been called "the Roman of the Western World," and the speculations of historians as to what he might have attained had he possessed the advantages of the ancient Greek and Roman are interesting to say the least. The ferocious vitality of this powerful confederacy — a federal Republic, originally of five nations (the Tuscaroras were admitted in 1715) — would in time have subjected and absorbed every other tribe west of the Mississippi. There is a certain satisfaction, it must be admitted, in knowing that Indian strength and prowess had made this region historical long before the bitter strife began between French and English for commercial monopoly. If the tusks of our mastodons lack by a foot or two in the length of those found elsewhere, and our Irondequoit and Hanford's Landing mounds may

not compare with some in Ohio, our Seneca Indians are not to be ranked as second-class in any classification, even admitting that Red Jacket did in his declining years go upon the lecture platform.

The history of the Senecas is the thread for our following. The story of their origin, as told by Mary Jemison, confers an honor upon Canandaigua Lake which we may be pardoned for wishing had been secured for our Lower Falls, or even Irondequoit Bay. Mary Jemison, many of my readers are well aware, was the famous "White Woman of the Genesee" whose touching story was given to us a few years ago, as told by her to James E. Seaver and published by D. M. Dewey. It has recently been republished by the Hon. W. P. Letchworth, of Portage, with an account of the removal, under his superintendence, of the good woman's remains from the old mission burying-ground at Red Jacket, near Buffalo, to the spot where she rested when she first came to the Genesee Valley in 1759, — the high eminence on the bank of the Genesee, near the Portage Falls.

No one can tell the story of the Genesee Country without frequent reference to Mary Jemison, a woman whose long and eventful life was, perhaps more than that of any woman who has ever lived in "the Pleasant Valley," a sublime illustration of heroic, self-sacrificing, yet cheerful submission to seeming adverse destiny.

Born on the ocean, between Ireland and Philadelphia, in 1742 or 1743, of parents whose nationality she never knew, but who settled in a wilderness home on the frontier of Pennsylvania, she lived until about thirteen years of age in a Christian family, with her brothers and sisters and loving parents, all of whom were tomahawked in a fearful massacre in 1755, when she was carried captive, and by cruel marches, to the Ohio Country, where she was adopted by an Indian family, and became in time the wife of an Indian, naming her children after her parents and brothers and sisters, but never permitted to speak the English language. "Remembering the charge that my dear mother

gave me at the time I left her, whenever I chanced to be alone I made a business of repeating my prayer, catechism, or something I had learned, in order that I might not forget my own language. By practicing in that way I retained it till I came to Genesee Flats (1759) where I soon became acquainted with English people."

Mary Jemison's home for nearly seventy-two years was in the locality where she settled in 1759, before the white man had attempted a settlement, on the banks of the Genesee River, near Moscow and Cuylerville. She moved to the Buffalo Reservation in 1831, and died there in 1833. The good missionary who visited her in her last moments tells us that when the Lord's Prayer was repeated to her in English, Mary Jemison, wept and said: "That is the prayer my mother taught me and which I have forgotten so many years."

Lost to her own people, refusing to leave the Senecas when it was possible for her to do so, bearing an Indian woman's hard burdens with a white woman's nature, true to her adopted people yet faithful to her own race, what a tie she proved between the two races, a very bond of peace, the assurance of what might have been in the past had all of her race possessed her gentle heart and her discernment of the humanity of the savage. From her we have received much of our most valuable information regarding the traditions and customs of the Senecas.

"The tradition of the Senecas," says Mary Jemison, "is that they broke out of the earth from a large mountain at the head of Canandaigua Lake; and that mountain they still venerate as the place of their birth."

Admitting the long and rather insipid legend, we naturally turn to a brief study of the Iroquois, beginning with their first acquaintance with the white man, who ultimately became the legal tenant of the Long House.

In 1638 all New York west of Albany was called "The Unknown Land" by the Dutch, who had a trading-house at Albany, and were fast getting rich in exchanging fire-arms and blankets and gaudy baubles for the valuable furs and

skins the Iroquois brought them. These shrewd Dutchmen were very unlike their French contemporaries upon the St. Lawrence, in the fact that they were not troubled with a burning desire to convert the Indians, and so add a continent to Church and King. What they had heard of the Iroquois made them content to leave all west of their blockhouses in Indian possession.

But Western New York had already found a certain place in European history, and perhaps it is more indebted to the Norman and Breton fishermen of 1503 and thereabouts, who dragged their nets off the coasts of Newfoundland, than to any other source. They awakened the commercial spirit of France, and the enterprise of French merchants, who sent out in time (1608) the heroic Champlain, the Jesuit missionary close to his side. In 1578 there were more French fishing vessels than English, Spanish, or Portugese off Newfoundland. Lent and fast day in France demanded codfish. The fishermen were not long in finding out that barter with the Indians paid better than fishing. Hence the settlements, the explorations, the missions of France on the St. Lawrence, and the St. Lawrence was the path of the earliest white visitors to Western New York.

I think we may write the name of Champlain at the head of the list of first white visitors at the Long House, although his was a brief sojourn. When it is known that his object was not only "to unveil the mysteries of the boundless wilderness and plant the Catholic faith amid its ancient barbarism," but also to aid the Huron-Algonquins in subduing their old foe the Iroquois, we hardly wonder at his thanksgiving at escape from the country, badly wounded at that, and the subsequent feeling of the Iroquois towards the settlers of New France.

Champlain had two memorable meetings with the Iroquois. Having given his promise to lend his aid to the Huron-Algonquins, he made his first inroad into the country of the Iroquois, July, 1609, and had his first glimpse of them on the morning of the battle on the western shore of

the lake now bearing his name, near Crown Point, as they were "filing out of their barricade, tall, strong men, some two hundred in number, of the boldest, fiercest warriors of North America. They advanced through the forest with a steadiness which excited his admiration. Among them could be seen several chiefs, made conspicuous by their tall plumes. Some bore shields of wood and hide, and some were covered with a kind of armor made of tough twigs, interlaced with a vegetable fibre supposed by Champlain to be cotton."[1] When they saw the white men in the ranks of their enemy they were astonished, as they well might be, as possibly they had never seen a pale face before. In that pause of amazement Champlain decided what the relation between Iroquois and Frenchmen was to be. He leveled his arquebuse, and two of the chiefs fell dead. In an instant the forest was full of whizzing arrows, and the Iroquois were flying in uncontrollable terror. The allies made a prompt retreat from the scene of their triumph, but the Iroquois were aroused, — the tiger was foaming in his jungle.

There is a significance in the coincidence that at the very time that Champlain was invading the country of the Iroquois as a foe, Hendrick Hudson, within one hundred miles of the French commander, was making Indian sachems drunk for the first time, and that, when they had boarded his vessel "deporting themselves with great circumspection."

Champlain's second meeting with our Iroquois brought him nearer to the Senecas' section of the Long House. It was in 1615, five years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, that, the Eries having promised to join the Hurons with five hundred men in a raid upon the Iroquois, Champlain, for the glory of France and the Church, cast in his fortunes with the allied savages. After feasting and war dances in plenty they crossed the broad bosom of Ontario, and passing through what is now Jefferson and Oswego counties, met the Iroquois on the shore of Lake

[1] Parkman's *Pioneers of France.*

Onondaga, the site of an Indian fort in the town of Fenner, Madison County, and there a terrible battle was fought, when Champlain received an arrow in his knee, another in his leg, and was carried away by the retreating Hurons on the back of a strong warrior.

Etienne Brulè, Champlain's interpreter, "pioneer of the pioneers," who was sent on the eve of this battle, with twelve Hurons, to hasten forward the five hundred Eries who failed to put in an appearance, made a perilous journey through the borders of the Iroquois, and to him belongs the honor of being the first known European traveler in Western New York. Champlain tells his story, how he threaded the thickest forests and darkest swamps of the fierce and watchful Senecas, avoiding the trails, and reaching Carantouans, somewhere in the Eries' country, near the western border of the Long House, in safety.

He finally succeeded in getting the five hundred to the hostile town, but they were too late, the besiegers were gone. In attempting to return to his countrymen, after a winter spent in exploring the Susquehanna, he was captured by the Iroquois, escaped, was lost in the forest, and driven by starvation to throw himself upon their mercy.

"Are you not one of the Frenchmen, the men of iron, who make war upon us?" they asked; and when he told them he was something better than a Frenchman, and the fast friend of the Iroquois, they tied him to a tree, and tormented him with torture, until one of them seizing the *Agnus Dei* he wore, for he was a good Catholic, was warned by him that if he touched it, he and all his race would die, and Brulè pointed to the black clouds rising against the sky. The Indian persisted, the storm broke in fury, and the miracle ends in Brulè's release, dances, and feasts in his honor, and when he again starts to return to his countrymen, four of the Iroquois guide him on his way. It was three years since he parted with his heroic leader, Champlain, when they met again each scarred with the hardships through which they had passed since they parted at Lake Simcoe.

As early as 1615, in the May of the year that Champlain joined the allied tribes against the Iroquois, we find that four friars reached Quebec in his company, and that after celebrating mass they took counsel together and assigned to each his province in the vast mission field. Le Caron was sent to the Hurons, Dolbeau to the Montagnais, and the two other priests were to remain near Quebec. Champlain, however, as we see, did not permit the Iroquois to remain forgotten. His mission to them was of fire and flame; and we are not surprised that it was many years after their first acquaintance before the close black cassock, the rosary hanging from the waist, and the wide black hat looped up at the side was a familiar garb in the villages of the savage Iroquois, — and that not until after the unambitious Franciscan had given place to the ardent Jesuit, who in his restless quest for subjects for baptism, above all dying children, endured the martyrdom of his life in the filthy wigwams, where, amid smoke and vermin, screeching children and wrangling squaws, he displayed the same heroic composure which did not fail him when under torture, and that sometimes led the infuriated savages to tear out his very heart and devour it, that they might imbibe his contempt of suffering.

The good friars who went, portable chapel on back, to the loneliest villages of the Huron-Algonquins, or to any other Indian tribe than those of the Iroquois, had an easy life compared to what the pioneer missionaries to Western New York necessarily endured, and yet those brave Jesuits were the true pioneers of our civilization. Their admission to the Long House was, alas, too frequently as captives, taken in war with the Hurons, when they were often put to a cruel death, because they were Frenchmen and in league with the deadly foe. The story of "the glorious army of martyrs," whose blood hallowed the soil of the Iroquois, begins within a few years at the most of the time of the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock. A study of the two hostile religious movements, in whose antagonism lay the development of a gospel for a later

day, as interwoven with civil and military annals, and their final effect upon the savage whose eternal salvation each professed to seek, must be dismissed from our consideration here. The Long House had been discovered by the white man. Explorer, trader, and missionary were crossing its threshold. The Dutch, jealous of the French traders, were quick to see the necessity of aiding the Iroquois in their strife with French and Huron. The French, by no means forgetting the peltries in their love for souls, would make all things subserve the interests of commerce. The advantage to be gained by France by a more direct route to their western trading-posts than the long circuit by Lake Huron and the Ottowa, for Lake Ontario was under the sharp eye of the Iroquois, made the subjugation of the Iroquois of paramount importance. But contrary to the scheming of Richelieu the Iroquois long held their own against the French. The glory of New France had departed, the heroic Jesuits had been withdrawn, and the Hurons effectually humbled, before the Englishman succeeded in making an alliance with the haughty Iroquois, a success growing out of the Indians' deep-seated hatred of the French, — an alliance culminating in the dispossession of the old Tenant of the Long House, and his farewell to the Genesee Valley in 1828.

III.

TROUBLE IN THE CAMP.

THE Englishman crowded out the Frenchman at last, and the Iroquois too, for that matter. The spirit of trade in the two nations had fought for supremacy, and the Englishman had won. Between the years 1611 and 1763 twelve hundred Jesuit missionaries had arrived in New France. In 1763, they were forbidden to enter the country under English control, and as early as 1700 the Legislature of New York made a law for hanging every popish priest that came voluntarily into the province. No better testimony could be given of the power that the Jesuit had been to France. The Englishman had given the Indians a better bargain, and a plenty of rum besides, in the trade for furs and skins. He had slowly but surely built and maintained his trading-posts on Lake Ontario, and had proved to the Indian that it was for his commercial advantage to trade with him. There was no end of fighting, as you all know, the French asserting their right to dominion, and the English their right to possession; while the Iroquois declared a lawless independence of either party, until hopelessly weakened by alliance with the English in the Revolutionary War, and severely punished and broken by Sullivan in 1779.

"The French fight for glory," says a late writer, "the Germans for a living, the Russians to divert the attention of the people from home affairs; but John Bull is a reasonable, moral, and reflecting character; he fights to promote trade, to maintain peace and order on the face of the earth, and for the good of mankind in general. If he conquers a

nation it is to improve its condition in this world and secure its welfare in the next, — a highly moral aim as you perceive. 'Give me your territory and I will give you the Bible.' Exchange is no robbery."

It was no easy matter to bring the Five Nations of New York into peaceable alliance with the New England colonies. Their hatred of their old foes, the Huron-Algonquins, helped most to bring it about after all, and Sir William Johnson attended to the keeping of that treaty on the part of the Indians with surprising success. Nor is it in the least to be wondered at that they took up the hatchet for the British in 1775. Of the 12,690 Indians employed by the British 1,580 were Iroquois and of these 400 were Senecas. Joseph Brandt, their great captain, whose character is one of the most interesting studies relating to our local history, had little reason for loving the colonists. He saw his people between two conflicting armies. For their sake he advocated the alliance with the power he believed would aid in their elevation. He fought for the Iroquois, although it must be admitted that the promise of a suit of clothes, a brass kettle, a gun, a tomahawk, a scalping knife, a quantity of powder and lead, and a piece of gold, with the addition of what was the inspiration of the massacre of Cherry Valley and Wyoming, "as much rum as water in Lake Ontario," was sufficient inducement for the most of his braves. That they performed their part of the contract none can deny; nor should it surprise us that in the treaty made by Great Britain with the United States, when France had the satisfaction of seeing her rival dismembered of much that she had taken from her twenty years before, the Indian was not even named, while "the ancient country of the Six Nations, the residence of their ancestors from the time far beyond their earliest traditions, was included in the boundary granted to the Americans." Their lands had been ravaged with fire and sword; their ranks thinned in a conflict between brothers of a race seeking the mastery of their own. The one to whom they had given aid had left them impoverished, unthanked, — at the mercy of the

other to whom the Indian had shown no mercy. What wonder that the Legislature of New York manifested a disposition to expel the Iroquois from within its boundary, and that the settlers on the border demanded the measure, — men and women who had seen their kindred tomahawked by this defeated savage?

General Washington and General Schuyler had courage to oppose the popular outcry, and to plead the cause of the Indian. It is not easy for us to-day to appreciate what that opposition cost them. General Washington, admitting that by the laws of conquest the Indian might be driven north beyond the lakes, wisely foretold that such action would only involve the country in Indian warfare. They had been deluded into the service of the crown. A veil must be drawn over the past, and future relations with the Indians established more in accordance with the fundamental principles of a humane and just government. The Indians with shrewd foresight refused to make treaty with States. The thirteen fires must give them one big fire. Governors must not stand between them and the Big Chief. There were knotty questions to be settled, and in the many meetings between the Iroquois and the Government for the signing of treaties, we have interesting studies of Brandt, Red Jacket, and Corn Planter. Had the counsels of Brandt been followed, the Mohawks at least would have scorned to dwell within United States boundaries, for they, to use the language of the proud chieftain, "were determined to sink or swim with the English." Corn Planter, however, saw the wisdom of Washington's plan, and the folly of rejecting it; but Red Jacket, the great Seneca orator, "the young prince of the wolf tribe," was opposed to the burial of the hatchet, and made himself famous by his fiery outbursts, carrying away his hearers by his eloquence rather than his good sense and logic.[1]

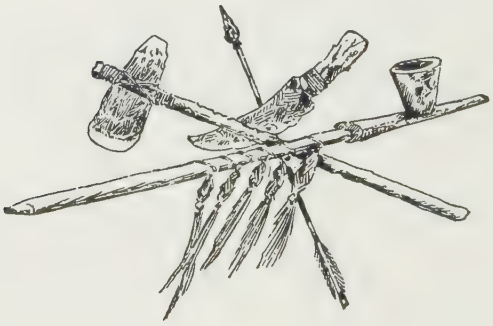
Unhappily, the treaty of peace with the Indians, like that

[1] Red Jacket was then a young man. In his later years he was well known by many of our pioneers, and his portrait by Mathies, a Rochester artist, used to grace the parlor of the old Clinton Hotel. It afterwards became the property of the late H. G. Warner, and is still in the possession of the family.

between England and the United States, did not bring about perfect peace after all. The Indians were brooding and suspicious, and Brandt did not help matters, nor the English either. There were terrible Indian outbreaks in the Ohio Country and along the Kentucky border. The Indian was a disagreeable neighbor at the best. He had become poor, intemperate, and idle. There was a lack of food, bordering on famine at times, among the dissatisfied Iroquois. Having decided that the old tenants of the Long House should not be dispossessed, the pale face is wistfully watching the five cantons, following its net-work of trails, sending missionaries to its heathen, traders along its rivers, explorers and surveyors into its interior, considering meanwhile the question, how the extended and uncertain hospitality of the Long House can be made more secure and comfortable. The ultimation of the partial possession of the pale face as a beginning is clear enough to Saxon foresight. If there should be dissension among the crowded tenantry, the strongest arm of course must arrange for a future peace. French civilization had embraced and cherished the Indian, and was out of pocket in the end. Spanish civilization had crushed him, and was scarcely better off. English civilization had scorned and neglected him. The "Yankee" would simply outwit him in a game of fair play. The Indian was losing prestige. The Iroquois, in whom we are particularly interested, was not that which he had been. His diminished nation was a medley of adopted prisoners, neutrals, Eries, and various Algonquins. The white man's religion had planted the Cross and the Lily, emblems of Christianity and France, conspicuous in the Long House. As early as 1656 the services of the Roman Catholic Church had been securely chanted at what is now Bishop Huntington's Mission, Onondaga Castle, near Syracuse, and in a general convocation of the tribe the question of adopting the Christian religion had even been debated. The Iroquois was a savage still, with all his changes; and when we consider his relations with his invaders from the beginning, other ending of the story of his

occupancy of the Long House than that of Sullivan's Raid, 1779, could not have been. Into the heart of the Senecas' country marched the avenging army, blood and devastation in its track, surprising and effectually humiliating the Indian, who from that time knew his position in the Long House, and not many years after relinquished his occupancy entirely.

The Iroquois' tomahawk, like the Iroquois himself, had had its day. It had made lasting record in American history. It had defeated the Jesuit. "With the fall of the Hurons," says Parkman, "the occupation of the Jesuit in a great measure was gone." It had ruined the trade with New France, and had been the defense of the Dutch settlements. It was instrumental in giving the Americans the French alliance in their war for independence. It had done terrible work for the English, and each blow had been a recoil on the confederacy. It was a gory, but a defeated weapon, after Sullivan taught our Senecas and their confederates at Newtown, Waterloo, and in the Genesee Valley that their proprietorship of the Long House, or stay in it at all, would last no longer than their complete submission to the white man's authority.



IV.

IRONDEQUOIT BAY.

IRONDEQUOIT BAY is preëminently the historical ground of our section of the Long House.

The name, as now written, — the most successful of the many efforts to give, with the aid of the English alphabet, a correct pronunciation of the guttural Indian sounds, — is the name the Senecas gave it before the Frenchman's canoe sought the sheltering harbor afforded by the sand-bar and the close encircling hills. The literal meaning, say the best authorities, is "the lake turns aside." "Teoronto" was another name the Indians gave it, meaning "the place where the waves breathe and die, or gasp and expire." "Gerundegut" was its appellation in the days of Rochesterville, or, what was a trifle more musical, "Rundicut." The names we find for it in the venerable French Relations must have made the canoe correspondent of those days averse to mentioning it at all, and we only wonder that the name the French bestowed upon it at an early day, "Fort des Sables," was not longer retained. Here are some of the names we find in old French records, and comparatively modern ones, for Irondequoit Bay: O-nyui-da-on-da-gwat, Kaniatarontagouat, Ganniagatarontagouat (that was Father Lamberville's way of spelling it when he did not get his alphabet mixed a little in trying to be exact, and write of Paniaforontogouat).

The old sand-bar, fickle and shifting as it has ever been, has a permanent place in our history, whether we accept among the many interpretations of the present name for the picturesque inlet the one our poets like best, "where

the tired waters sink to sleep," or what the matter-of-fact student of the Seneca language declares it to be, "a jam of flood wood." It is lovely under any name and interpretation, and it may be doubted if there is a spot in The Pleasant Valley more tenderly associated with the sweetest memories of us all.

Long after the mound-builders left their memorial upon the sandy headlands, and contemporaneous with the advent of the European among the tribes west of the Iroquois, the Seneca squaws hoeing their corn, beans, and pumpkins, or boiling their succotash in the neighborhood of their palisaded village or landing-place on the east side of the bay, at the picturesque spot we call "the Dugway," may have seen the first white man's canoe gliding cautiously up from the lake, and in the absence of their braves on the war-path, those Seneca squaws may have broiled a venison steak for the pale faces, and so opened the uncertain trade subsequently carried on between Iroquois and Frenchman in Irondequoit Bay. The Frenchman discovered at an early day the importance of the post. Many trails into the interior converged there. It was a favorite hunting-ground. In the long, perilous voyage by canoe from the St. Lawrence to the Huron Country which not a few traders would venture in spite of the terrible Iroquois, the harbor of Irondequoit Bay was a desired haven. The Iroquois hated the Frenchman as he did the Hurons and the Algonquins, but he loved the Frenchman's "brandie" and the "blew cloths and red," and the shining trinkets to be got with "pelletrie."

In 1625 we find the Franciscan missionaries on the west bank of the Niagara River. Religious zeal and commercial ambition had already surmounted, in the country of the Hurons, what made the dangerous canoe passage along the south shore of Ontario a tempting crusade. That the daring to follow that route cost the life of many a bold trader and devout priest no one can doubt, nor that it was a much traveled route notwithstanding. In 1640 we find the Iroquois in constant warfare with the French. In 1645 their

strife is fiercest with the Hurons, and in 1650 it is all over with the Hurons, and the Iroquois is their merciless victor. About 1633 they had, by their tomahawks, effectually ended the neutrality of the Neutrals, the Indian tribe whose domain lay between them and their foe, and in whose wigwams the fierce Hurons and relentless Iroquois had met on *neutral* ground. That decisive battle had been fought near the present city of Buffalo, and the remaining Neutrals, as captives, were in time absorbed in the confederacy, — a fact explaining how the Jesuit missionary, with whom they were well acquainted, found admission to the Long House.[1] In 1669 La Salle, on his first visit to Irondequoit Bay, found Father Fremin at the Seneca village, now Boughton Hill, in the town of Victor. In 1678, when the famous explorer went sailing from La Chine to Niagara, he again stopped at Irondequoit Bay, and once more visited the principal village of the Senecas, where Father Garnier was laboring. Parkman gives graphic descriptions of these events. Father Lamberville was at Onondaga Castle in 1684, where he was a zealous missionary for sixteen years. Father Hennepin was associated with La Salle in his expedition to Niagara Falls, and it was Father Hennepin who made the first sketch of the cataract, and wrote the first description on record. A study of the unique drawing naturally leads us to regret that he did not leave us a sketch of Irondequoit Bay, or of the mouth of the river, where his party exchanged brandie for beaver skins with the natives. "Betwixt the lakes Ontario and Erie," I give only the most notable clause of his description, "there is a vast and prodigious cadence of water which falls down after a surprising and astonishing manner, insomuch that the universe does not afford its parallel. 'T is true, Italy and Switzerland boast of some such things, but we may well say they are sorry patterns when compared with this of which we now speak. At the foot of this horrible precipice we meet with

[1] The Dutch at Albany had already interfered in vain for the release of Jesuit missionaries taken prisoners by the Iroquois in the defeat of the Hurons.

the river Niagara, which is not above a quarter of a league broad, but is wonderfully deep in some places. It is so rapid above this descent that it violently hurries down the wild beasts while endeavoring to pass it to feed on the other side, and not being able to withstand the force of its current, which inevitably casts them headlong above six hundred feet high."

Slowly but surely as the years went by, Frenchman and Englishman encroached more and more upon the Long House and upon each other. Trading-posts in the Senecas' country must be maintained at any cost. The Englishman undersold the Frenchman, and the Frenchman in retaliation made Irondequoit Bay one of the places where he landed arms and provisions to be carried into the interior, — to the foes of the Iroquois. This naturally enraged the Senecas. The French canoes were seized on one occasion and their cargo appropriated. The owners were released however, for a wonder, with terrible threats of what would happen if they repeated the experiment. That was considered sufficient provocation for war by Louis XIV., and war upon the Iroquois was declared at once; more than that, his Majesty ordered that some of the Iroquois chiefs should be captured and sent to France to work in the galleys, for it was high time, thought he, that France should make an impression upon the haughty Iroquois unless she was disposed to let the English crowd her out of New France entirely. The time had come when the Iroquois must be subdued, and their trade with the Englishman ended, and the Iroquois was in no gentle mood pondering the subject of the Frenchman's crossing his territory, helping his bitterest enemies to arms and ammunition. Why should he not trade with the Englishman if he chose? English rum was as good as French brandie, and had he no right to make the best bargain? "Neither of the Pale Faces is the Red Man's Master," said the Indian, hardly comprehending the true state of things.

So when the Marquis De Nonville, the Governor of New France, moved up the St. Lawrence, June, 1687, at the

head of an army of some fifteen hundred Frenchmen and five hundred Indians, "to humble the Senecas," he was striking a blow at the commercial interest of England, and at her claim to the territory of the Iroquois. At Fort Cataracouy (Kingston) he sent for the saintly Father Lamberville, the devoted missionary to the Oneidas, to bring a delegation of Indian chiefs to his headquarters. Father Lamberville, relying upon De Nonville's word that it was to be a council of peace, easily persuaded the chiefs to accompany him. Fifty of them were at once secured, put in irons, and sent to France for galley-slaves, the heart-broken Father Lamberville narrowly escaping with his life from his betrayed Indians.

At the same time, the western Indians, ancient enemies of the Iroquois, were at De Nonville's command hastening to meet the French army at Irondequoit Bay. They had Tonti at their head, — Tonti the companion of La Salle. De Nonville had described him to the King as "a lad of great enterprise and boldness who undertakes considerable." The main army came down from the St. Lawrence by slow stages, encamping on the shore at night, making a halt where Pultneyville now is.

We cannot learn that it was by shrewd management on the part of De Nonville that his eastern and western army met in the Bay upon the same day and hour, July 10, 1687. How vividly we can see them approaching each other, — the long lines of bateaux and canoes coming round Nine Mile Point, the naked and tattooed savages shouting shrilly to each other, the stately retinue of the Marquis, the vociferous greeting of the two armies, when the western division, following the Indian trail along shore, came within sight of the fleet. Up the bay, between the lovely headlands, sailed the proud De Nonville, two hundred bateaux and as many canoes in his train. The canoes of that day carried oftentimes as many as twenty-eight men, "soldiers, valets, and cooks besides." A palisade fort was at once thrown up where they landed, the precise location of which is a disputed point. As it was for the protection

of the water craft and military stores, we may reasonably believe that the old Indian landing on the east side of the head of Irondequoit Bay above the Newport House and the Float Bridge, at the "Dug Way," where the Indian trail from Victor came down to the water, was the Frenchman's landing-place.

"Never had Canada seen, and perhaps never will see, a similar spectacle," wrote the French war correspondent. "A camp composed of one fourth regular troops, with the General's suite; one fourth French militia, in four battalions, with the gentry of the country; one fourth Christian Indians; and finally a crowd of all the barbarous nations, naked, tattooed, and painted over the body with all sorts of figures, wearing horns on their heads, queues down their backs, and armed with arrows. We could hear during the night a multitude of languages, and songs and dances in every tongue."

That was a gay night on Irondequoit Bay, gayest of any on its record. The Senecas were not so ignorant of the movements of the French army as was supposed. They had seen the fleet on the lake. Hidden in the woods they had tracked the western army. Swift runners had warned every village of the danger. They had even made overtures for peace. "The devil take you," had been the Frenchman's response, and he took up his march into the interior, leaving four hundred men in the fort on Irondequoit Bay. We can imagine, if the mosquitoes of those nights were anything like those of these, that the curses of those Frenchmen were not all spent upon the "Sennekees." Those who care to read a minute detail of what followed De Nonville's appearance in Irondequoit Bay, — how the Senecas burnt their own villages and sent their helpless to places of safety, luring their invaders into an ambuscade; the bravery of the desperate Frenchmen, the panic among the allied Indians, the defeat of the invaders, in short, although De Nonville before leaving took possession in the name of his king of the Senecas' country, — can find the story most graphically told, entertaining us by its contra-

dictions, in De Nonville's official report, La Hontan's account, and that of the English in several histories as derived from the Indians. L'Abbé de Belmont's History of Paris, a rare old book, gives a sprightly account of the event. A condensation of these various descriptions may be found in the Appendix of Turner's "Phelps and Gorham's Purchase," p. 465.

The amount of the long and interesting story is briefly this. The Senecas had fled to the Cayugas, whither their foe thought best not to pursue them, to the great chagrin of the western Indians, who were disgusted with having turned out for the burning of a few bark cabins, "that could be rebuilt in four days," and to destroy corn that the confederates would make good. "Six days we were occupied in cutting down Indian corn with our swords," wrote a Frenchman. "We found in all the villages horses, cattle, and a multitude of swine." They naturally consoled themselves by telling very big stories of the standing grain they destroyed, the beans, and the swine.

Between the boasting accounts given by the French and the disparaging reports of the English, it is perhaps as well to accept Hosmer's "Yonnondio" as the truth of the matter. "Two prisoners only were made by the invaders, old men who were discovered in the castle, and who were cut to pieces and boiled into soup for De Nonville's allies." . . . "The loss of the French was one hundred men and ten Indians. The Senecas had about eighty warriors slain." "Thirteen captives were sent to France as galley-slaves," say English reports. This disagrees with De Nonville's report to the French Minister. "You ordered me to send you the prisoners we took. You have perceived, my Lord, it was impossible for us to make any among the Senecas."

The white man who, years after, ploughed the land where this battle was fought, reaped a practical benefit; for no less than three hundred hatchets and upwards of three thousand pounds of old iron were found, more than sufficient to defray the expense of the clearing. The early settler in the locality found many relics, — bill axes, gun-

barrels and trimmings, silver crosses and coins. Turner tells us that as late as 1848 two five franc pieces were ploughed up on the hill north of Boughton Hill. "A little east of the Pittsford road, near the old Indian trail, on the farm of Asahel Boughton, there was unearthed, a few years ago, a half bushel of iron balls, about the size of musket balls. In the early years of the settlement of Victor, the most of the iron the settlers used was the old French axes the plough would expose."

When that fleet of bateaux and canoes withdrew from Irondequoit Bay the French must have looked back at the sand-bar and the hills with a humiliating sense of the defeat they were slow to acknowledge. The Senecas had gone to the English, the spies reported, and the English had been ready to help them. They had hardly seen the warriors who surprised them. They had been met by a few old men and squaws, and a few hogs and cattle.

From the headlands of Irondequoit Bay we see them hastening westward to Niagara, where they built a fort, and blustered mightily about exterminating the Iroquois. The Senecas returned at once to their trampled cornfields and ruined villages, the confederacy making good their loss. The following summer, after a by no means peaceful interim, we see Irondequoit Bay again covered with canoes, for the Iroquois are still on the war-path against the hated Frenchman. Twelve hundred braves are hurrying to attack the island of Montreal, destroying everything belonging to the enemy that lies in their path. Even as the French cut down the Senecas' corn with their swords, the Senecas are cutting down hundreds of helpless and surprised pale faces, burning houses, sacking plantations, and torturing prisoners. The remembrance of that invasion of Irondequoit Bay and of their chieftains in the galleys of the French king was the inspiration of the massacre. "Only three," it is on record, "of the confederates were lost in all this scene of misery and desolation. Nothing but the ignorance of the Indians in the art of attacking fortified places saved Canada from being utterly

cut off." To make a long story short, lest we wander too far from Irondequoit Bay, the captive chiefs were sent home from France, handsomely laden with presents, and "the fierce and insolent Senecas" were no nearer utter extermination than before.

The court of France had its eye upon Irondequoit Bay without doubt, when in 1718 it sent forth an order to establish "the trade for the King in the circuit of Lake Ontario, and to build magazines on the south side thereof," and in 1719 Sieur Joncaire was sent to "try the minds of the Sennekees" upon the subject of building a house on their lands, and the defense of it in case the English should have a different plan. Fine presents were sent to the Senecas, belts of wampum, powder, lead, and above all "brandie." A favorable answer was sent back by the crafty Senecas, which was followed by several visits from Joncaire, "in a canoe laden with merchandise." We read that, because of the ice, he was detained one winter at the river Gasconchiagon (Genesee), his detention doing "an abundance of damage to the trading because that the magazine at Niagara was without merchandise until the spring;" and we incline to believe he put into port at Irondequoit Bay, and followed the old Indian trail from its head to the Genesee River, the spot where the Canadian Indians always landed when, from friendly motives or otherwise, they would push into the interior.

Irondequoit Bay did not escape the eye of the Englishman. The first settlement of an English colony in Western New York was made on its shore. October 16, 1721, Governor Burnet writes to the Board of Trade, that in order to improve "the present good humor" of the Indians he had spent five hundred pounds upon a settlement at Irondequoit Bay, "whither there are now actually gone a company of ten persons," a son of Peter Schuyler heading the expedition.

"This company," he wrote, "have undertaken to remain in this settlement, and that never above two shall be absent at once, and that these have the sole encouragement

at present out of the public money; yet there is nothing that hinders as many more to go and settle there or anywhere else on their own account as please. . . . This place is indisputably in the Indians' possession, and lies very convenient for all the far Indians to come on account of trade, from which the French at Niagara will not easily hinder them; . . . they may easily slip by them in canoes. . . . This, my Lords, is the beginning of a great trade with all the Indians upon the lakes; and the cheapness of all our goods, except powder, above the French will by degrees draw all that trade to us, which cannot better appear than by the French having found it worth while to buy our goods at Albany to sell again to the Indians."

We must incline to believe it was to this post on Irondequoit Bay the French Minister referred in a letter to the Court of France, May, 1725. The news of this establishment on soil always considered as belonging to France appeared to him the more important as it made the preserving of the post at Niagara more difficult. "In losing Niagara the colony is lost," as well as the trade with the upper Indians, "who go the more willingly to the English since they obtain goods there much cheaper and get as much brandy as they like, which we cannot absolutely dispense furnishing the upper country Indians, though with prudence, if it be desirable to prevent them carrying their furs and surrendering themselves to the English."

When Pitt, in the English Parliament (1758), urged his measure for a vigorous and decisive campaign against the French in North America, the prompt annihilation of French dominion, and an end of the long trouble about lake supremacy and Indian trade, he brought Irondequoit Bay into history again; for the British army in splendid array, with a large force of Iroquois, — the Senecas almost alone standing off from the contest, or remaining in French alliance, — were soon sailing over Lake Ontario for Fort Niagara: "two British regiments, a detachment of the Royal Artillery, a battalion of Royal Americans, two battalions of New York Provincials, and a large force of Indian

allies under the command of Sir William Johnson," eclipsing completely the glory of the French army under De Nonville that came sailing round Nine Mile Point some seventy years before. What with the gay trappings of the lordly Britons, and the gayer trappings of the more lordly Indians, Irondequoit Bay must have been in a glare of color that early summer eve when this armament encamped on her shores. How much the success of the expedition in defeating the French was owing to that night's camp on Irondequoit Bay the historian has left unnoted ; but that the inspiration for the victory, which culminated in the relinquishing of the hold of France upon Western New York, and the ultimate alliance of the French with the American rebels in the Revolution, was largely if not wholly the result of a night spent at Irondequoit Bay, we who know the weird magical influence of the place are inclined to persist in believing.

Hennepin's Picture of Niagara

V.

THE CITY OF TRYON, ON IRONDEQUOIT BAY.

THE Nile has its Cheops, and the Euphrates its Babylon, and Irondequoit Bay its city of Tryon.

Rochester looks back to Falls Town, 1812–18, proud of its antiquity. It may be doubted if many of our good people know that in 1799, when nothing but a disreputable mill stood at the Genesee Ford near the Falls, Tryon Town, or the city of Tryon, had been laid out, and was seemingly on the high road to prosperity. Four families had settled in "the metropolis," and one of them, Asa Dayton, was mine host of the popular tavern, while Stephen Lusk was at the head of the leather concern, leaving John Boyd, and Asa Dunbar, a mulatto, to look more particularly after the general commercial interests of the town.

Tryon Town was to be the queen city of the fair Genesee Country. Tryon Town was to be the great shipping port. Her prophets looked over the tranquil bay and saw it teeming with heavily freighted vessels, each one a tributary to the wealth of their merchants, a visible throbbing of the commercial heart of Canada. The first flour shipped from Western New York to Montreal went out from Tryon Town. Village lots were laid out and sold, a warehouse five stories high was built, a mill costing fifteen thousand dollars, an ashery, and a distillery. The customers for its "store" were from a wide section of country. The solitary settler over at Oak Orchard Creek thought nothing of running down to Tryon Town to barter his black salts for a paper of needles, a bit of tea, or possibly a deer-skin, in exchange for a bottle of "sure cure for chills and fever." It was the

resort of hunters and trappers, both white and Indian; and in 1801, when Silas Losea set up his blacksmith shop, and a Lynch Court was established, and Oliver Culver was shipping one hundred and eight barrels of pearlash a year to Montreal, and ashes brought one shilling a bushel in trade at Tryon's store, the "boom" of the city of Tryon was at its highest pitch, to die out, alas! as suddenly and completely as many a real estate boom of to-day.

Maude, an English traveler in Western New York in 1800, wrote thus of Tryon Town: "There was a city laid out at the head of Irondequoit Bay, as formerly supplies from New York destined for our western posts were sent to the head of that bay, . . . there, freighted in bateaux, to proceed through Lake Ontario to Niagara River; thence to be taken across the portage to Fort Schlosser; and there reëmbarked to proceed up the Niagara River, through Lake Erie," etc. The city was laid out at the head of the bay.

Tryon Town is a thing of the past. It is as if it had never been. With the development of the water power of the Falls its sun sank to rise no more.

Tryon Town was one of the five aspirants in Monroe County alone, not including Frankford, for the honor of the metropolis of the Genesee Valley. These aspirants, looking scorn at the "God-forsaken mud-hole at the Falls," were, besides Tryon Town, Carthage, Hanford's Landing, Castle Town, and Pittsford. Sodus, in Wayne County, with its unsurpassed harbor, and the lavish expenditure of the Pultney estate, seemed likely at one time to make Monroe County secondary to Wayne. To have said that Falls Town might possibly bear off the municipal honors had provoked derision indeed. Anything but Falls Town would do that. Pittsford was a pretty village long before Falls Town was hardly better than a swamp. Carthage and Hanford's Landing were fierce rivals for metropolitan ascendancy, while Castle Town,—what should hinder Castle Town, with Colonel Wadsworth's influence in its behalf, from becoming the head centre of what was bound to be the greatest wheat raising district in the country? "And

where was Castle Town?" some of you are asking, — some of you who live within sight of its ancient borders. The place goes by the name of "the Rapids" to-day, and we smile at its old time presumption; but there are not a few among us who can remember when the steamboat left Rochester every morning for Geneseo, stopping, if necessary, at Castle Town, and when the Durham boats added to its activity, to say nothing of the cheery horn of the daily stage. If the Erie Canal had crossed the river at Castle Town, "some things," as Sam Patch used to say, "might have been done as well as others."

It may well be questioned if Cleveland and Detroit are not largely indebted to the city of Tryon? If the great oaks that from little acorns grow are under any obligations whatever to said little acorns, Cleveland and Detroit must own that one of the sources of their early prosperity was in the ambitious trading-post on Irondequoit Bay. Oliver Culver, famous among our best pioneers, superintended that big ashery at Tryon Town for three years. He saved his money, and in 1804 bought up a large share of the goods the Tryon Town merchant was glad to sell at a low figure, and with these he went to Cleveland. There was but one trader before him. Indians brought him their furs, and the Pennsylvania settlers drove their pack-horses to his cabin laden with whiskey and brandy, butter, cheese, and honey. He could sell salt at three dollars a bushel, and his Tryon Town goods brought a quick sale and large profits. The suppressed spirit of the disappointed city seemed to have found an outlet for development. From Cleveland Oliver Culver went to Detroit, where he did well in apples and white fish. He returned to Western New York a few years after to buy his broad farm lands, and settle down for life. Why are not Cleveland and Detroit indebted to Tryon Town, and shall we not establish its just claim for recognition?

The Float Bridge is to the physiognomy of Irondequoit Bay what a pair of spectacles would have been to Red Jacket. It is more convenient than picturesque, and pos-

sibly all who cross over it, or fish from its mossy planks, do not know the plucky enterprise of the men who built the first Float Bridge, or revised and amended the old one a few years later. The name of John McGonegal should be on its foundation stones, if it had those appendages ordinarily necessary to a bridge. It is hard saying just what the Float Bridge depends upon for a foundation. Brush, logs, flags, and muck are made somehow to hold it up ; for the stories the engineers tell as to the amount of dirt that was dumped into that bay, and all for little use when a solid foundation was sought for, makes the average fisherman even stare with amazement. When the Plank Road Company, in 1849, tried to raise the eastern embankment some eighteen inches, it was estimated it would cost about $20. Night after night the bay swallowed all the dirt that was drawn on during the day; and when something akin to permanence was gained at last, the elevation had cost $700. Its history has not been as well preserved as we could wish, but from all we can learn it was first built about 1836, as a private enterprise, and at great trouble and expense, considering it was a float bridge after all. It opened a new thoroughfare for our city, and is the highway of a large section of country. It is one of the available good fishing places for the boy who delights in a walk of three or four miles with a rod on his shoulder, and has always been the favorite resort of the embryo Isaak Walton.

VI.

THE GENESEE OF THE SENECAS.

IRONDEQUOIT BAY had its city of Tryon in 1799. Its twin brother, "The Mouth of the Genesee," was then a wide spreading marsh, with little promise of a city on its banks at the Upper Falls.

"The Little Senecas" River ran through its forest primæval, and bold indeed was the invader who followed its windings into the interior from the lake, while the Senecas were lords of the domain. The Genesee was the strength of the Senecas. We find it so spoken of in an old colonial document, November 12, 1685.

"The Senecas being the strongest are the most insolent. The idea must not be entertained that this nation can ever be reduced except by being in a position to pounce upon them." This proposed pouncing was rendered most difficult, it was affirmed, because of the navigation of their river, the Genesee, "which is full of rapids and cascades, impassable except by portages, independent of the distance."

"The Gasgonsage" was one of its early Indian names, meaning "Something alive in the kettle." Charlevoix's description, written as early as 1721, is of interest to the dwellers along its banks to-day.

"It is very narrow, and of little depth at its entrance into the lake. A little higher it is one hundred and forty yards wide, and they say it is deep enough for the largest vessels. Two leagues from its mouth we are stopped by a fall which appears to be full sixty feet high, and one hundred and forty yards wide. A musket shot higher we find a second of the same width, but not so high by two thirds. Half a league

farther a third, one hundred feet high, good measure, and two hundred yards wide. After this we meet with several rapids, and after having sailed fifty leagues farther we perceive a fourth fall, every way equal to the third. The course of this river is one hundred leagues, and when we have gone up it about sixty leagues we have but ten to go by land, turning to the right to arrive at the Ohio, called *La Belle Rivière;* the place where we meet with it is called *Ganos*, where an officer worthy of credit (Joncaire) assured me he had seen a fountain, the water of which is like oil, and has the taste of iron. He said that a little farther there is another fountain just like it, and that the savages make use of its water to appease all manner of pains."

This is perhaps the earliest advertisement of the famous oil of the spring in Cuba, Alleghany County, on record.

The distance from the third fall to the fourth, from Rochester to Portage, seemed somewhat longer to Charlevoix than it really was, but his inaccuracy is readily forgiven, considering the discomforts of the journey. He makes no allusion to the fall that used to be just below the old ford, about where the aqueduct now stands. That fall was some fifteen feet high, and was removed when the foundation stones of the aqueduct were laid, and when other large enterprises requiring stone were going on, leaving a gradual, shelving slope in the river bed. So much have our demands narrowed the old bed of the river we cannot wonder or complain at an occasional assertion of its rights. Front Street, the old settlers tell us, used to be a high water creek, a considerable island lying between it and the main channel. Once, the width of the Falls was their chief beauty. Daniel Webster, it will never be forgotten, immortalized their height in that memorable speech of his to our citizens.

"Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your Falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days never had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentle-

men, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmiest days never had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on. No people ever lost their liberties who had a waterfall one hundred and fifty feet high!"

But to return to Charlevoix's description.

Some of those first reports from the Genesee Country were not marvels of accuracy to say the least, as when one official correspondent wrote (1790) of the total exemption from all periodical disorders, particularly the fever and ague, "which *does not* prevail in the Genesee Country on account of the rising grounds and fine situations."

The mouth of the river as we see it to-day, with its piers and light-house, its dry beach on either side, bears little resemblance to the wide marshy channels, a kind of swampy bay, through which the Senecas used to glide in their elm bark canoes. When "Walker, the Ranger" built his solitary log-cabin on the east bank about 1779, and was most adverse to having neighbors within twenty miles even, a sailing boat of any pretension whatever could not enter the Genesee "save when the wind was right." In digging the cellar of the Spencer House a few years ago the stern of an old schooner was found, record of a wreck at least a hundred years before. Underneath it an Indian paddle that crumbled when touched. The fame of the beauty of the Genesee River, its falls and picturesque gorge, preceded by many years that of its extensive hydraulic power. The fame of its fevers and rattlesnakes was possibly in advance of either. Rattlesnakes and fever and ague gave it an unattractive individuality, in spite of its abundance of deer and other game. The beaver, forever associated with Father Hennepin's brief visit in 1679, was nearly extinct when the Senecas gave up their hunting-grounds. But there were bears, otters, musk-rats, and minks, wild ducks and geese, and not a few wild cats or panthers.

The old trails of the Iroquois that crossed the bridgeless Genesee are still our highways. Their old ford at the Falls is the heart of our metropolis. State Street and Lake

Avenue is an old trail, and Indian Trail Avenue, in Mt. Hope, is the veritable path the red man followed from the pinnacle in his thoroughfare to the river.

But the Genesee in this locality failed to attract the settler long after Avon had a bridge, and Wadsworth's lands had been largely taken up. The tourist to Niagara Falls by canoe, or on horseback, if not on foot, endured greater peril and hardship for the picturesque than he was inclined to suffer for the settlement of new lands. The Genesee Falls were beautiful to contemplate, providing one's stay in their neighborhood was not protracted, and we hear of the heroic hardihood of famous foreigners and eminent Americans, who counted sleeping one night at Walker's, and eating fried raccoon, as nothing to "the thrills of ecstasy" the scenery afforded. Aaron Burr and Theodosia made the journey to Niagara on horseback in 1795, he turning aside at Avon to see the Genesee Falls. In 1797, Louis Philippe, with courtly gentlemen of high degree, endured the perilous ride through the forest from Canandaigua to see the wonderful cataracts of which they had heard so much. Mrs. Orange Stone, who lived in the old house still to be seen just beyond "the Rock and Tree," near the junction of East Avenue and Clover Street, had unmistakably the first royal dinner party in the Genesee Country, for the distinguished gentlemen sat down to her table on their way. It is barely possible that there may yet be found in the old house, standing corner-wise to the road, something, though it be only a door latch, that came in contact with the royal exiles, who, we are told, made their journey from Canandaigua to Elmira on foot along an Indian trail. There, an American bateau was built for them, and through the Chemung and Susquehanna they sailed down to Harrisburg.

Stealthily as the Senecas guarded the door of the Long House the white man crossed its threshold and finally sat down by its fires. He had come to stay. Civilization and barbarism were looking each other squarely in the eye. The white man said he would give the red man so many dollars for a part of the Long House. The red man thought

well of the offer, but he did not like to sell west of the Genesee River. He would part with two millions and more of acres on the east side, but the west must remain his own. "But," says the white man, "I must build a mill at the ford where you as well as the settlers can grind your corn. What is all this tract to me without a mill, and what is a mill without a yard?" Grinding corn in a stump mortar had its inconveniences even for an Indian. So the white man staked out his mill yard, twelve miles by twenty-five, reaching from what is now Caledonia to Lake Ontario, from the Genesee twelve miles wide, and the Indian was content. What did the red man know about a white man's necessity in the way of a mill yard?

When the mill was built at the ford, a shanty twenty-six by thirty feet, the Indian went down to take a look at it, naturally expecting to see something in harmony with the size of the yard required. "Quoat!" was his muttered surprise, adding "kauskon chicos!" which in Seneca meant "waterfall." "Waterfall" was the name they called Mr. Phelps, the purchaser, ever after. Once when his agent denied them whiskey, telling them it was "all gone," "no, no," they persisted, "Genesee Falls never dry."

And so it came to pass that the Falls on the Little Senecas River and that part of the Old Long House surrounding them passed into the hands of the New Tenant, who had had, as we all know, a sorry time in getting a foothold at all since he first crept in with covetous intent.

Stump Mortar.

VII.

THE TITLE DEED OF THE NEW TENANT.

That undisputed axiom, unpalatable as it is to the weak in their struggle for survival, "no one may claim as his right what he cannot defend," had fullest illustration in what came to pass after the discovery of the New World by the white man. Discovery and possession were one and the same thing, and the royal patrons of the adventurers who planted the standard of their king on many a bleak headland of the Atlantic coast proceeded at once, in gratitude for the same, to make generous gifts of the new territory to colonists, with charters for government. What so easy as royal largess of millions and millions of acres of wild lands, when Indian right and preoccupancy were as nothing, and geographical lines of still less account? As might have been expected, the same territory was in several instances given to different parties, and colonial claims overlapped each other, as in the case of the lands in the State of New York, including "the Phelps and Gorham Purchase," the tract in which lies the section claiming our special interest.

Probably the kings of Great Britain knew as little of the geography of North America as some English subjects of to-day, who ask if the Rocky Mountains can be seen from Boston, and possibly it mattered little to them who in the end should carry off the prize, if they might have the satisfaction of tossing it into the arena. In 1620 the King of Great Britain gave to the Plymouth Colony a wide strip of country, an immense back yard, several degrees of latitude in width, and reaching, of course, "from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean." William and Mary in 1691 granted a sec-

ond charter for this same territory, changing the boundaries somewhat, but the matter of a few millions of acres was insignificant in such lavish transactions. Charles I., in 1663, granted to the Duke of York and Albany the province of New York, and that meant not only the present States of New York and New Jersey, but westward indefinitely from a line twenty miles east of the Hudson River, and from the Atlantic Ocean north to Canada. Here are two royal grants covering the same land, a large portion of Western New York. Then there was peppery Connecticut, with her good claim and charter, not for this same land, but for the southern portion of New York, and the northern part of Pennsylvania, and a good bit of Ohio. We drop the discussion of that unpleasantness and its final settlement to keep to our own thread of the story.

What wonder that when in the fullness of time the matter of settling state boundaries and jurisdiction came up there were knotty questions, each claimant with a chartered right to the same acres. It is a long story of labyrinthine legalities that Henry O'Reilly treats in detail in his admirable "History of Rochester," under the head of the Lands of the Six Nations. Commissioners were appointed by the State of New York, and commissioners were appointed by the State of Massachusetts to unravel the tangled skein. They met at Hartford, 1786, and by mutual concession the matter was amicably settled; Massachusetts ceding to New York all claim to the government, sovereignty, and jurisdiction of all land west of the present east line of the State of New York, while New York ceded to Massachusetts the fee of the land subject to the title of the natives "of all that part of the State of New York west of a line drawn from a point on the north line of Pennsylvania, eighty-two miles west from the northeast corner of said State, due north to Lake Ontario, excepting a strip of land one mile wide adjoining the eastern bank of Niagara River, the whole length of said river." The land thus ceded to Massachusetts contained about six millions of acres.

The Iroquois, as has been stated, save a small minority,

had been allies of the British in the Revolution, and had forfeited their lands, no provision having been made for them by the British in the treaty of peace. The general and the state governments, however, had dealt with them as repentant children, and the first Constitution of the State of New York recognized their right to the soil, declaring the purchase of lands from them unlawful, unless such purchase was made under the authority and with the consent of the legislature. The State claimed, moreover, the exclusive right to buy the Indian title to the land *not ceded to Massachusetts, and that Massachusetts alone, or her representatives, could purchase the land so ceded.* The notorious scheme of the lessees, in this connection, will interest those who would make an exhaustive study of the subject.

Massachusetts, financially embarrassed, was ready and eager to sell her New York lands, and Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, as representatives of an association, stood ready to buy, offering for the same, in the paper of the State of Massachusetts, three hundred thousand pounds, to be paid in three annual payments.

In April, 1788, the Legislature of Massachusetts ceded to Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham all of said land for that price, on condition that they would extinguish the Indian title. The State of Massachusetts appointed the Rev. Samuel Kirkland, for many years the faithful and beloved missionary to the Iroquois, to protect them from any wrong, and to hear and present their side of the matter.

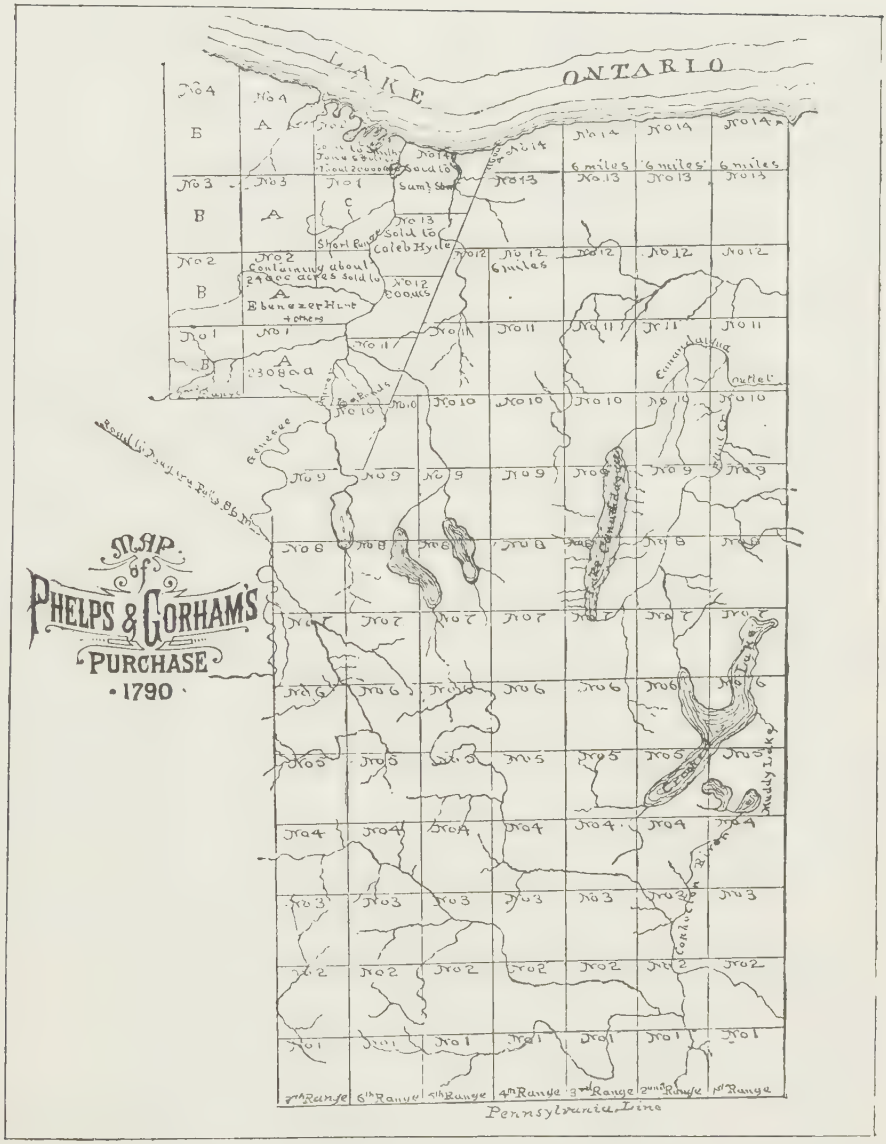
Indian Treaty.

In July, 1788, at a treaty at Buffalo Creek, the final nego-

tiations for the great purchase by Oliver Phelps, on behalf of himself, Nathaniel Gorham, and their associates, were concluded. Our Senecas, who had sullenly hung back from the sale, refusing to part with their lands, were represented by many of their chiefs. They had come to the treaty, however, determined to stand firm against selling a foot of ground west of the Genesee River; but they yielded at last, and the Mill Lot, twelve miles by twenty-four on the west side, was added to the lands they sold east of the river. Said Mill Lot included the One Hundred Acre Tract, the nucleus of a city incorporated forty-eight years after, in 1834, with 12,289 inhabitants and "thirteen hundred houses besides publick buildings."

About two millions six hundred thousand acres in all were then and there ceded by the Indians to Phelps and Gorham, for five thousand dollars, and an annuity of five hundred dollars forever to the Senecas, which is still paid to the previous tenant of our section of the Old Long House, by the State of New York.

Phelps and Gorham, having extinguished or purchased the Indian title to about one third only of the lands of Massachusetts in the State of New York, found themselves unable to make the required payments for the balance, and so made application to the State of Massachusetts for confirmation of the part so purchased and release from payment for the remainder, the unfulfilled contract to be annulled. By act of the legislature in November, 1788, the title of Phelps and Gorham to the land granted to them by the Indians was confirmed. Afterwards the unfulfilled part of their contract with the State was cancelled, and they required to pay only a just proportion of what they had agreed to pay for the whole, something over one third. Among the unforeseen events bringing about this result was the advance of the currency in which they had agreed to make their payments, it having risen from about fifty per cent. to near par. Massachusetts gladly acceded to the petition. Its financial troubles were lightening, and the enterprise of Phelps and Gorham had greatly enhanced


LAKE ONTARIO
MAP
of
PHELPS & GORHAM'S
PURCHASE
1790
Pennsylvania Line

the unsold lands. There was far more money in taking back what Phelps and Gorham could not pay for, than in trying to hold them to the original contract.

The lands in our section of Western New York belong to the tract of which Phelps and Gorham were the purchasers. The title deeds are derived through their undisputed title. One of the first conveyances made was that to Ebenezer Allan of one hundred acres for a mill and a mill yard.

Townships were at once laid out and the sales began, Oliver Phelps opening the first land-office in America in Canandaigua, 1789. What better inducement could be held up to the would be pioneer than a sound title deed?

We read in that interesting little book, "The Rochester Directory for the village of Rochester, 1827," how in the spring of 1788, before setting out for the Genesee Country where the final treaty was held, "Oliver Phelps, living at Granville, Massachusetts, prepared himself with men and means to explore the Genesee Country, and with great resolution and intrepidity took leave of his family, his neighbors, and the minister of the parish who had assembled on the occasion, all in tears, and started on his expedition, — they bidding him a final adieu, scarcely hoping ever to see him return again from an Indian country hardly yet pacified. . . . The kindness, however, and good faith with which Mr. Phelps, like the celebrated William Penn, always conducted his intercourse with the Indians, did not fail to secure their confidence and affection; in token of which they adopted both him and his son, Oliver L. Phelps, as honorary members of their national councils."

No doubt, many of our land-owners will be glad to read the following tribute to the memory of the man whose name makes good their right to their possessions, with hearty agreement with the writer of the same, — the Rochester historian of 1827, Jesse Hawley, the man to whom we are indebted before all others, perhaps, for the Erie Canal.

"Oliver Phelps may be considered the *Cecrops* of the Genesee Country. Its inhabitants owe a mausoleum to his

memory, in gratitude for his having pioneered for them the wilderness of this Canaan of the west."

Oliver Phelps was a man of great enterprises, buying tracts of wild lands in many localities. He made large investments in the Southern States. His wealth was overestimated, and his losses were in proportion to his risks. He became a resident of Canandaigua in 1802, and died there in 1809. The inscription upon his tombstone, and that of Mary his wife, is singularly appropriate. Above his grave we read : —

"Enterprise, Industry, and Temperance cannot always secure success, but the fruits of these virtues will be felt by society."

Of "Mary, wife of Oliver Phelps, and daughter of Zachariah and Sarah Seymour; died 13th September, 1826, aged 74 years," it is recorded : —

"She was alike unaffected in prosperity and adversity."

Nathaniel Gorham, a Bostonian, never removed to the purchase with which his name is identified, and had but little to do with its management. His son, however, lived in Canandaigua many years, and died there in 1826.

"Phelps and Gorham" are two names which have added much to the fair fame of the Genesee Country. To them we are indebted for a title deed, clean and just.

VIII.

ARRIVAL NUMBER ONE.

THE first settler upon historic ground is likely to be a focal centre of the picture forever after.

He is an optimist indeed who can contemplate the character of Ebenezer Allan, our first settler, first miller, first householder, and not wish many wishes. Not the least of these would be that Ebenezer Allan's record, instead of being perpetuated, should be destroyed for the comfort of those who shall come after us. Then the historian of 1984, finding the name of Ebenezer Allan in the title deed of the old mill yard, might construct out of his sweetly tempered fancy a creation fitting the scriptural suggestions of the name and the time, and Rochester would have in its future art gallery, perhaps, the picture of a saintly Jesuit celebrating mass in his portable chapel at the Genesee Ford, or a Puritan preacher, a hermit in his cave among the rattlesnakes, — and the children of that far off day would look at the picture and say, "There is the holy Joshua who opened for our forefathers this home in the wilderness."

Another temptation must be met by the Rochester historian in dealing with "Indian Allan," — the temptation to substitute what Ruskin calls "invented effects of light and shade on imaginary scenes, for the providentially ordered fact." But Indian Allan is one of those "providentially ordered facts," that, like the Cogswell statue in our most public place to-day, make light and shade of no consequence whatever. Ebenezer Allan stands conspicuous on the pedestal of our first settler. For many years he was lord of the swamp, "monarch of all he surveyed." His in-

dividuality was too pronounced, his actions too emphatic, to be passed over with the allusive suggestiveness that would leave my reader in doubt whether he was saint or demon, sinned against or sinner. We wish, for the fair fame of Rochester, that he had been a Champlain, a Standish, a Roger Williams, almost anything but the brutal Blue Beard he was, but we must tell his story true, and make the best of our "providentially ordered fact."

Let us begin that story by telling the best thing that can be said of him. Mary Jemison, the "White Woman," was his friend. More than once his life lay in her hands. Her house was his city of refuge in many a bitter strait. Her allegiance to him was in her love of her race. That alone can account for it, for she was not in the remotest way a copartner of his crimes. Another thing may be said to his credit. It is not recorded that he was ever in his relations with her anything but the gentleman he could be and was when he had selfish ends to carry. Her simple story of Allan begins as follows: —

"Some time near the close of the Revolutionary War, a white man, by the name of Ebenezer Allan, left his people in the State of Pennsylvania, on account of some disaffection toward his countrymen, and came to the Genesee River (near Mt. Morris) to reside with the Indians. He was apparently without any business that would support him; but he soon became acquainted with my son Thomas, with whom he hunted for a long time, and made his home with him at my house. Winter came on and he continued his stay. He was always honorable, kind, and even generous to me; but the history of his life is a tissue of crimes and baseness of the blackest dye. I have often heard him relate his inglorious feats, and confess crimes, the rehearsal of which made my blood curdle, as much accustomed as I was to hear of bloody and barbarous deeds."

This Thomas Jemison was a kindred spirit of Allan's, a sorry drunkard, and given to brandishing the tomahawk over his mother's head in his drunken frenzies.

Is it not Huxley who tells us that in the discovery of

truth we must often let the imagination play around the phenomena? That rule must help us in our brief study of Ebenezer Allan, for meagre are the facts upon which to build a biography.

The man was a Tory refugee, one of Butler's Rangers, whom Sullivan had left stranded in the Genesee Country. His distaste for civilized life was plainly the outcome of associations with it. Something we may never know had embittered and poisoned him. That he was well known in Philadelphia must be inferred from the fact that for years after he was an Indian trader in the Genesee Country he used to visit that city annually and bring back a pack of goods, for which he was "trusted." Mary Jemison often had charge of his "box of trinkets." A peep into that box would doubtless reveal much of the strange man's history, for it was a precious box to him, although it may have contained nothing but the gewgaws with which he won the confidence of the Seneca squaws.

His name, "Indian Allan," has left the impression that he was an Indian. But he was neither Indian nor half-breed. Tall and straight as an arrow, when as a young man he hunted with Thomas Jemison, his light complexion, gentlemanly address, and mild and conciliating voice did much in securing the loyalty of the Indians to his schemes for his own advancement, and usually at their cost. He was born to be master, and in his characteristic determination to rule supremely, and that over abject slaves, we find the key to his exile from civilization, and the degradation of his supremacy thereafter. The vague glimpses given us of his face reveal an immobile determination that grew fiendish when his innate brutality was aroused, or his savage will thwarted by a dependent. Then he was the incarnation of cruelty, and his savage rage is associated with many spots in this locality. There is the grave on Shaeffer's Flats, Scottsville, of the boy he sent for a bucket of water, who played by the way, and was beaten to death on the spot. Our Genesee Falls were seemingly to him what the Divorce Court might have proved in a later day. Once when he

would go to Canada without the *impedimenta* of a certain wife, two men were hired to take her sailing down the fair Genesee in a canoe, it being arranged that they were to let her go over the falls that used to be near the present aqueduct, they swimming ashore, of course. The superfluous Mrs. Allan did not, however, go over the main falls, as it was expected she would do. She struck out for the shore, and gained it. Our imagination has unbounded opportunity for full play around the phenomenon of a wife who, under such circumstances, flies straight to her husband, and wins the journey to Canada after all.

There is a story about the first mill irons of our first mill that we would gladly exchange for a fact proving them to be clean of blood. It stands recorded in O'Reilly's History, in the synopsis therein given of Allan's life, that while going down in a canoe with these mill irons he drowned the Dutchman who was with him. Now Mr. Shaeffer, the Scottsville veteran pioneer, who bought his farm of Allan, contradicts the report that the Dutchman was murdered by Allan, but admits that he and the mill irons went over the Falls, and that Dutchman, boat, and mill irons were found below the cataract, — giving no explanation as to how Allan was preserved to recover his irons and build his famous mill. A few more such phenomena will prove the exhaustion of the playfulness of our imagination, leaving the portrait of Allan too repulsive even for Mary Jemison to make somewhat attractive.

He must have had the faculty of inspiring confidence and winning friends in a wonderful degree. He was no ordinary man. His autograph shows that he was not wholly uneducated, and shrewdness and intelligence were ascribed to him by the many pioneers who knew him well. He used to travel about the country quite like a gentleman, or, as the Senecas called him, "Shin-ne-wa-na," which means the same thing. Two of his half-blood daughters were sent to Philadelphia to school, he and his servant accompanying them, Sally, the Seneca mother, being permitted to follow the party as far as Canandaigua.

But that incident anticipates the day of his prosperity, some time after he built the mill at the Genesee Falls. When Oliver Phelps, in 1788, soon after the famous purchase of Phelps and Gorham of the Genesee lands, with the extension for a mill yard on the west side of the river, gave Ebenezer Allan one hundred acres of that extension as a bonus for building mills to grind corn and saw boards for the settlers, he could not have known the real character of the man, although it must be admitted that his record at Gardeau Flats was by no means unknown. Perhaps the fact that Allan had been instrumental in preventing a foray of the Indians, and had been hunted and persecuted by the British and their allies, commended the man to his consideration, and Allan's smooth tongue and polite address did the rest. Moreover, Allan had the money to build the mill. Where else could be found so adequate a miller for a mill in a swamp, a mill as yet without customers, and which at its raising, although mustering every white man in the region and the country round about, had but fourteen wherewithal to make merry with the canoe load of rum which arrived at the mouth of the river just in season?

That was ninety-five years ago. Turn into Aqueduct Street, find the building on the east side next south of E. R. Andrew's printing establishment. That covers the ground where our first raising took place, 1788–9. That first raising would hardly adorn our history if fully described. Rum had much to do with all our early settlements. The Englishman's keg of rum, more than almost anything else, gave the white man foothold on the southern shore of Lake Ontario.

While the hilarious company of Indians and white men are raising the timbers for Allan's mill, let us make a survey of its environment.

Upon all the lake shore between Oswego and Fort Niagara there was but a single cabin. That was Walker's, "the Ranger," at the mouth of the river. Walker was one of Butler's Rangers, and when they fled before Sullivan to Canada he concluded to stay behind and hunt, fish, and,

traffic with the bateaux men. Two women shared his loneliness, or, rather, welcomed him back from his frequent visits to Fort Niagara, when it was his custom to spread the alarm, "The Indians are coming!" to scare off the squatters. There was a trading-post at the head of Irondequoit Bay, and a few Indian traders and squatters up the river on the flats. Shaeffer had just bought Allan's farm at Scottsville. The Wadsworths had not yet turned pioneers. There was no bridge across the outlet of Cayuga Lake. The first road in all the country had not been made. Mr. Phelps had fixed upon the foot of Canandaigua Lake as the head centre of the purchase, but no one wintered there in 1788–9. At Buffalo Creek there was an Indian interpreter and two or three traders. Even Bath, for many years outstripping Rochester in progress, was an unbroken wilderness until 1792. There was a British garrison at Fort Niagara whose deserters were frequently befriended by the Indians as they skulked through this region. Geneva had, however, made quite a start in the world, as its township was divided into lots, and it was doing a big business as an Indian trading post. New England knew almost nothing about Western New York, although it had shuddered at the accounts of the massacres of Cherry Valley and Wyoming. Its first missionary society for propagating the Gospel among the Indians on the frontier was not organized until 1796. The Rev. Samuel Kirkland, it is true, began his blessed mission to the Oneidas as early as 1766, and had visited the Genesee Country, writing letters to good Christians in New and Old England of its pagan darkness; but missionary letters then, as now, had narrow circulation. Stephen Lusk, of Pittsford, who among our pioneers was what a marked epoch is in a chronological table, came into "the new region" in 1789, and as he procured his wheat from Ebenezer Allan on what was afterwards the Shaeffer farm, we conclude his log-cabin was not built at the time of the "raising," and that he was not among the invited to the "Bee." The borders of the great Indian Territory of the unknown West were hardly beyond the roar of our falls.

Britain's navy was barely represented on Lake Ontario, and three or four schooners were sufficient for its commerce. Geneva and "the Friends' Settlement," on Seneca Lake, were in fact the only clearings in the Genesee wilderness where a good start had been made promising the immediate and permanent occupancy of the white man, excepting Canandaigua, and some might well doubt if Mr. Phelps would locate there at once, if at all.

1788. That was the year before George Washington was made first President of what seemed to be thirteen disunited States. The predictions of our transatlantic foes were not unfounded. Alexander Hamilton, the youngest man in the national convention, was the leader of the Federalists. The new Constitution had not been ratified. "It has an awful squinting," Patrick Henry was saying; "it squints towards monarchy. Your president may easily become a king." The city of Washington was unfounded, and New York, that was feverishly striving to be the seat of the national government, had a population of about thirty thousand. George the Third was temporarily insane, and the London "Times" in its very infancy. In the year 1789, the year the first mill at the Genesee ford ground out its first grist, and that seldom exceeded ten bushels a day, and grinding days were scarce at that, Neander was born in Göttingen; and to-day Neander's library is one of the valuable acquisitions of the Theological Seminary in the city of which that old mill was the prophecy.

The raising lasted two days, and wound up with a dance. That the mill did not do a prosperous business is hardly to be wondered at. There were objectionable features in the domestic life of the miller, — in the moral atmosphere of the place. He was said to be a dealer in stolen cattle besides, and in league with the British and their Indian allies. His presence at the mill was never to be relied upon. His absence could be depended upon almost to a certainty. It was a hard mill to reach from the eastern side of the river. The settlers from Brighton and Pittsford, or further south, took the Indian trail running along the southeastern slope

of the pinnacle, and struck the river near Mt. Hope, possibly following what we call Indian Trail Avenue. That detour was to avoid the marshes. The rest of the journey was made in canoes unless the river was low enough for fording. Fording near the mill was a dangerous experiment. As a rule every man was his own miller, and must camp in the deserted or preoccupied cabin at least one night, and exercise his mechanical ingenuity to make the old machinery grind his grist at all. Other mills soon sprang up in various localities, and Allan's was almost deserted. It had several discouraged owners before it became the property of Colonel Williamson, the agent of the Pultney estate, who spent five hundred dollars on it, and then seemed to forget it entirely, for it was suffered to sink again into decay. In January, 1802, it was valued, with one hundred acres of land, at $1,040, and in 1810 there was but a half acre of cleared ground at the Falls, and that was around Allan's old mill.

There is a story of the old millstones and irons which must not be forgotten.

The stones were taken from a neighboring quarry, we are told, although some of our old settlers affirm that they were brought from Massachusetts on wagons, and were the gift of Phelps and Gorham or the State of Massachusetts. The irons were bought in Cohocton by Allan, and brought to the mill by Indians on pack-horses. Some say Allan drove the horses alone, walking the whole way. In 1806 these stones and mill irons were carried to a small mill on the Irondequoit by Oliver Culver, Miles Northrup, and Benjamin Blossom, and set to work again. For twenty-five years they did good service, and then again the sound of their grinding was low, and they were allowed to lie neglected and forgotten on the banks of Irondequoit Creek. Happily for the preservation of these, our most venerable municipal antiquities, a few years ago Jarvis M. Hatch, president of "The Young Pioneers," instituted a search for Allan's old millstones. One was found hidden in the weeds, the other serving as a horse-block for a Brighton farmer, one side

having been sledged off in accordance with his views of what a horse-block should be. "The Young Pioneers" soon placed a handsomely dressed stone before the farm house, and bore off their treasures, and laid them where they may be seen unto this day, in the City Hall court-yard, the foundations of the high lamp posts.

Enos Stone's reminiscence of the old mill dates back to about 1790. "I carried some grain to Allan's mill, to get it ground for my brother Orange, and I had to remain over night. Allan was there on a spree or carousal. To make a feast he had sent Indians into the woods to shoot hogs that had gone wild, and he furnished the whiskey. There were many Indians collected there. It was a high time, and the chief of the entertainment was enjoying it in great glee."

For twenty years after the building of Allan's mill there was little or no effort towards further settlement in its locality. Fevers and agues, rattlesnakes, swamp land, and mosquitoes gave "the falls" an unattractive notoriety. Allan had not added to the charms of the place. When in 1809 the petition for a bridge across the Genesee at the Falls was presented to the legislature, great was the derision thereat. Was there not a bridge at Avon forsooth? Who ever heard of taxing a people for so unjust a measure? "Must musk-rats and squirrels have a bridge across the Genesee?" "It is a God forsaken place, visited only by straggling trappers and British deserters, through which neither man nor beast could gallop without fear of starvation or fever and ague."

The bill passed, notwithstanding, and we are told that the political party seeking its defeat paid dearly for its opposition to "unjust taxation."

The settlement had made an early start but very slow progress when contrasted with the other settlements of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase. The bridge at the Falls in 1812 changed matters. The dangerous ford, the steering for the old sycamore-tree, and the not infrequent struggles with the deadly current were things of the past, even

if we have to admit, that for several years as many settlers cleared out disgusted as resolved to stay. Land was cheap, terms easy, and not a few had spent their all in emigrating to the Falls, where sickness as well as poverty destined them to grow up with the country.

Ebenezer Allan died in Upper Canada about 1814, leaving many descendants. In 1821 a man calling himself Seneca Allan appeared in Rochesterville, claiming to be a descendant of the first miller, and more than that, the rightful owner of certain lands within the city limits. Those who remember him as a frequenter of the "Republican" office, often writing articles for the same, describe him as "very much of a gentleman." He retained the best legal talent of the village, and but for the fact that the plaintiff was cut off suddenly by an attack of inflammatory rheumatism, the aforesaid legal talent might have been handsomely rewarded.

Ebenezer Allan has left his name upon the lovely creek that, rising in Wyoming County, passes through Warsaw, Middlebury, Covington, Bethany, a corner of Stafford, Le Roy, and Wheatland, and finds the Genesee at Scottsville. The people of Le Roy, we are told, have considered giving it another name, that of Oatka, "coming out from between high banks." "Ginisaga" is its old Indian name, and really there seems no good reason for calling it Allan's Creek a day longer.

IX.

SOME OF OUR FIRST FAMILIES.

BEFORE concentrating our interest upon the One Hundred Acre Tract and its next door neighbors, generously included in the village of Rochester, let us take a brief survey of some of the earliest pioneers upon the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, the first among those to whom the new title deed was conveyed.

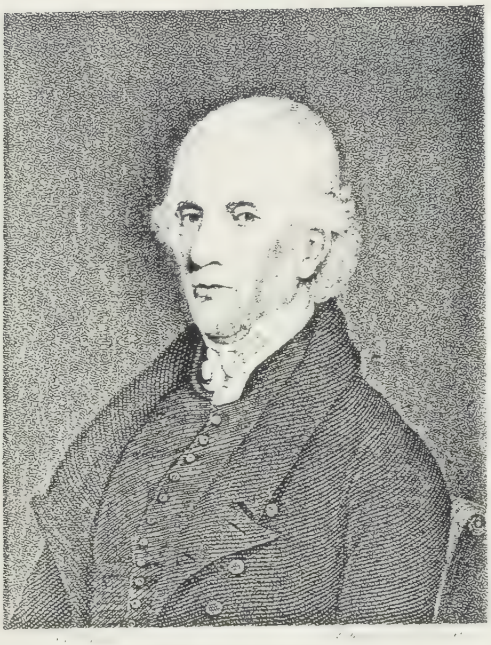
Jemima Wilkinson, "The Universal Friend," is an interesting study of religious fanaticism. We find her with a band of devoted disciples among the earliest pioneers of the Genesee Country, one of her colony having given her one thousand acres of land at Jerusalem, near Crooked Lake, where her singular community had decided to locate that they might live in separation from a naughty world. The credulity of her disciples was as marvelous as their subjection to her whims. The order to fast forty days on bread and water, or to wear a cow-bell on the neck, or sojourn in Nova Scotia for three years, if given by her was submissively complied with, for was she not the Second Coming of Christ, fulfilling the prophecy in Rev. xi. 3–13, and were not James Parker and Sarah Richards her "two olive-trees," and "two candlesticks" standing "before the God of the earth"? She had every qualification for a successful mission of the kind — illiteracy not excepted — and a readiness to perform miracles, see visions, and dream dreams. She prohibited her followers from marrying, and husband and wife joining her ranks must live separate if they would have her favor. There was a certain communism of property, she expecting to inherit that of her

subjects as a matter of course. She could not disappoint them, it appears, in any way, not even if she declared she could walk upon Seneca Lake and would, her followers carpeting the ground between her carriage and the bank with their white handkerchiefs when she drove up to make good the assertion. They had built a platform over the water, as if they would see her launch out upon a considerable depth to begin with. But she is equal to the occasion, and so is their faith. She demands to know the precise condition of their confidence, and having been assured that it is as a rock, she serenely tells them that the miracle is wrought if their faith is sufficient, and that it would be a questioning of the same for her to display the power they already believed in.

How such entertainment must have diversified the usual monotony of the life of a pioneer! We find the community sowing their first wheat in 1788. The first grist-mill in Western New York was at "the Friends'" settlement. Its site was two miles and a half from the present town of Penn Yan. The "Universal Friend" had many distinguished visitors, and so helped to advertise the new lands. The Duke of Liancourt was less favorably impressed by her than many. "Her hypocrisy," he wrote, "may be traced in all her discourses, actions, and conduct, and even in the very manner in which she manages her countenance." Once when the Senecas encamped on her land, "Good Peter" preached before her in Indian tongue, and when she asked to have his words interpreted, "If she is Christ," said Good Peter, "she knows what I said."

This much for a glimpse of an extinct fanatical sect that did much for the opening of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase, but rebelled against militia muster to their cost.

Another more successful fanaticism had its origin among the early settlers. The Gold Bible of the Mormons was said to have been found in its soil, for Joseph Smith, the prophet, was the son of a pioneer of 1819, who settled in the town of Manchester near Palmyra. Rochester narrowly escaped the notoriety of publishing the first Mormon



N. Rochester

Bible, for it was the prophet himself who in the year 1829 addressed Thurlow Weed in the "Telegraph" office, saying he wanted a book printed, — that he had been directed in a vision to a place in the woods near Palmyra, where he had found a golden Bible, etc. The little he read to Mr. Weed, from a tablet in his hat, sent him elsewhere with his golden Bible, but Rochester may boast of having declined the publication of the same, although Mormonism was first introduced to the public in an editorial of Henry O'Reilly's, which appeared in the "Republican," in 1830, Mr. O'Reilly speaking of it as an "absurdity;" and yet Joseph Smith and his recruits were highly pleased at seeing themselves in print, and reminded Mr. O'Reilly many times afterwards of his having introduced them to the newspaper world.

Many of the townships and villages of what is now Monroe County were far in advance of Rochester as pioneer settlements.

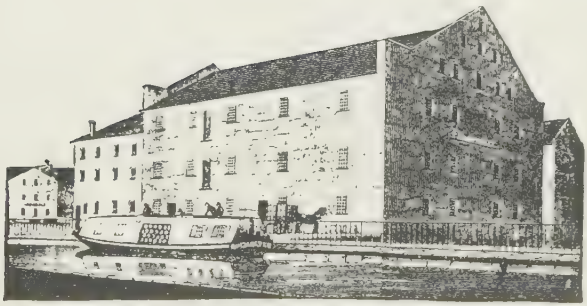
It was in 1790 that the Twenty Thousand Acre Tract, now partly included in Rochester, was bought by Messrs. Ely, Pomeroy, Hunt, and Breck, and in 1796–7, when the ruins of Allan's mill stood alone in the wilderness at the Falls, four families settled at Hanford's Landing, arriving in midwinter, making cabins of their covered sleighs until the new log-huts were ready for occupancy. They repaired the old mill sufficiently to make it saw boards for them, but it was not until some fourteen years after that the *first* store in all these parts was opened, the store of Hanford at Hanford's Landing. The venerable building that used to stand on the east side of the boulevard was removed this spring (1884), and unfortunately before a photograph was taken, although it was on our list of illustrations. But there was neither store, nor anything else like civilization, when Thomas and Simon King, Elijah Kent, and Eli Granger kindled a fire on the snowy ground and gathered their little company around it to cook and eat their first meal in the Genesee Country. They were the first settlers upon the west side of the river below the mouth of Black Creek, excepting Indian Allan in his capricious visits to his

mill, and William Hencher, who had built the first hut of a white man on the shore of Lake Ontario between the Genesee River and Fort Niagara, in the fall of 1792, a hut whose roof was of wild grass, but which sheltered a family consisting of father, mother, one son, and seven daughters. William Hencher carried on a brisk trade with boatmen, emigrants, and Indians, and dealt largely in fish besides, even crossing the lake with his nets for salmon, when Long Pond and Irondequoit Bay disappointed him. It was many years after his settlement at the mouth of the Genesee, where he soon had a smart log-cabin and six hundred acres of cleared land, before he had anything but an Indian trail to follow if he would go by land to see his neighbors at Hanford's Landing, or to have a grist ground at Hanford's mill. When De Witt Clinton visited the place in 1810, he found that it had been called Charlottesburg, in compliment to a daughter of Colonel Troup, the agent of the Pultney estate, and that the land had been divided into one acre lots, ten dollars each, on the condition that the purchaser should build a house within a year. This is De Witt Clinton's picture of Charlottesburg, 1810: —

"This place is in the town of Geneseo. The harbor here is good. The bar at the mouth varies from eight to eight and a half feet, and the channel is generally eleven feet. There are four lake vessels in it. We had the opportunity of seeing the lake in a storm, and it perfectly resembled its parent the ocean, in the agitation, the roaring, and the violence of its waves."

In 1807, Charles Harford, an English immigrant, built his block-house in the forest near the corner of what is now State and Lyell streets. He had taken up one hundred acres of the Twenty Thousand Acre Tract, besides farm lands in Gates, where he settled several branches of his family. Then he built a mill, — the great need of the locality, for Allan's mill had hardly justified the size of its mill lot. Edwin Scrantom has left us a description of Harford's mill: "The main wheel was a tub-wheel; in the top was inserted a piece of iron called the spindle, and the

SELYE FIRE ENGINE MANUFACTORY



MILLS OF THOMAS KEMPSHALL

From O'Reilly, 1838.

stone that run, rested upon it, so that in raising and lowering the stone to grind coarse or fine, the whole wheel, which was a monster, with the stone upon it, had to be raised with the bottom timbers. This was done with a monstrous lever which run the whole length of the mill, tapering to near the end, which was managed by a leather strap put twice around and fastened to the timbers at one end, while at the other end hung a huge stone. The bolt was carried from a screw made on the shaft under the stone, into which a wooden cogged wheel was geared, in manner similar to an old pair of swifts. The ground meal as it ran from the stone fell upon a horizontal strap about six inches wide, and ran over a wheel at the far end of the bolt. This strap ran in a box on the upper side, and as it went over the wheel, the meal was emptied into a spout and carried into the bolt. In grinding corn, this spout was removed and the meal fell into a box made for the purpose. The bolt, however, had to go constantly, as the science of mill making here had not reached that very important improvement of throwing out of gear such machinery as is not wanted running. But that was to me a charming mill! It rumbled and rattled like thunder, and afforded much amusement to the boys, who, like myself, formerly assisted in the ponderous operation of 'hoisting the gate.' The gate hoisted with a lever similar to the one that raised the stone; a bag of heavy weights was hung to it, and then it was a half hour's job for a man to hoist it alone. When once hoisted it was not shut again until night, the stones being let together to stop the mill between grists."

Harford's old mill was upon the site of the Phœnix Mills of to-day, and was among the antiquities of the region when, in 1816, Elisha B. Strong and Elisha Beach bought one thousand acres, said acres including on the map of Phelps and Gorham what the pen of the map-maker, at least, had decided should be *the city of Athens* some day. The two Elishas undoubtedly accepted the surveyor's mantle of prophecy, but for some unexplained reason, probably because like Carthage of old its site was favorable to the

natural development of a city, and that it was a quarry for its neighbors as well, they gave us *Carthage* instead of *Athens*, and at once proceeded to make good the ruins promised in the classical name; for we find them the very next year, before a single good road had been made to their ambitious clearing, building a bridge, the like of which was only to be seen in Switzerland, — the bridge at Schaffhausen, to be sure, which was only twelve feet longer span than this daring leap across the Genesee, where the banks were upwards of 200 feet high. It was a single arch, crossing the river between the Lower Falls and what we still call the Landing; and when it was built, the most lofty single arch in Europe was 116 feet *less* in length than this in a wilderness, and Europe had not an arch so high by 96 feet. The length of that wonderful bridge was 718 feet; its width 30 feet. It was the missing link between the Ridge Road and the great thoroughfare that *was to be* over another bridge across Irondequoit Bay, and along the northern townships of the purchase. What was the low wooden bridge at Rochesterville in comparison with this magnificent structure? The joint stock company which had given this visible sign of their faith in the future of Carthage proceeded to other enterprises. A store-house and wharf was built on the river, and a road down to the same; and William Acer built his substantial tavern, drawing the oak timber for its beams from his farm in Pittsford, and said tavern can be seen among our ruins of Carthage unto this day. William Acer was father of John Acer, mine host of the old Phœnix of Pittsford in pioneer days, and was one of the early settlers who first bought lands of the Indians, and whose title was afterwards confirmed by Phelps and Gorham. The descendants of John Acer, among whom are Mrs. George W. Fisher of our city, are still in possession of the broad farm lands William Acer settled upon in 1791, said property having been held by the family ninety-three years.

The Carthage bridge was a short-lived wonder, but happily for the builders it did not tumble into wreck until it

had lasted longer than the time they had guarantied it should stand, or lose payment for its cost. It stood a little over one year, and went down without loss of life, the first of a series of Carthaginian failures that left such scanty provision of relics behind, that the antiquarian of modern Carthage, like him of the ancient city, is found regretting the want of evidence that would assist in reconstructing the venerable metropolis. But as ancient Carthage had its monument in the Cathedral of Pisa, so the Carthage of the Genesee gave from its quarry the foundations for our first aqueduct and many more enduring enterprises. The defect of the bridge was in its famous arch, which gave way when there was no weight upon it. It lacked "bracing," and was symbolical of many a grand land speculation of the time.

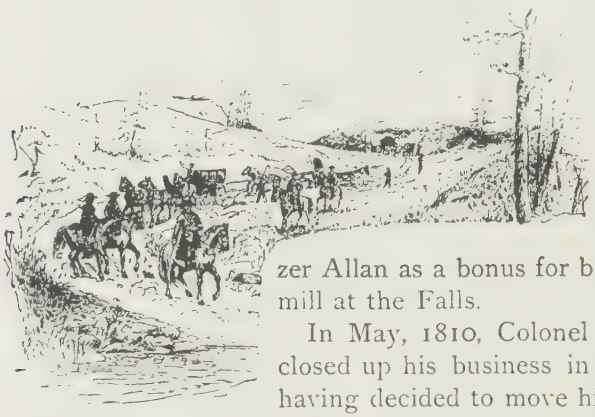
So much for the environment of Rochester, at the time when Colonel Nathaniel Rochester with his family of five boys and five girls arrived at their new home in the village in 1818, and took possession of what was a very delightful residence in those days, even for a gentleman's family, — a substantial, roomy house on Exchange Street that had been occupied by Dr. Levi Ward, a suburban residence, with a fine view of the river and its woody banks and of the island, where the kine fed in the meadow. Very picturesque was the scenery on the opposite bank, and they were not so very far from the spring of water that soon gave its name to the street where it was located. The country road between the house and the river led directly to the Corners, and there was prospect of having an Episcopal church in the neighborhood.

There is nothing about the "Break o' Day House" suggesting the faintest kinship to the old home of Colonel Rochester, — the hospitable mansion with its well kept gardens and trim flower-beds and pear orchard, — and it seems an unkind freak of fortune that the house which radiated so many blessings should in its old age have fallen from its high estate.[1]

[1] Colonel Rochester not many years after built the house on the corner of

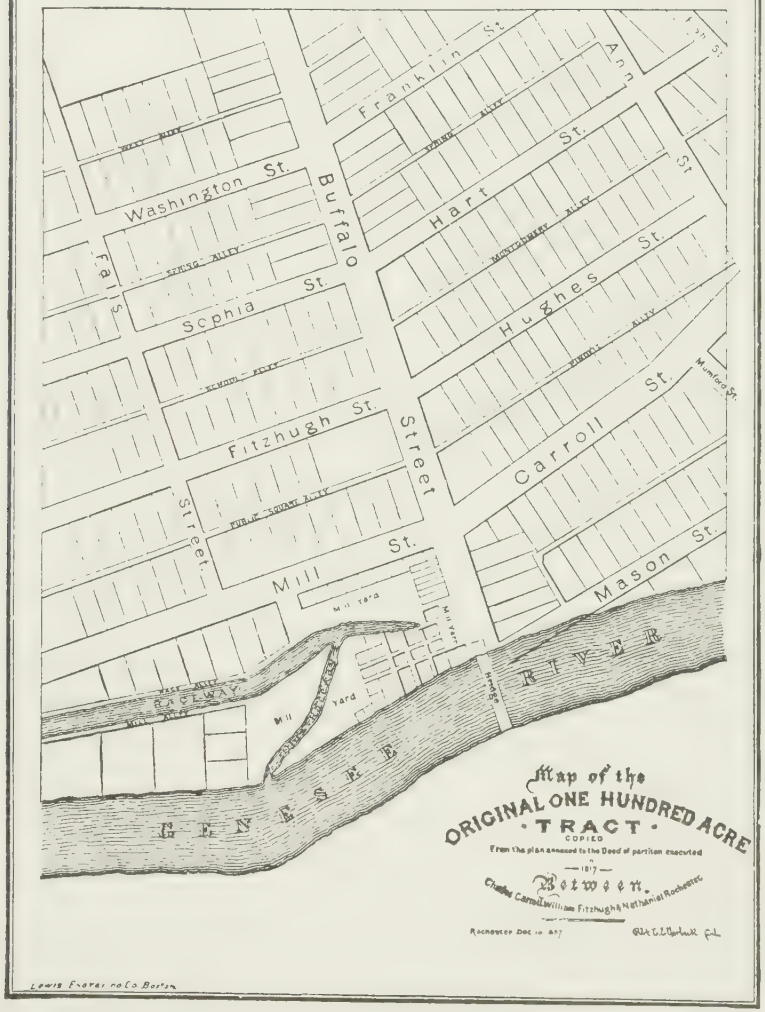
In September, 1800, for we must go still further back if we would see this new home in its relations, four Maryland gentlemen, well mounted and attended, set out from Hagerstown to see the Genesee Country, of which they were hearing so much. They were gentlemen of means, long-established position, and eminently associated with public affairs. Their names were Colonel Nathaniel Rochester, Colonel William Fitzhugh, Major Charles Carroll, and Colonel Hilton, fast friends and old neighbors. One of them at least, the Christian father of a large family of boys, was considering if it would not be far better for those boys if they were removed from the influences of slavery. His final decision is inferred from the fact that he with the rest of his party made large purchases of land in Livingston County, near Dansville.

In 1802, Colonel Rochester, Colonel Fitzhugh, and Major Carroll bought the "One Hundred Acre" or Allan Mill Tract for seventeen and a half dollars an acre; the site originally given to Ebenezer Allan as a bonus for building his mill at the Falls.



In May, 1810, Colonel Rochester closed up his business in Maryland, having decided to move his family to Dansville. Colonel Fitzhugh and Major Carroll would follow as soon as they could dispose of their plantations or arrange to leave them. The removal of three such men from the county seat of Washington County, Maryland, was considered a public loss, and has proved a fast relationship

Spring and N. Washington streets, where he lived until his death in 1831. There have been but few changes in this old house, which is rightfully called the old Colonel Rochester Homestead.


Franklin St.
Washington St.
Buffalo
Hart St.
Hughes St.
Sophia St.
Fitzhugh St.
Carroll St.
Mill St.
Mason St.
Street
RIVER
GENESEE
Map of the
ORIGINAL ONE HUNDRED ACRE
TRACT
COPIED
From the plan annexed to the Deed of partition executed
in
1817
Between
Charles Carroll, William Fitzhugh & Nathaniel Rochester

between Hagerstown and Rochester, which one party at least has never forgotten. Colonel Rochester was the first to take his departure. When that well-remembered cavalcade, — two family carriages, the colonel and his five boys on horseback, and one of his daughters besides, two or three great wagons with four heavy horses each, ten slaves, these the members of two entire families including an old grandmother or "mammy," all under the charge of experienced teamsters, — when this cavalcade passed slowly down the main street of Hagerstown bound for the Genesee Country, the thoroughfare was lined with townspeople, and not a few watched it as they would a funeral train. There was much tearful hand-shaking; none were too lowly to bid "the Col'nl" good-by. One young man of good family begged the privilege of driving Mrs. Rochester's carriage himself, and was accorded what he esteemed a privilege, and which added greatly to the comfort and safety of the family under his special care. The names of those boys setting off so elate were William, John, Thomas, Nathaniel, and Henry: the eldest aged twenty-one, the youngest a little fellow of four years old, who rode a pet pony and hardly left his saddle in the day-time, during the long journey of nearly a fortnight, save for a nap in the carriage, or when the party was resting at a wayside inn. He remembers distinctly the good road they passed over most of the way, how they crossed the mountains and struck the west branch of the Susquehanna, then onward through the forest to Lycoming Creek, and the excitement their arrival made at the little villages along the route; for very few, if any, of the emigrants to the Genesee Country had gone through Pennsylvania with such an outfit. Moreover Colonel Rochester's previous visits were well remembered, and the event of the removal of his family from an old homestead in the garden of Maryland to the Phelps and Gorham Purchase excited much comment, and not a few of our best settlers are among those who in time followed that cavalcade "up to York State." Some of Colonel Rochester's old Hagerstown neighbors soon took up their line of march as his

followers, among whom are the Stulls of Rush, and other German families, — our townsman Joseph A. Stull being a direct descendant of a Hagerstown pioneer.

"Little Henry's" reminiscences of that eventful journey are full of interest; impressions of the beautiful mountain scenery, the trout-brooks, the occasional block-houses, the hospitality of the residents along the road, the startling accident when one of the teamsters was killed by falling under his wagon while descending a steep hill, the arrival at Painted Post and Bath, and finally the entrance into Dansville, quite a stirring place even in 1810, but made more so by the addition of a large land-owner, who bought the borders of the mill creek on both sides, and soon had them buzzing with mills of almost every kind; for in the five years that Colonel Rochester lived in Dansville, he built and carried on a flour-mill, a large paper-mill, a saw-mill, and attended to his farm and wild lands besides. When we remember that he was then past the prime of life, and not as vigorous as some at sixty years, the man's character is more fully appreciated. Is it to be wondered at that Mrs. Rochester found ample opportunity for the development of the contentment which characterized her whole life in the new country, and although depressed at times with longing for the old associations in Maryland, made her new home so charming that her family had few longings for Hagerstown? In 1815, we find Colonel Rochester on his great farm in Bloomfield, a farm still bearing the name of "the Rochester Farm." He had sold his interests in Dansville, and would sooner have moved to the village of Rochester, where he was obliged to spend much of his time looking after his real estate, but the trouble with Great Britain, the fear of an invasion, made it an undesirable home. He lived on the Bloomfield farm for three years, and in April, 1818, moved his family to the village, which counted among its scanty honors the name of *Rochester* above all others. Our pioneers are fond of telling how the news of his decision to reside here was received. It was the uppermost topic at the "Corners," men shaking

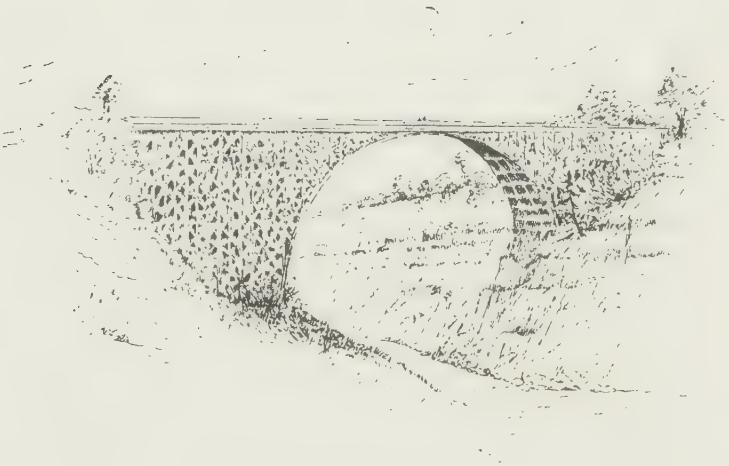
hands over it as they did at a later day when hearing of a great victory, and just here one of Edwin Scrantom's stories must not be forgotten.

"The Colonel lived in a house with a large garden, on the corner of Exchange and Spring streets. He was an early riser and used to work in his garden before breakfast. I remember standing timidly on the outside of his fence one morning watching him. After a while he looked up and said pleasantly, 'Come in and I will show you my garden.'" (How much is revealed in this picture of the simple kindness of the man, for Edwin Scrantom was then a "printer's devil," and undoubtedly a fair specimen of his inky craft.) "He spoke very kindly to me, asked my father's name, and looking at my green, lank figure, added smiling, 'You are neither man nor boy. I call you a hobble-te-hoy.' He went on with his work, giving me a pleasant lecture on industry and early rising which I never forgot. . . . One day when he was setting out some pear-trees, and I stopped to watch him as I fell into a fashion of doing after that morning whenever I had time, he said, 'I don't know as I shall eat any fruit from the trees I am planting, but as I eat from trees somebody planted for me, I must set out trees for those who will come after me.' He always gave me something to remember and think about." Another boy of that day tells how his mother bade him always to take off his hat when he saw Colonel Rochester, for it was not every boy who knew a man worthy of the honor. Among the many stories that might be told illustrating Colonel Rochester's strict integrity is the one relating to the stormy political times of 1826, when De Witt Clinton and Henry Huntington were the Clintonian nominees for governor and lieutenant-governor, and William B. Rochester and Nathaniel Pitcher were the "Bucktail" or Democratic nominees. There was much betting, and Henry E. Rochester, not of age, having just received one thousand dollars for a lot on Spring Street which his father had given him, took up several bets, amounting to one thousand dollars, upon Pitcher's election, — his inbred deli-

cacy prohibiting his betting on his brother's chance. He won the bet and his money, and went home jubilant enough with two thousand dollars in his pocket. "I am sure your father will disapprove," said his mother, when he naturally expected the congratulations of his family; and sure enough, the good Colonel was soon asking, from his quiet little room adjoining the parlor, where he usually sat apart in the evening over his papers and books, the cause of Henry's hilarity. The case was plainly stated. "This money must be refunded," said the Colonel at once. "Not one penny of it can you keep;" dwelling in his clear, kindly way upon the evils of betting, and the influence his sons should be careful to exert in the community. What made the misdemeanor most unpardonable in his eyes was the fact that his son's intimate knowledge of the inner workings of political influences, which made him sure at the outset that Pitcher would be elected, had not prevented his betting. His words carried conviction, and the next day Henry was seen looking up the losers on the bet, and returning the money. The majority, if not all of them, were comparatively poor. One man named Kennedy, a book-keeper in Beach & Kempshall's mill, who had lost his bet of two hundred and fifty dollars, was stoutly determined not to accept the money. It was a fair bet and it should stand; but a letter from Colonel Rochester himself inclosing the check and begging him to remember his duty to the community brought about the desired result. . . . Some three weeks after Colonel Rochester gave his son Henry E. the deed of another lot on Spring Street, worth two thousand dollars, and which was sold afterwards for six thousand.

A wiser leader, a safer counselor, was never given to the builders of a city. A true gentleman, never forgetful of the rights and the welfare of the laboring classes; a true Southerner but a truer patriot; a consistent Christian whose faith leavened the homeliest acts of his life, — what city in all the land wears so fair a name as ours? Not only is the name of Nathaniel Rochester our inheritance, but his im-

press upon our formative period is still seen in our city's individuality, in a certain conservatism, a sturdy adherence to what has been proved good, no matter what the fashion of the times; in a sure progress rather than headlong rush, an unpretentious hospitality rather than dazzling display. Our first miller may be forgiven us when we find "the old mill yard" transformed under the proprietorship of a gentleman who was far less the land speculator than a public benefactor.



The Carthage Wooden Bridge, 1818.

X.

A DISMAL SWAMP.

THE bridge across the Genesee at Falls Town was built in 1812, a detachment of troops to the Niagara frontier crossing on its sleepers. Colonel Rochester did not become a resident of the place for some six years after, and James Wadsworth, of Geneseo, who was watching his survey of the One Hundred Acre Tract, and his sale of lots, wrote to Colonel Troup: "I wish that tract of one hundred acres could be bought of the Maryland gentlemen. The bridge and mill seat render it very valuable indeed." But Colonel Rochester was by no means inclined to change his plans. He had made Enos Stone his local agent, and a letter written by him to our first pioneer settler on the east side of the river will be read with interest. Enos Stone's original farm covered the most thickly settled portions of the east side of to-day, and he was the first purchaser of a lot in "the old mill tract."

DANSVILLE, *14th August, 1811.*

DEAR SIR, — Inclosed I send you a plat of the village of Rochester, at the Falls of Genesee River. I have sent on advertisements to the printers at Canandaigua and Geneva, mentioning that I have laid out a village, and that you will shew the lots and make known the terms on which the lots are to be sold.

The terms are for lots No. 2, 3, 4, 5, 16, 17, 18, 30, fifty dollars each; for lots No. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, thirty dollars. No. 1, two hundred dollars, the rest that are numbered are sold. Persons purchasing

must build a dwelling-house or store-house, not less than 20 x 16, by the first of October, 1812, or the lots will revert to the proprietors, and the advance of five dollars be forfeited. Five dollars are to be advanced on each quarter acre lot, and twenty dollars on lot No. 1, the residue to be paid in two annual payments with interest thereon. If any person wants a lot above the head of the race on the river, tell them that I will be down in October to lay out lots along Mill Street, up the river, and these lots can be had for building warehouses on the river at fifty dollars for a quarter acre lot. Bridge Street, Buffalo Street, Mill Street, and Carroll Street are six rods wide, the other streets are four rods, and the alleys twelve feet. You will observe that lots No. 26, 27, are to be but three rods on Bridge Street, but extend back more than ten rods, owing to the angle in the street. When I go down in October, I shall lay out the streets, alleys, and lots agreeable to the inclosed plat.

NATHANIEL ROCHESTER.

And here is the list of lot buyers in the village of Rochester, or Northampton, Genesee County, if we are to be exact.

The sales following Enos Stone's purchase of lot 36 at $50 are as follows, beginning December 29, 1811 :—

Henry Skinner, lot No. 1	$200
Hamlet Scrantom, lot 26	50
Isaac W. Stone, lots 23, 34	100
Abraham Starks, lot 20	50
David C. Knapp, lots 21, 22	200
Amasa Marshall, lot 25	50
Apolenus Jerry, lot 32	125
Israel Scrantom, lots 18, 19	100
Luscum Knapp, lot 45	60
Hezekiah Noble, lot 5	60
Joseph Hughes, lots 15, 62	80
Ebenezer Kelly, lot 16	60
Ira West, lot 3	30
Ira West, lots 50, 115	260

Elisha Ely, lots 39, 40, 41, 133	360
Porter P. Peck, lot 154	100
Josiah Bissell, Jr., lots 7, 13, 31	260
Stephen Lusk, lot 6	50
William Robb, lots 61, 62, 63, 116, 117	800
Michael Cully, lot 79	100
Cook and Brown, lot 83	100
Harvey Montgomery, lot 88	250
Roswell Hart, lots 8, 56, 57	400
Charles D. Farman, lot 129	300
George G. Sill, lot 154	90
James Stoddart, lot 130	100
Fabricus Reynolds, lot 131	200

Only one of these lots reverted, and nearly all were paid for by the original purchasers.[1] Few villages were offering lots so low, but it was Colonel Rochester's idea that good settlers must be land-owners, and that the real value of his property was in the character of the men who first settled upon it. At the time of his death in 1831, there were but four places in all New England with a greater population than Rochester, Western New York. The immigration that followed his purchase of the mill tract not only exceeded former years as to numbers, but also as to the respectability of the immigrants. Our pioneers as a rule were not the "flood wood" of the East, but men of good family, and exceptional enterprise. They were substantial merchants and mechanics from Pennsylvania, Maryland, New Jersey, and New England, who had higher aims than their own personal success.

Hamlet Scrantom's name must head the "Arrivals of Families" on the Old Mill Lot Register. Enos Stone's has the honor for the east side, for in 1810 he and his wife and "the hired girl" raised the first white man's cabin on the bank about where the new Osburn House now stands. The framework of that historical edifice may still be seen in the rear of No. 28 Elm Street. The story of Hamlet Scrantom's arrival is familiar to many of us, so graphically

[1] See Turner's *Phelps and Gorham's Purchase*, p. 587.

has it often been told by his son, the late Edwin Scrantom, to whom we are indebted for many a unique picture of pioneer days.

Hamlet Scrantom was living in Durham, Connecticut, when in 1805 he first succumbed to the western fever, and had a brief convalescence in Lewis County, in this State. But a relapse resulted in his visit to his old neighbors, the Wadsworths in Geneseo. There he met with Henry Skinner, who had bought lot No. 1 (now Powers Corner), at Falls Town. He would build a house on it for his friend Scrantom if he would only settle there, a tempting offer accepted at once; and we see Hamlet Scrantom setting forth from Turin, Lewis County, one April day in 1812, ox-goad in hand, his wife and six children comfortably packed with the household goods, the dinner chest, and the "bunks," in the big canvas topped wagon that his neighbors undoubtedly watched until out of sight, with predictions it was as well he did not hear. His oxen were strong and so was his wagon, a good beginning; and there was an extra horse, the pet of the children, for a hard pull, or for a change to the ox-driver and the older children, who must walk some of the way. Hamlet Scrantom was a little late in getting off. As a rule, the emigrants chose sleighing for many reasons. Better cross a frozen stream on the ice, than try fording a swollen one when the spring freshets were coming down. The Cayuga bridge they find cannot be crossed, because of some accident it has sustained from the ice; but a big scow takes them all aboard, a drove of oxen as well, and their shipwreck had been inevitable but that their bedding was sufficient to stop up the hole made by the heavy tramping of the cattle. Eight days brought them to Canandaigua, where they hear nothing cheering from the Genesee Country: far from it. The bridge is not yet finished there, and fording the Genesee in the spring is to take one's life in his hand. Had they not heard of the man swept over the Falls, not a week before, — he and all his household goods? He had been buried in a coffin made of one of his boxes, close to the river below the Cataract,

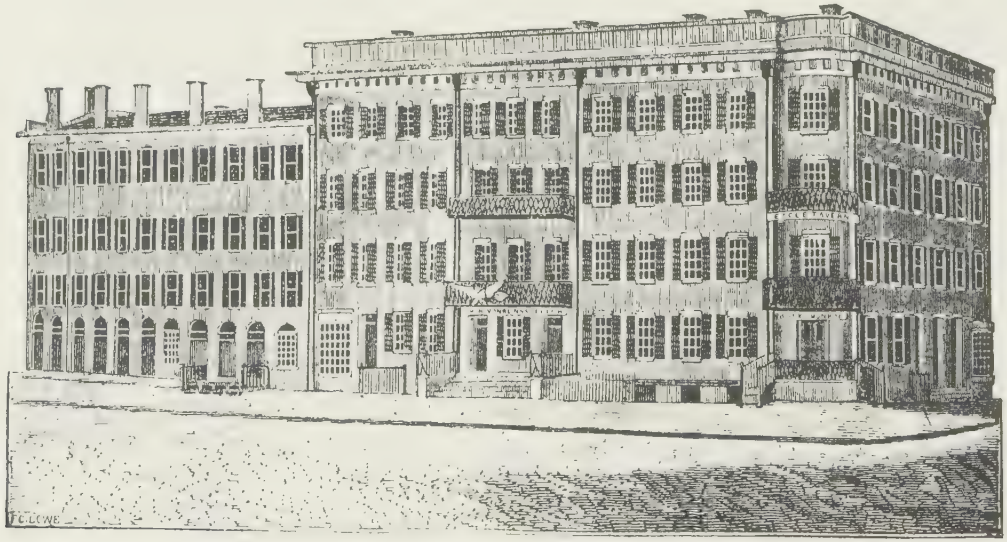
the first white man's grave in that locality. Those Falls would prove no good to anybody with their eternal roaring, and had they heard of the rattlesnakes, the fevers, and the mosquitoes?

Hamlet Scrantom did not turn back, however, nor is it on record that his wife and the six children lifted up their voices and wept because he did not. The ninth day brought them to Orange Stone's, by "the Rock and Tree." Yes, the bridge was building. It would be done in the summer. They had better not try fording the river any lower down than Castle Town. Enos Stone had a boat at his saw-mill, but crossing there was risky unless the river was low. So they followed the trail back of the pinnacle and struck the river just above the Rapids. One Gid Allen was to ferry them over. A young fellow named Zachariah Lewis pushed the boat out into the swollen stream.

They slept at Castle's tavern that night. There were other arrivals before morning, when Hamlet Scrantom, all unmindful, I fear, that it was May Day, woke and called his big boys early, for they must yoke their oxen, and, leaving mother and the little ones behind, go down to the Falls and see what the new home looked like.

Was not that the very first May party along the banks of the Genesee? We do not hear that they looked for trailing arbutus, but they had a sharp flurry of snow.

And now we see the white horns of those patient oxen plunging through the wild grape-vines and tangled forest growth, that made "getting down" to what is now Buffalo Street a hard matter. The log-house they were looking for, and which they expected to find on the very lot where Powers Block now stands, was not so conspicuous as they expected. I doubt if any of the thousands, who, in the long, never-ending procession following that ox-cart, have brought up at our Four Corners, straining their vision for a first glimpse of the magnificence towering thereon, have ever anticipated more than did that shivering party who for a while looked all in vain. Their Powers Block was not to be found. Oh yes, there in the thicket, verily, a



EAGLE TAVERN

Part of Site of Powers Commercial Buildings. Built in 1829 and taken down in 1868.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

pile of logs! How glad we all are that Mrs. Scrantom had decided to rest one day at Castle Town.

Mr. Edwin Scrantom shall tell the rest of the story in his own way: —

"A few hands were at work building the bridge. They said that the men who were to build our house had been taken down with fever and ague, and had gone back to Big Tree (Geneseo). Going up a long ladder at the west end of the bridge we crossed on the string pieces of the two piers to the east side of the river, and found the tavern of Isaac W. Stone, a small wooden building on our present South St. Paul Street, near Main, the most commodious and roomy part of which was the bar-room. A little further south, and near where the east end of the Erie Canal aqueduct now reaches the bank, we found Enos Stone's house and family. He was building his saw-mill on the river near where Harvey Ely's mill was built afterwards. He said my father might move his family into a shanty he had lately moved out of. It was near his own, and what was more, father was to help in running the saw-mill."

The next day, in the melting snow, we see the family moving into their new home, — a house with neither cellar nor chamber, an earth fire-place, and a smoky chimney! "Those sixty days," writes Edwin Scrantom, then a little boy, "were the longest and the dreariest wanderers ever saw in this world. Not an ounce of butter, tea, coffee, or sugar in the whole time." But the house over the river was "getting on." Hamlet Scrantom was turning out the boards at Enos Stone's saw-mill, and when the river fell, they were taken over the ford near our present jail, — by the old watchword no doubt, "Steer for the sycamore-tree!"

The Scrantom family then, as now, were decidedly inclined to making the most of "a high day." Having celebrated May 1st in a memorable manner, July 4, 1812, finds them moving into the first habitation at the Four Corners. . . . "In the day-time we could hear and see the deer in the swamps. They went to what we called 'the deer lick' for water, — a springy place near the corner of what

is now Buffalo Street and Plymouth Avenue. At night we heard many wilderness sounds above the roaring of the Falls, — the mournful hooting of the owls, the sharp barking of the foxes, and sometimes the howling of the wolves. . . . We used to catch rabbits in our box traps, near where the Arcade now stands, and such bushels of butternuts as we gathered from the trees all along under the ledge of rocks that ran from the river near the old Allan mill, back of what is now the Wilder Block and Smith's Block and the Court House Square." Mr. Scrantom has told many stories of the rattlesnakes infesting that ledge. The Falls Town boy who did not have a string of rattles was like a Rochester boy of to-day without a collection of business cards.

Here is Edwin Scrantom's description of his first sight of Allan's old mill that May Day, 1812 : —

"Having calculated on what was needed for finishing our log-house we made for the river. A thick jungle of bushes, butternut-trees, and wild grape-vines lay all along the south side of Buffalo Street, and on the top of the ledge of rocks in the rear of the present buildings. We found an Indian path which led up to the top of this ledge, and climbing up we saw the ruins of the old Allan mill. The old wheels and the millstones were half buried in the earth. The hut where the bridge hands had slept the year before was empty. The door was opened, and when we peeped in there was an ominous rattling in the straw of an old bunk that demanded our presence elsewhere. . . . Enos Stone's clearing was then not so far east as Chestnut Street, nor as far south as Court. . . . The forest was unbroken between him and his brother-in-law, Moses Hall, save by foot-path, and Moses Hall's clearing was where Hiram Sibley's residence stands to-day. . . . Looking down the river from 'the Stone's' there was no break nor opening. On the slope near Andrews Street of to-day there were large clumps of towering, wide-spreading cedars, the 'lovers retreat' of a later era."

A letter written by Hamlet Scrantom to his father may well be inserted here.

July 28, 1812.

HON. FATHER, — From the Falls of the Genesee I now address you. I have purchased a lot in the village of Rochester, which is in a state of nature at present, but the prospect is very promising for business, in case the difficulties are settled between the British and American nations. A bridge is almost completed here which will cost $8,000, and roads centre here from all directions. The village is laid out on the west side of the river, and my lot is second from the river near the end of the bridge. Just above the bridge are falls of twelve feet, affording the best water-power for mills and machinery. The river is navigable fifty miles above this place for boats, and from Lake Ontario, which is seven miles below, vessels can come up to within four miles of us. The river falls nearly three hundred feet in four miles. In sight of the bridge and about seventy rods below, the river is lost to the eye, where it falls ninety-six feet perpendicularly, and thence runs between high banks of some two hundred feet nearly to the lake. At the great falls below the village is a mill building, or rebuilding, calculated for seven runs of stones, only three of which will be put in motion this season. The country is very pleasant and fertile, very quick in the production of all kinds of cultivated fruits, and timbered with oak, chestnut, hickory, black walnut, and white wood, some of enormous size. I saw one white wood log twelve feet long, which produced one thousand feet of clapboards. To persons coming here let them inquire at Canandaigua for the new bridge at Genesee Falls. Farms hereabout are from five to fifteen dollars an acre. Village lots fifty dollars for a quarter acre. The declaration of war made a great uproar for a time and many families moved away from the west of us, but some are returning. About three thousand of the regular troops are stationed at Niagara, the lake shores are well guarded, and we do not apprehend that the British with all their Indians are able to subjugate the inhabitants of this western country. I arrived here with my family on the 2d of May, and with all the gloom of war, think I have

made a good choice for the future. I have moved across the river and am soon to put me up a house on my lot; have tended saw-mill thirty-three days, and cut thirty-eight thousand feet of boards. The town where I reside is Northampton,[1] village of Rochester, County of Genesee; but letters at present had better be directed, town of Boyle, County of Ontario, Falls of Genesee River. A post-office will soon be established here, of which I will inform you. . . .

I remain your affectionate son,

HAMLET SCRANTOM.

Letters like this did much for the settlement of the Genesee Country. All Hamlet Scrantom's old friends, relatives, and neighbors were soon made acquainted with the contents of that letter without doubt, and discussed the matter of "going west," if they did not at once follow his example. Times were hard, taxation oppressive. The Revolutionary soldiers had been discharged without pay. The patriots who had supported the war had been "made good" in government paper, and what was it worth? The army had left the work-shops and farms to the brave women, who had saved nothing for the support of disabled heroes. We had no commerce, and the fisheries had been abandoned. One thing we had, that every poor patriot winced under, a national debt of $100,000,000, and a government powerless to collect duties on imports, or to compel the States to raise their part of the burden. The laws for debtors were severe, and who was not in debt or likely to be? The lands in the Genesee Country were very cheap, and the agents offered the most favorable terms. "Men are earning a dollar a day out there for their labor," was the report, "and buying land for twenty-five cents an acre." Men who could not pay twenty-five cents an acre were working it out,—men of good New England and Maryland stock at that. Wadsworth's handbills were posted up at the village stores,—"Wild Lands for Farms!" and James Wadsworth in person was holding public meetings in the

[1] Northampton reached from the Genesee River to Lake Erie.

east, describing the Genesee Country, and urging emigration to its fertile "flats." The Pulteney estate was also early in the field, and all that these agents said so eloquently and persuasively was indorsed by the soldiers who had marched through the beautiful valley with Sullivan, the drovers of the great herds of cattle to Fort Niagara, the surveyors of the different agencies, and the tourists — an increasing cavalcade — to the Falls of Niagara. "The sons of settlers and trappers out there are making fifty dollars a season for musk-rat and coon furs!" some one would say, arousing the fathers and mothers of big families to face the fever and ague without further tarrying. "Wadsworth offers a premium of six bushels of wheat, a barrel of whiskey, and a barrel of pork for the first dwelling raised in a township. More than that, he'll go to the raising bee!" said another, and there was a pulling up of old stakes at once, and the yoking of the oxen into the big sleighs, whose boxes must serve for a roof until the log-cabin should be done. Good sleighing, or let us say "*tol'bul*" sleighing, was the best help for the emigrant to the west. Then the streams were likely to be frozen over, the roads were fair as they could be, and one had a chance to get his crops into the new land in season. Game was plenty. There was no fear of famine where hunters were said to kill sixty deer in a season. "A hundred and fifty trout could be taken from Allan's Creek without changing ground." Bear steak was not bad eating, and bear skins made good breeches and bed covers. Raccoons were plenty enough, and some of the settlers ate fried raccoon three times a day. That was better than letting the thieves get the corn, and raccoon skins brought a good price. There was a bounty, besides, on wolves and wild cats. The lonely inmates of the cabins in the vicinity of Cayuga Lake saw the result of the consideration of all these minor items in the increasing number of families "bound for the Genesee Country," who gee-hawed their oxen over the long bridge in the winter and spring of 1812. It was a hard journey at the best. Streams and sloughs must not unfrequently be waded

and logs or fallen trees cut and removed from the track. The night camp after the first arrival at the new home was often on the sheltered side of a snow bank, mother and babies housed under the sleigh-box close to the big fire of hemlock boughs. The rifle was ready for any hostile intruder. The hospitality extended by forerunners in the wilderness was cordial and unbounded. The men turned out for "the raising," and to help split the bass-wood logs for the cabin floor; while the women took the babies home with them, and kept them until the mother could get things "righted up a bit." In case of sickness, the backwoods' doctor had his remedies, and what was better for stiff joints and bruises than rattlesnake oil, and rattlesnake gall for any kind of fever? Rattlesnake gall pills were made up with chalk, and possibly — if the fancy were suppressed — no worse to take than some of our modern balms with sweeter names, and quite as beneficial. To the early pioneer death had terrors and inconveniences unknown to us, who have never had to give the seasoned timbers of our doors for a coffin, nor to hear the squaws wailing around our desolate houses in token of sympathy with our sorrow.

The undeveloped salt springs of the Genesee Country were among its greatest attractions. How can we realize what "the salt difficulty" was to our forefathers? If they could do without it, their cattle could not, and there was the necessity of preserving food for the winter. When Peter Schaeffer first came to Scottsville, he paid seven dollars a barrel for salt, — six was the usual price. Seven dollars to Peter Schaeffer or any backwoodsman was a great deal of money, when nothing but potash or black salts was to be sold for cash, and that at great labor and disadvantage. There was nothing so scarce as money, however, not even salt. Peter Price paid ten bushels of corn for shoeing the first horse he ever owned in Rush, and horses managed, like their owners, to get along largely without shoes. Wheat even was not always "good for cash," in fact but seldom; many a farmer had his granary full and was un-

able to raise money enough for a pound of tea. But if one could take time to burn over an acre or two of clearing, and leach the ashes, and raise a kettle somewhere for boiling down black salts, he could earn a little "store money," for potash, before wheat, corn, or anything but furs, was one of the resources of this wonderful country, and many a fortune was made from the asheries.

ABELARD REYNOLDS SELECTS A LOT ON THE ONE HUNDRED ACRE TRACT.

I am permitted to make the following extract from the unpublished autobiography of one of our most esteemed citizens: —

"Having decided on locating in Rochester (1812), I called on Mr. Stone and told him that was my decision, if I could be suited in the selection of a lot. He said I should have my choice, and taking the map of 'the village of trees,' we crossed the unfinished bridge on loose plank, descending the long ladder at the west end. Walking up to the Four Corners and looking at the map, I said I would take lot No. 1 (Powers Block). Stone said it was sold to Henry Skinner. 'Then I will take No. 22 (Elwood Block).' He said that was sold to Mr. Knapp. . . . If he failed to fulfill his contract, I should have it. He recommended the Clinton House lot because it offered a prospect of a handsome lawn opposite, in front of the Allan Mill, now Child's Basin. He said he considered that the pleasantest lot in the village, but it did not suit me. He then said that the two corners on the south side of Buffalo Street were unsold. I told him that I wanted a central lot on the north side of an east and west street, and that I would take lots 23 and 24; and as he had said that Knapp would probably relinquish his contract, I might be able to add that lot to the other two. But lots 23 and 24 were sold: the former to Captain Stone, and the latter to himself in payment for services rendered. I might have his lot, and he thought Captain Stone would sell his. We recrossed the bridge and called on Captain Stone. He said he

would assign the article for five dollars. I paid him that sum and he made the assignment. . . . I found the side lines of my lot were not at right angles with Buffalo Street, which through carelessness I had not observed on the map. In the mean time, Knapp had sold the corner lot to Scofield, who asked more than I was able to pay. . . . I pointed out the matter of the side lines to Mr. Stone, who thought there was no remedy. . . . I proposed to Mr. Scofield that he should give me twelve feet from his east front, and from that point run a right angle line with Buffalo Street, which would give him three feet of my rear for one of his front. He thought well of the proposition, and agreed to make the exchange if Colonel Rochester would consent. A man by the name of Marshall had bought lot No. 25, and would not consent to the arrangement unless I would move my east line twelve feet west, leaving my lots the same width as before. I claimed that I had the right to add the twelve feet to the width of my lots, but he would not yield, and as I lost no land by the operation, I came to his terms. Scofield and I then went to Dansville and submitted the matter to Colonel Rochester, and he consented to the arrangement, and said he would change the side lines of all the lots from the corner lot to the river and make them at right angles with Buffalo Street. . . . While at Rochester, I learned that Oliver Robbins owned one hundred acres of land adjoining that of Enos Stone on his north line, and that it was good land and worth five dollars an acre. I called on Robbins and proposed to exchange my fifty acre farm at Washington for his hundred acres of wild land near Rochester. . . . We exchanged deeds, and he paid me the difference in property, among which was a valuable horse that brought us to Rochester in a cutter, that is myself and wife, her sister, Huldah Strong, and *William A.*, together with as many articles of iron ware as could be stowed away, perhaps half a ton. . . . For my appointment as postmaster of Rochester, I was indebted to the influence of Colonel Rochester, through Henry Clay, his intimate friend, and the son-in-law of Colonel Thomas

Hart, a business partner of Colonel Rochester's. . . . Moving my family here in the winter, when everything wore an unfavorable aspect, I was surprised that my wife manifested no disappointment or depression. There were many hardships to be encountered, and it required resolution and perseverance to surmount them. In the spring of 1813, when I was prostrated with ague and fever, and for six months unable to attend to my affairs, being delirious a part of the time, the whole burden fell upon my wife . . . but she triumphed over every difficulty." . . .

XI.

ROCHESTERVILLE.

1812–1818.

THE names alone of those "first arrivals" at Rochesterville in the dreariest days of "the City of Mud in a Dismal Swamp," the years between the building of the bridge and Colonel Rochester's arrival with his family as a permanent resident, explains the secret of its marvelous growth. Such men as Abelard Reynolds, Gideon Cobb, "the Elys," Silas O. Smith, Josiah Bissell, Jr., "the Browns," Ira West, Jehiel Barnard, Charles Harford, Dr. Elwood, Joseph Stone, and a score of others as enterprising, could not focalize upon an oasis in Sahara without making it to blossom as a rose; and Rochesterville, even under its maledictory cloud of an invasion from Canada, was blossoming beyond the expectations of the most sanguine. The trouble with Great Britain was a serious check on the growth of the place. "If there should be an invasion of the British from Canada," not only the fearful matrons of Rochesterville were saying, "the Genesee River is the door they will come in by, and it's little they will leave behind them but ruin and ashes." The destruction of the bridge would be a great victory for John Bull, so the villagers kept watch of the foe, and not a few made preparation for instant flight, in case the news should come from Charlotte, "The British are coming!"

Yeo's invasion, and the stand of the noble *Thirty-three*, throws a brilliant glow upon this otherwise rather dusky page of our history. Of the invasion we will treat hereafter. Let us first see what had been achieved by the little

settlement between 1812–1818, the most of whose land-owners had bought lots on the One Hundred Acre Tract, and which numbered in 1818 some 1,049 souls.

Elisha Johnson had built the dam crossing the river by the present jail, and which still bears his name. He had also given us Johnson's Race, on the east side of the river. Perhaps in all our history we have nothing of more lasting benefit to record, nor anything more characteristic of our pioneer days, than the succession of blasts in Johnson's Race, which were the 4th of July "music" for 1817. Brown's Race had also been completed, and that of Rochester & Co., the latter between Exchange Street and the river. The expense of these improvements, and the engineering skill required, give us some idea of the type of men who had them in hand, — wise prophets of our prosperity. Wm. Atkinson's mill had been built on the east side, and the memorable "raising" of the Elys' "old red mill" in Aqueduct Street had taken place, when all the men and the most of the women in the settlement had turned out. The four run of stones at "the old red mill," like those at Strong, Norton & Beach's, and the others, were grinding day and night, for Rochester was making flour for the Eastern market as well as her own; and what with a cotton-mill, a paper-mill, and saw-mills, Gideon Cobb's semi-weekly ox-team to the landing and back, a bath-house, a weekly newspaper, Jacks of all trades within call of the Four Corners, every religious denomination pushing its mission in the Union Meeting-house, or working for a separate chapel, an occasional spelling-school, and a constant arrival of immigrants converting every cabin into a boarding-house, — really Rochesterville was not the dullest place to live in after all.

Our pioneer story-tellers give us spicy glimpses of those days, when Mrs. Reynolds' kitchen was the pleasantest place in the village, and folks went to Barnard's tailor shop not only for tailoring, but to mend or to have their shoes mended, or to enjoy a singing-school, a prayer meeting, an Episcopal service, almost anything enjoyable that the

genial Barnard could hold forth; when the loss of a cow was a public calamity, and when for the support of a school the eight bachelors of the village agreed each to pay for the tuition of a scholar. Silas O. Smith had bought and cleared land where the Irving Block now stands, still the property of his heirs, and having sowed it to wheat and corn, as he used to tell the story, was relieved of the harvesting by the squirrels and coons. He had also included in his clearing the land afterwards given by Rochester, Carroll, and Fitzhugh to the city for its court house and public buildings.

Pomeroy & Mastick's law office was seldom free in those days from a crowd of half drunken Indians demanding a bounty for the wolves' scalps they had brought with them, and which they left in a pile outside. A few enterprising citizens like John G. Bond had built as far back in the woods as Washington Street. Dr. Levi Ward had arrived, and was contributing to the welfare of the village in many ways. There was a causeway to Culver's, the Ridge Road had been improved, and the mails were fairly regular. Carthage still believed that she and not Rochesterville would be the city of the Genesee Valley, and Carthage had a considerable constituency. S. J. Andrews, a graduate of Yale, and Moses Atwater had wrought a transformation on the east side, in the vicinity of the Falls. Frankford was a rival not to be despised, and Hanford's Landing had become the great shipping point for Rochester flour, and the rivalry between the east and the west side of the river was intense.

The population of this stirring clearing in the forest was mixed rather than rough, — idle drunken Indians, as well as a considerable sprinkling of Quakers, contributing to its unique variety. The resources of the place for the study of life in its manifold phases could hardly be called limited when "Hot Bread" and his brother warriors and their squaws could be visited in their wigwams near the High Falls, if one was disposed to recreate elsewhere than in the Friends' meeting-house, or by going on a bear or rattlesnake hunt. The Quakers were a strong factor in our

pioneer days, and a valuable one. There were the Colvins, hatters; the Thorns, and Frinks, and Jacob Barrington, butchers; Marshall & Dean, booksellers; Laban Bunker, cooper; the Colemans, clothiers; Braithwaite, baker; Larson & Johnson, boat builders; the Frosts, the Congdons, shoemakers; Bell & Lawton, carpenters, joiners, and cabinet makers; Philip Lyell, real estate; Sylvester Cornell, surveyor; Lindley Murray Moore, teacher; Jacob and Joel Pound, grocers, etc.; Robert Staples, hides and leather; Gilbert Everingham, merchant; Chester Garnsey, merchant; Jacob Strawn, mason; William Rathburn, grocer and "dealer in everything for cash and barter." A succession of failures from 1830 to 1835 proved disastrous to many of these "Friends," and they lost in time their foothold here as a religious body, but many of our most estimable citizens to-day are their direct descendants. So widespread were the reports of the depth and the continuance of Rochester mud, one cannot help wondering how those good Quaker matrons were ever prevailed upon to settle here at all, and that not a few of them withdrew to Henrietta. There is a story told of Daniel Quimby whose regular appearance on horseback every Friday, no matter what the weather, coming in from "Hen-retty" under his broad-brim to attend Quaker meeting, was as reliable as an almanac, and won for him the name of "our man Friday" from the Rochester boys.

That was the day of the town pump and the drying-house for lumber, right on the Four Corners, no more in the way than the street car turning-table of a later period, — a day when the whole town turned out to a funeral, and the provident man occasionally "dug his own grave" in the burying-ground. A suicide's grave was usually marked by being cut in two by the spade; and what with the fever and ague, and the British, and the rattlesnakes, and the mud, we wonder that the children who pushed through the brambles on a summer's holiday to find these exceptional hillocks, were so seldom rewarded for their pains.

Those were busy times at Stone's and Reynolds' taverns.

Dr. Ensworth's hotel helped things greatly, but it was nothing unusual for new-comers to camp in their wagons for lack of other accommodation. When Dr. Jonah Brown arrived in 1813, he was thankful to creep under Miles Northup's canvas-top wagon that stood at the west end of the bridge, an Indian or two prowling about begging for whiskey. A settler who had bought a lot would drive his big wagon on to it, and his family would live in the same until the shanty was done, the good mothers of the village all calling on their new neighbor in the mean time. But lest I have failed to give the mud of the locality its preponderating place in this picture, I must tell a story, told of the time when Buffalo Street was a kind of viaduct, and a villager seeing what he thought a good hat floating off on the mud, pushed out a plank for it, to discover a very angry man under its crown, a man by no means disposed to be trifled with. Could n't a man cross the street, to be sure, without being robbed of his hat? If Dr. Ensworth's "transients" complained of the state of their boots, he used to call for "hoe and broom" as nonchalantly as his successor touches the electric bell. Batavia was called "the slush tub." Rochester never fell so low as that.

"I remember my first Sunday in Rochester," said Mrs. Carter. "It was in 1814. There was Enos Stone's family, Colonel Isaac Watson's, Abelard Reynolds', Hamlet Scrantom's, Israel Scrantom's, Henry Skinner's, and Elisha Ely's. There may have been others that I have forgotten. The only pleasant room in the place was the cellar-kitchen of Mrs. Reynolds' house, and that stood where the Arcade did afterwards. . . . I went to 'meeting' that Sunday in Barnard's tailor shop. Silas O. Smith had a few prayer-books and read the Episcopal service, and Mrs. Barnard, Delia Scrantom, and her father and mother did the singing."

In the little saddler's shop, where the Arcade now stands, was to be found the man that was perhaps as fair a type of the Rochesterville pioneer as any in the list of honored names. Abelard Reynolds was one of our representative settlers, who had forded the Genesee to lay the foundations

of a fortune as he laid the foundations of his new house, with his own hands, drawing the stone from the river-bed himself. His neighbors were quick to discern that the enterprise of the Massachusetts man who had given up emigrating to Ohio when he saw Falls Town, and that when he thought it a most forbidding looking place, was a source of good luck indeed. Abelard Reynolds must have been a very busy man in those years; for we find him a saddler, the first postmaster, the first magistrate, the first west-side innkeeper, the first in many a public measure, to say nothing of military and masonic movements, and his interest in the lottery schemes of a day when lottery schemes were a legitimate calling. The brother-in-law who assisted in moving the family to their "home in the Dismal Swamp," where he declared "they must inevitably starve," lost all claim to seership, desperate as was the occasional encounters with the wolf at the Reynolds' door before peace with Great Britain restored the patriot to his family, and removed the ominous cloud hanging over Rochesterville.

With Dr. Jonah Brown for "nurse, cook, and doctor" for the sick, before other eminent physicians arrived; Jacob Howe for the baker, the ringing bass voice of Dr. Backus in the meeting-house choir, the village the wheat-market for not only the valley of the Genesee but all the country round about, its saw-mills buzzing through the night, new settlers flowing in continuously, why grumble at the dampness of the thoroughfares, the disagreeable pests of the ledges and the forests, or even the "Genesee fever?"

There was a sturdy aim in the character of the settlement from the first, a plucky defiance of adverse currents (an evolution possibly of its dangerous ford). A considerable representation of men of capital and financial reputation among the actual settlers and land-owners conferred what is not always found in such enterprises, a certain stability and conservatism, — the leadership of men who had moneyed interests at stake. Perhaps as great a surprise as the little village ever afforded, not excepting the valor of "the Thirty-three," our next story in order, was when

Harvey Montgomery, who for more reasons than one was rightfully called "the gentleman of the town," defeated the foreclosure of a mortgage by Eastern capitalists with a bid of fifty thousand dollars, to be paid at once. "Who dreamed that all Rochester could raise fifty thousand dollars at once, to say nothing of a single individual?"

It was as early as 1814 that Gideon Cobb and Oliver Culver thought they had closed a fast bargain with Henry Skinner for lot No. 1, at the Four Corners. The price asked by Mr. Skinner for the lot, including the log-house, was one thousand dollars, payable half in whiskey and half in pork. Before the papers were drawn, Dr. Ensworth offered cash for the property, and, to the disappointment of Cobb and Culver, his offer was accepted. Under his ownership, the old Eagle, not the palatial brick building preceding Powers Block, but something more like a country tavern, was built, the log-house serving as the barn.

In the first "Directory for the Village of Rochester, containing the Names, Residence, and Occupations of all *male* Inhabitants over fifteen years of age, in said Village, to which is added a History of the Village from 1812 to 1827. Published by Elisha Ely. Everard Peck, Printer," we find a record of the important events of each year. This rambling *résumé* of our history between the building of the bridge and Colonel Rochester's arrival as a permanent resident is best closed, perhaps, by the record of the old Directory, — in which the women of Rochester are so strangely ignored, — for the years 1817, 1818.

1817. — By Act of Legislature passed in April, the village was incorporated by the name of Rochesterville, and on the 1st of May the first village election was held for five trustees, when Francis Brown, Daniel Mack, William Cobb, Everard Peck, and Jehial Barnard, were elected. Francis Brown was chosen President of the Board, and Hastings R. Bender, Clerk.

The first house for public worship was built on Carroll Street [now occupied by the Presbyterian Society].

Elisha Johnson purchased of Enos Stone, from the west

side of his farm, 80 acres adjoining the river, and surveyed the same into a village plat, constructed a dam across the river, above the old fording place, and excavated a large mill canal from thence to the bridge, 60 or 70 rods in length, 60 feet wide, and 4 feet deep; opening extensive water privileges, at an expense of $12,000. Orson Seymour and others, in the course of the year, became jointly interested with Mr. Johnson in his purchase, the back land of which was yet a forest.

The price of wheat during the early part of this year was from $1.75 to $2.25 per bushel. The loss sustained by the millers and merchants was very considerable.

William Atkinson built the yellow mill on Johnson's mill canal, containing three run of stones.

(Schuyler Moses, who is still living, was the young carpenter who cut the timber for the flume of that mill in the woods where Livingston Park now is. The letting in of the water was a great event in the annals of the village. . . . Schuyler Moses has not only lived in Rochester since 1817, but in the same neighborhood, corner of Court and Chestnut streets.)

This year the steamboat Ontario commenced running from Sackett's Harbor to Lewiston, touching at the *port of Genesee.*

1818. — Gilman & Sibley built a paper-mill near Atkinson's flour-mill.

Strong & Albright built their mill at Carthage, containing four run of stones.

Carthage Bridge was commenced by Strong, Norton & Co.

July 7th Everard Peck & Co. established the second weekly newspaper, entitled the "Rochester Telegraph." . . .

In September the second census of the village was taken, population 1,049.

The exports from the Genesee River down the lake to the Canada market, during the season of navigation, were, 26,000 bbls. flour; 3,653 bbls. pot and pearl ashes; 1,173 bbls. pork; 190 bbls. whiskey; 214,000 double butt-staves, together with small quantities of sundry other articles.

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD BORN IN ROCHESTER.

There are no less than three claimants for this honor, James Stone, Benjamin Evans, and Mortimer F. Reynolds. I give their names in the chronological order of their birth, and will leave my reader to decide which one of the three was the first white child born in Rochester, Western New York.

Perhaps the first thing to be settled is, what were the boundaries of early Rochester? The Rochester of to-day includes much that was not within the borders of Rochesterville, and yet those borders are vague indeed when not limited to the One Hundred Acre Tract. It is easier to learn who was the first white child born in what is now named Rochester, than what territory was within the boundaries of Rochesterville or the village of Rochester prior to 1814. When Enos Stone, the father of James Stone, the first claimant, came into the country and settled on the east bank of the river in 1810, his friends in Lenox, Massachusetts, must have directed his letters to Northfield, town of *Boyle*, Ontario County, until there was a post-office opened on the west side, when he must have requested his letters to be sent to the village of Rochester, Genesee County, adding possibly "Falls of the Genesee."

Colonel Rochester's purchase in 1802 associated his name at once with the settlement. In his letter to Enos Stone, August, 1811, he speaks of the village of Rochester at the Falls of the Genesee, sending a plan of lots for the same, said lots all within the One Hundred Acre Tract. Hamlet Scrantom in 1812 writes to his father from "the village of Rochester." In the first Directory of 1827, we find the statement that "the village of Rochester is situated on both the eastern and the western banks of the Genesee River." It speaks of "the centre of the village east of the river," on the farm of Enos Stone, and among other lands then "occupied as the village of Rochester," farm lots in the "towns of Gates and Brighton." In 1817, by act of Legislature, the village is incorporated by the name of

Rochesterville. With this contribution to the elucidation of what was included in the early village of Rochester, I submit the historical facts concerning the "three first" white children born within its boundaries.

James S. Stone was born May 4, 1810, in the old house, "The Rock and Tree," near Clover Street. Mr. Stone is still living. When he was two weeks old, his mother rode on horseback to her new home on the east bank of the Genesee River.

In 1809 or 1810, one George H. Evans, who had been a sailor, but who had the laudable desire, since his marriage, to cure himself of a longing for his old life on the sea, resolutely located himself and his young family where surely never a breath of salty air should weaken his resolution, nor a glimpse of an old shipmate, for in 1810 he built his cabin a little west and north of where St. Mary's Hospital now is, back of Judge Danforth's place. He always asserted his claim to being the first white settler in the locality. He had quite lost his sea-legs when Hamlet Scrantom arrived. One of our early poets sang of him: —

"Hail Evans! who with axe began
To ope the forests of this land!
Hail! Rochester's first white man,
Who led the pioneer's small band."

This George Evans had a son born to him here in 1811, and so the friends of Benjamin Evans make claim that he is the first white child born in Rochester, New York.

George Evans, the father, wandered down to Lake Ontario one day, and having seen its restless billows, could no longer control a desire to go back to the sea. One more voyage he must have, and wife and children could not hold him longer. He went to New Bedford and shipped for a whaling cruise. Upon landing at Newbern, N. C., on his return, he fell overboard and was drowned. His eldest son was for many years a partner of our veteran sign painter, George Arnold.

Mortimer F. Reynolds, son of Abelard Reynolds, was born December 14, 1814, on the site of the Arcade Build-

ing, and upon the One Hundred Acre Tract. There is no questioning the claim of his venerated mother, still spared (April, 1884), to bless the home that has ever been one of the fairest illustrations of our family life, to being the mother of the first white child born not only on the One Hundred Acre Tract, but its very heart, the nucleus of the city that was to be.

I doubt if I have made any easier the answering of the question, "Who was the first white child born in Rochester?" I am reminded of Tweedledee in "Alice in Wonderland." "Contrariwise," continued Tweedledee, "if it was so it might be, and if it were so it would be, but as it is 'nt it aint, and that 's logic."

ROCHESTER CITY BANK
Built in 1835. Torn down in 1883.

XII.

OUR BRAVE THIRTY-THREE.

I MUST tell this story for my boy readers particularly, having in mind a patriotic club of young Rochesterians, "The Boys of Seventy-Six," the Rev. Wm. Dorville Doty, D. D., Rector of Christ Church, chaplain.

I wish I might help each of you to imagine yourself a Rochester boy of the year 1813. That would be making you only seventy years younger than you are to-day, and a boy in your earliest teens at that. Please try to think yourself standing on the new, hardly finished bridge across the Genesee, "at the ford," in the early autumn of 1813. I can see you distinctly, in your deer-skin trousers, a made over pair of your father's at that; but deer-skin breeches are just the thing for boys who make collections of snake rattles, trap pigeons, partridges, quails, and rabbits, ford the river when the water is not too high, play at milling with the wreck of Indian Allan's old mill, and explore the woods and swamps with the Seneca boys that camp in the wigwams on Corn Hill. I cannot, however, imagine your standing long on the bridge, for a big emigrant wagon has just driven over from *the west side*, and has stopped, of course, at Stone's tavern, one of the three solitary houses on the east bank, and off you go to see what the last news is from the frontier, possibly calling out as you run, "Are the Britishers coming?" You join the company in Stone's bar-room, where there is a squad of soldiers most likely, on their way to Fort Niagara, and drovers who are taking cattle to the fort, and the hungry, tired family as well, just alighted from the big wagon, and who have left their log-hut in the clear-

ing to return to the East until the difficulty with Great Britain is settled. They are positive that Rochester will soon be burned to the ground and the bridge destroyed. Such prophecies are nothing new to the Rochester boy, but as soon as the fugitives are quietly eating their corn bread and cold pork from their own basket, there is a hurrying of bare feet across the new bridge again, to tell at home the last news from the border. That bridge was a very different structure from the one of to-day, — a wooden bridge with a railing on either side, where one could stand and watch the swift current and hear the roar of the Falls that, until the babel of civilization began, could be heard at all times for some distance from the river. Now having seen the Rochester boy of 1813, let us try getting a glimpse of the village he lived in.

Stand on the bridge in imagination again, and bring the old picture before you.

There is the Genesee, with great trees and thick underbrush crowding close to its banks. The woods begin not far from what is now Powers Block, and the chances are you can see deer at "the Lick," the place where they came to drink from a marshy spring on the western outskirts of the clearing.[1] There is a high ledge of rocks running along back of the south side of the road, and wild grapes, butternuts, and snakes, are the charms of that ledge to the Rochester boy. The ruin of Allan's old mill is up there hidden in the bushes. The boys have rare sport with its broken machinery, and with catching crabs on Crab Island, that strip of land the high water sweeps over in the spring and fall, but leaves high and dry for the boys' enjoyment in the summer. Crab Island is the east side of Front Street to-day. If you would see the Falls that used to be just above where the aqueduct now stands, you must shut your eyes,

[1] The Lick covered much of that part of the city where the Briggs Block, corner of Plymouth Avenue and Main Street, stands to-day. It was hard getting a foundation for that building even so late as some thirty years ago. The old settlers tell a story of a cow that was mired in "the Lick," and quite beyond reach. She sank gradually from sight and at last disappeared, although the villagers did all in their power to rescue her.

for searching the river with open eyes to-day will not help you. They are about fifteen feet high; and see, there is no dam in the river above, and the Jail island is a sycamore grove, and the river bank higher up, where the Erie depot was afterwards built, is "a good place for bears," and the wolves come down there and howl, the settlers say, by way of a concert. . . . In that log-house where Powers Block is to be, a pioneer is living whose children and grandchildren will have very different homes in every way from his; and in that little frame-house, right where the Arcade is to be, lives Abelard Reynolds and the mother of a little boy Willie (yes, the very man whose marble bust fills one of the niches high up in the south end of the Arcade, the impress of whose crutch may be seen on its every floor). He is capering about briskly enough you see, in this summer of 1813, for it was several years after, when playing with "Ham" Scrantom in one of the rough places near the ledge of rocks, he met with the accident the medical skill of that day could not relieve, and which made him a cripple for life.

His father is lying very ill with chills and fever, and I fear me, if you stand much longer gazing over this swampy clearing watching the big emigrant wagons coming across it, *going eastward* with few exceptions, you too will have a touch of the Genesee fever, and little to say in praise of your new home at the Falls. "Going *eastward?*" you are asking from the reality of 1884, "going eastward? you mean *westward* of course?"

Now boys belonging to historical clubs blunder sometimes like the rest of us. This was in the fall of 1813 you remember, and so I do not need to tell you why the United States and Great Britain were having an "unpleasantness," and what had happened at Sackett's Harbor in May, and how the June before Lawrence had cried out, "Don't give up the ship," and how at that very moment, possibly, the brave Perry was writing to General Harrison, "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

There had been sharp fighting along the Niagara, and it

seemed likely that the trouble had only begun. The mouth of the Genesee was almost defenseless. The British were evidently considering an attack at that point. The settlers in the interior were terrified at the thought of what might befall them in case the Indian allies were turned loose upon the country. In June, 1813, Sir James Yeo, the commander of the British fleet, had anchored off the mouth of the Genesee River, and a squad of plunderers had made the few men of the place prisoners, while they carried off what provisions they needed, salt, whiskey, etc., paying for the same, however, which gave rise of course to suspicions that it was a pre-arranged plan for a profitable business transaction on both sides. The news of their landing, however, spread like wild-fire, and every man who could raise a musket or a weapon of defense was marching down to Charlotte before morning, arriving there barely in time to see the insolent invader putting out with their whiskey, salt, and provisions. Of course our men fired after them, but no one was hurt; and by the last of the next September the British fleet was seen lying becalmed off the mouth of the Genesee again, in striking contrast with the excitement the first glimpse of its sails had aroused, men wildly flying, like Paul Revere, to spread the news of an invasion. The panic was intense; and in our admiration of the backwoods farmers who dashed away on their best horses, or waded through the mud on foot to pull trigger on the redcoats, let us not forget the brave women who stayed behind with their little children, the thick woods separating them from neighbors.

Charlotte was wide awake that September day, 1813. There lay the British ships, and there was the handful of men to repel their broadside. All at once Commodore Chauncey's fleet, our navy, was seen coming round Bluff Point. Then Charlotte breathed freer, and could cheer lustily. When within a mile from the shore and opposite the becalmed foe, our guns opened fire, and the smoke, singularly and exasperatingly enough, proved a screen for the British, shutting them completely from sight. They re-

turned our fire, however, and both fleets went sailing down the lake exchanging shots; but the British made best time, and were soon beyond the reach of Chauncey's guns, although much disabled, and an officer and ten men were either killed or wounded. Our navy suffered slight injury, and Cooper's Naval History winds up the story: "Sir James Yeo ran into Amherst Bay, where the American fleet was unable to follow him on account of the shoals."

You see Sir James Yeo was getting to be the great terror of the Genesee Country, and the women and the children at least had had enough of being frightened by rumors of his approach, and so the emigrant wagons across the bridge at Rochester in the fall of 1813 came mostly from the west. Great was the distress among many of those fugitives fleeing in terror, — "mothers separated from their children, and children lost from their families." The State of New York gave fifty thousand dollars "for the relief of the indigent sufferers in the counties of Genesee and Niagara in consequence of the invasion of the western frontier of the State."

I must tell you here that there was no Monroe County before 1821. Ontario County reached from a mile east of Geneva to the Niagara River until 1802, and then a Genesee County was taken off from it west of the Genesee River. So you see that in 1813 Rochesterville was in two counties. It was Ontario County on the east side, and Genesee County on the west side of the river, and this appropriation of money for the sufferers in Genesee County was chiefly for settlers west of Batavia.[1] Only yesterday I heard an old lady talking about those troublesome times, a lovely old lady, who is now within a few months of her one hundredth birthday. She lived in the village of Rochester, in 1813, and this has been her home ever since. Her hus-

[1] Amusing stories are told of the debtor's races across the bridge in those pioneer times when the law for imprisonment for debt was in force, and the debtor could only be arrested by the officer of the county in which he was found. "Many a time," says F. X. Beckwith, "have I seen a luckless debtor, coatless and hatless, flying at 2.40 speed for the centre of that bridge. Once over the middle line, he was safe from the sheriff behind him."

band's name was Abelard Reynolds, the father of the little boy before mentioned, and they lived in one of the few houses on the west side of the river, just where the Arcade now is, and Mr. Reynolds was lying very ill with ague and fever that summer, and when she heard the stories of the coming of the British, she would have him placed upon a cot bed so that he could be carried to a place of safety. Some kept oxen and big carts in the woods ready to be driven off at the first alarm, and the boys were sent to feed the oxen and to watch them, and you can imagine how a sudden rustling in the thicket made those boys start up more than once in terror, and possibly beat a retreat from a visionary Red Skin, stealthily creeping upon the settlement with bloody hatchet.

More than once there was a hurried rush to those waiting ox-carts in the middle of the night and a driving off over the bridge, and some had dug deep caves where they could hide, and one man, Mr. Scrantom, bought a new home "way out in the woods," this side of Mt. Hope, on the east side of the river.

But at last, just at sundown, one May day, 1814, a man came flying up from Charlotte on horseback, that is, flying as fast as a horse could fly through deepest mud, with the news that the British fleet was actually to be seen coming up the lake from Oswego,—a fleet of thirteen vessels—five large and eight smaller ones,—and every man must turn out in defense of his country, or all would soon be at the mercy of the Indians. There were just thirty-three men in all Rochester that were fit for duty, and Abelard Reynolds, having recovered from his fever, was one of them. Happily they had an eighteen-pounder cannon at Charlotte. It had been drawn there from Canandaigua by seventeen yoke of oxen only a few weeks before, and planted on the height near where the Stutson House now stands.

There was a smaller gun at Deep Hollow,—the ravine crossing Lake Avenue near School House No. 7, where a breastwork had been built across the road and named Fort

Binder. If the British drove our brave men back from Charlotte, a last stand would be made by the little four-pounder. The planks on the river bridge had all been loosened, and could be easily taken up by the retreating settlers, who, once on the east side, and the Genesee between them and the invader, would be out of danger. They would burn the bridge if necessary. Isaac W. Stone, who kept the east side tavern, had been made Colonel of the Rochester army, and Francis Brown and Elisha Ely were the captains. Each man in the village had a musket, and there was plenty of powder and shot. So long had they been in getting ready for a good fight, we are half-tempted to believe they were not altogether sorry when the opportunity came for them to do something besides talk, and that the march down to the landing that night a little after midnight, through the rain and mud, was not wholly regretted, save by the women and children left behind, and who, we must admit, had the heavier demand upon their heroism. Two men only did not march of "our brave thirty-three." One was the left-handed fiddler of the settlement; and another, whose character has been drawn with a suggestive indistinctness that leads us to conclude the women were his protectors, and that he must have been an addition to some mother's burden, but possibly we are mistaken. Only two women stayed on the west side of the river that night, Mrs. Abelard Reynolds and her good neighbor Mrs. Covert. These two, with the little boy Willie, held the fort alone until morning.

Our troops reached Charlotte just after daylight. Squads of armed men were coming in from all the neighboring towns. General Porter had not arrived, but they knew he would not fail to come. There was a thick fog over the lake. The men on the rampart were impatient to know just what was behind that fog, if anything at all. This rampart was built of two tiers of ship timber, the space between filled with manure, and commanded the road leading up from the wharf. The eighteen-pounder stood aimed straight at the fog. The militia were gathering fast, and

there was a deal of excitement and bluster, many of the recruits disliking the idea of obeying orders. Some had no arms, and not a few carried little bundles on their shoulders. But the faintest-hearted meant fight and were impatient for battle. Our Rochester men said they would go out and inspect the fog, or rather what was behind it. So Colonel Stone and Captain Brown and Captain Ely took an old boat that was in the river, and six seamen with muffled oars, and twelve men with muskets to lie down in the bottom of the boat, — among whom was Abelard Reynolds and Jehiel Barnard the tailor, — and out they pushed, never knowing what they might run into, to be sure. When they were about a mile out, three shots were fired from shore. Why I cannot tell, unless it was to keep their spirits up, nor if said shots brought about the sudden uplifting of the fog, and there they were in plain sight of the long line of the British fleet, and rather closer than was safe and agreeable. They headed for shore straightway, a twelve-oared British barge giving them chase. The barge stopping suddenly, our boat did the same. Why I cannot tell, but we can indulge surmises. When Colonel Stone moved shoreward again, the barge pulled back to the fleet, and all was quiet between the two armies until about ten o'clock, and then a flag of truce was seen coming ashore. Captain Brown and Captain Ely, with ten of the bravest looking men that could be found, were sent down to receive it on Lighthouse Point, and tying a white handkerchief to a stick, one of them went out on a fallen tree and waved it, while his comrades stood with cocked triggers, their orders being not to allow the British to land, truce or no truce. All this while the would-be-invader had seen an endless procession of men marching into the fort on the hill. That was a cunning scheme of the officer in command there, for he had collected his little company, — as compared to the soldiers and Indians on the fleet, — and by marching them up the hill in sight of the enemy, letting them disappear in the woods, to suddenly fall into the line again marching into the fort, he made Commodore Yeo to believe that we

had ten times as many men as we really had, and the British began to think they had more serious work on their hands than they had anticipated. Then they were suspicious of being made the subject of some "Yankee trick." Those men in homespun, ill-fitting clothing, waiting to receive them, were officers in the regular army, they surmised, with uniforms concealed under their baggy trousers and slouchy coats. Our receiving a flag of truce under arms was thought a part of the trick to deceive them into thinking we were ignorant of the rules of war.

"Do you receive a flag of truce under arms with cocked triggers?" asked the British officer.

"Excuse me, excuse me," said Captain Brown. "We backwoodsmen are not versed in military tactics. "Ground arms!" he called to his men.

The message was a demand for the surrender of the public property. In that case private property would be respected. Oswego had capitulated. Oswego had not thought it worth while to risk life and property in defending public stores. Back they went to the fleet, and up the hill hurried the message-bearers, and in due time another flag of truce was seen pushing towards shore, and Captain Brown and Captain Ely with their picked men hurrying to receive it.

"If public property will be given up, private property will be respected," said the British.

"Blood knee deep first," said Captain Brown.

"Your cloth is too good to be spoiled by such a bungling tailor," said the Red Coat, taking hold of Captain Brown's pantaloons, evidently to find out if they covered another pair.

"Our haste in dressing this morning to meet our distinguished visitors prevented our putting on our best," said Captain Brown. The Briton was nonplused. It was, he feared, a Yankee trick of deeper dye than any they had suffered from before. They had best withdraw, and withdraw they did. The parley was over, the battle begun. Judge John Williams with a dozen riflemen had crossed the

river too far up to be seen from the fleet and was in position behind a gravel ridge on the east side. General Porter had arrived, and had warned Yeo that another boat coming ashore would be taken care of. Commodore Yeo had responded that if the public property was not given up, he would land his army and four hundred Indians and take it.

"Land your savages," said General Porter; "they will be taken care of." A gun-boat, sloop rigged, of from 90 to 100 tons burden, had thereupon sailed out from the fleet straight for the mouth of the river, and had fired a six-pound shot. Our eighteen-pounder had answered briskly. A scheme to capture the gun-boat failed. The firing was kept up on both sides. The store-house was struck by a British cannon-ball, and not a few of the land spectators picked up the balls when the skirmish was over as relics of the attack. In fact Yeo's cannon-balls were used many years after, it is said, in breaking stone for our public works. Nobody was killed, although one of the vessels was injured by a rusty old six-pounder of ours mounted on a log. The couriers who were sent almost hourly to Rochester to tell the women and children how the fight was progressing had hardly news enough to warrant their going, and the next morning the British fleet sailed away down the lake and ran into Pultneyville, believing it had escaped a Yankee ambuscade. Our brave Thirty-one lingered at Charlotte with their companions in arms as long as there was the slightest cause for so doing, but were glad enough to get back to their homes and tell their adventures, which they always seemed to think more amusing than otherwise. Some eight hundred men in all had gathered at Charlotte from the surrounding country, but as a great proportion of them were undisciplined, and but poorly armed, a determined invasion of the foe had surely been at our cost. Had Commodore Yeo turned his four hundred Indians upon the country, the History of Rochester had contained a page not unlike the story of Cherry Valley and Wyoming.

The greatest sufferer from "Yeo's Invasion" — which did not prove much of an invasion after all — must have

been the poor mute who was captured, during the excitement, on the road between Charlotte and Rochester, and under the suspicion that he was a British spy was most cruelly tortured. To make him speak he was bound and made to stand on a stump, the guns of his captors aimed at his heart. As he did nothing but contort himself fearfully, he was given another trial, and suspended by a rope over the high river bank, a man standing with an axe to cut the same if his silence was persisted in. The agony of the poor fellow ended in his fainting. When restored to consciousness, he was released and made off like a maniac to the woods, and was never heard of afterwards.

And so ends the story of Yeo's Invasion. Rochester's military glory was not added unto for many a day, and then came the battles of Tod-woddle, Hen Peck, and Lyell Street, and for those you must go to some of the veterans of "The Grays," or "The Light Guards."

XIII.

"CLINTON'S BIG DITCH."

IT was in May, 1814, that our brave Commodore Wolsey at Sackett's Harbor received an order from headquarters running thus:—

"Take the Lady of the Lake and proceed to Onondaga, and take in at Nicholas Mickle's furnace a load of ball and shot and proceed at once to Buffalo."

"That means," said the perplexed officer, "that I am to go over Oswego Falls and up the river to Onondaga Lake, thence ten miles into the country by land to the furnace, and returning to Oswego, proceed to the Niagara, and up and over Niagara Falls to Buffalo!"

The order is a revelation of the ignorance, even in high places, of the topography and geography of the Genesee Country at that time, and of its difficulties of inland travel. There it lay, the great wheat country of the near future, depending upon Montreal and Baltimore for its market, for the matter of dragging wagon loads of wheat to Albany was both difficult and unprofitable. With four yoke of oxen, the speculator might, in 1804, get a load of wheat, for which he had paid sixty-two and a half cents per bushel, from Bloomfield to Albany in twenty days, and sell the same for $2.15. If New York city was to receive the produce of the State, and if the interior counties were to prosper, there must be a direct highway to the sea-board. Our inland navigation must be developed. The southern townships of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase had in the Susquehannah great advantage over the northern, that river

placing them in connection with Philadelphia and Baltimore. Montreal had been the prospective market for the Genesee Country, until the embargo and the war. It was the case of a country developing rich resources, without the opportunities for profitable commerce.

There are many claimants for the honor of originating the idea of connecting Lake Erie with the Atlantic Ocean by inland navigation, and to no one individual can it entirely belong. It was a plain necessity of the times, patent to every practical mind. In 1773, Christopher Colles was lecturing in New York city upon Inland Lock Navigation. He even surveyed the Mohawk Country, and published a book upon Roads through New York, but he was thought chimerical and impractical of course. There were many plans and many advocates of the differing schemes for inland transportation. There was, in time, a Northern Inland Lock Navigation Company and a Western Inland Lock Navigation Company. These were expected to improve the natural water-courses, build short canals between rivers and lakes, — one plan being that of reaching Lake Ontario at Oswego, and cruising alongshore to Tonawanda Creek, and so to Buffalo, leaving Rochesterville out in the cold entirely, saving our river port. The Little Falls Canal, less than three miles long, was finished in 1796. It had five locks, and was followed by the building of a canal a mile and a quarter long at the German Flats, connecting the Mohawk with Wood Creek, making what was called a grand canal some *seven miles long!* Fifteen years was allowed this company for completing its work, and after all it was so expensive with heavy tolls, that land carriage was preferred by the settlers. The idea of a continuous canal, almost independent of the improvement of natural water-courses, dawned gradually and duskily upon the popular mind; and to Jesse Hawley, an occasional resident of Rochester after he had gained his country's hearing, as much as to any one, are we indebted for the centralization of controlling minds upon a practical scheme. Jesse Hawley, from his debtor's prison in Canandaigua, wrote in 1807 the papers

for the Genesee "Messenger," above the signature of "Hercules," which did much for bringing about "the exploring of the whole route for inland navigation, from the Hudson River to Lake Ontario and Lake Erie."

It was a long fight and a hard one that followed the demand for the canal, and nobody was more abused than De Witt Clinton, hissed at, and derided. His "big ditch" would be "filled with the tears of posterity." He had "a bee in his bonnet." Even Jefferson said the Erie Canal was built a century too soon. Madison declared it would exhaust the resources of the nation, and Rufus King would not sanction what would bankrupt the State. Clintonians and Bucktails tore each other in the political arena, and the Fortieth Session of the New York Legislature, April, 1817, was made memorable by two famous bills: one that slavery should cease forever in the State of New York, on the 4th of July, 1827; the other "the New Canal Bill," shaped by De Witt Clinton. A stormy debate followed, in which William B. Rochester, of Rochester, New York, "a young member of great promise, made his first parliamentary efforts in a succession of brilliant speeches." The Canal Bill passed both houses after an alarming crisis when it seemed to its friends hopelessly lost. "If we must have war or a canal, I am in favor of the canal," declared Chancellor Kent, "and so I vote for this bill." His vote gave the majority for the bill.

This might be considered a digression from the strict limitations of our subject, had not Rochester done more than any other place in Western New York to bring about the result. The incertitude at one time respecting the location of the canal between the Genesee River and Lake Erie, — the proposal, with influential advocacy, to carry it far beyond our southern boundary, — the exasperating revelations of official ignorance as to our exact whereabouts, — the difficulty of crossing our river, — had awakened our people to a thorough understanding of the subject; and their defense of "the big ditch" had had its influence, feeble folk as we then seemed to be. July 4th, 1817, while

Rochesterville was celebrating the day with a succession of blasts in Johnson's Race, which was then building, De Witt Clinton, at Rome, N. Y., in the presence of thousands of spectators, at early sunrise, dug with his own hand the first shovelful of earth towards the making of the canal forever after associated with his name. In eight years and four months the whole line from Buffalo to Albany was open for navigation, sections of it having been in use since 1819, boats from Rochester entering the basin at Albany as early as November, 1823.

The fact that in 1834, ten years from the time of the completion of the canal, Rochester owned or controlled one half of the boats, may be considered as proof of our practical investment in the undertaking, even from the beginning, although the good tax-payers of that time were given to saying: "We shall never see it finished, but our children may."

The longest canal in the world had been built in eight and one third years, and November 4, 1824, the State of New York, from Buffalo to Manhattan Island, was jubilantly celebrating the passage of the magnificent flotilla that bore De Witt Clinton and a distinguished retinue from its western to its eastern terminus. Buffalo's jubilee had begun as early as the 26th of October, when the waters of Lake Erie had been let into the ditch, the cannon that had been planted all along the tow-path transmitting the news to New York in one hour and thirty minutes, returning New York's response in the same time.

What a day that was for Rochester! We who have fallen into a way of thinking that the canal was ordained for skating rinks and ice fields smile at the wild enthusiasm of our forefathers that November day, when they hurrahed themselves hoarse at the approach of the canal boat Seneca Chief, — its four magnificent gray horses splendidly caparisoned conveying false ideas, perhaps, of what the future canal horse was to be, — leading the flotilla, each boat gorgeously decorated, one called Noah's Ark, with a cargo of almost every specimen of fish, flesh, or fowl in pairs,

and two Indian boys in native costume. On board of The Seneca Chief were the two highly ornamented kegs filled with Lake Erie water, and the bottles holding water from all parts of the world, which were to be poured, with impressive ceremony, into the Atlantic Ocean by Governor Clinton's own hand. At every village and hamlet on the canal some demonstration of the popular feeling had been made; but Rochester had the wonderful aqueduct, and Rochester was "The Young Lion of the West," and so it was fitting and expected that Rochester would do something exceptional, as we must all agree she did, regretting the pouring rain that no doubt added to the duties of her medical fraternity for months to come.

The whole population was crowded along the banks of the canal long before the military force of the village — eight companies in full uniform — began firing the *feu de joie* which announced the approach of The Seneca Chief and its train. Across the western terminus of the aqueduct — a very different affair from the present one, scarcely wide enough for the old-fashioned boats — a smart little craft was stationed to protect the entrance, its name indicative of its prowess, — "The Young Lion of the West." There must have been some memorizing on the part of The Seneca Chief and The Young Lion before this formidable encounter, or the following dialogue, reminding us of the school exhibitions of primeval times, would have lacked its fluidity.

The crowd under their umbrellas may have wondered for a moment at the saucy defiance of the little boat that would block the progress of The Seneca Chief, and the challenging demand from its prow: —

"Who comes there?"

"Your brothers from the West on the waters of the great lakes."

As the Seneca was laden with the New York delegation, this might have confused an ordinary Lion unused to metaphor.

"By what means have they been diverted so far from their natural course?"

"By the channel of the Great Erie Canal."

"By whose authority, and by whom, was a work of such magnitude accomplished?" (The Young Lion seems open to the accusation of unpardonable ignorance, but the Chief makes no unfavorable comment.)

"By the authority and the enterprise of the patriotic people of the State of New York," comes in full chorus from the deck of The Seneca Chief, and at once The Lion of the West gives way, the guns boom, the crowd cheer uproariously, and the flotilla, with Governor Clinton in full sight, and the Lieutenant Governor James Tallmadge, and the patroon, Stephen Van Rensselaer, and General Solomon Van Rensselaer, and Jacob Rutsen Van Rensselaer, and Colonel William Stone, all "Brothers from the West," diverted from New York city by the great occasion, floats proudly into the spacious basin at the end of the aqueduct. The committees of congratulation receive their guests in due form, and now behold them descending from the deck of The Seneca Chief, and marching in the procession, bound for the old First Presbyterian Church back of the Court House, all Rochester and the country round about falling into the line, even if the majority of them must wait in the rain outside while the Rev. Mr. Penny offers prayer, and Timothy Childs makes a stirring address, which the newspapers report as "full of words that breathe and thoughts that burn."

Three rousing cheers followed the oration, and then as the unchanging custom of the day decreed when festivity was in order, there was a procession to "Christopher's," on Carroll, now State Street, where a good dinner and a surfeit of toasts awaited the crew of the flotilla, General Mathews presiding, assisted by Jesse Hawley and Jonathan Child. At half past seven The Seneca Chief led the gay retinue through the aqueduct, and not until its last flag was lost to sight did the multitude cease cheering. There was a grand ball that night and a splendid illumination, considering they had no Palmer Fire Works in those days.

The Young Lion of the West had followed in the train

of The Seneca Chief, bearing away Elisha B. Strong, Levi Ward, A. V. T. Leavett, Wm. B. Rochester, M. Hulburt, A. Reynolds, A. Strong, R. Beach, Elisha Johnson, and E. S. Beach. They reached Utica late Sunday morning, and let it not be forgotten of Utica that she saw that the whole party went to church. In fact the religious tone of the whole demonstration is remarkable. Albany, with a procession including half of Vermont, led her visitors to the Capitol, where the exercises opened and closed with prayer. The theatre presented a scenic play in which there was a canal scene, with boats and horses actually moving. A fleet of all the steam-vessels on the Hudson towed the flotilla to New York, The Seneca Chief in charge of the flag-ship Chancellor Livingston.

Now to tell all that was done in New York city, — the aquatic procession, the speech making, the trades' procession, the illumination, the mingling of the waters, the governor's ball, etc., — would be impossible here. A great battle had been fought and won, and Rochester before all others had cause to make merry. It is hard to believe when we read of all this rejoicing in New York city, that strong opposition to the canal had existed there, and that an effort to arrest the work had once been approved of by a majority of its delegates in the Assembly.

Hardly was the rejoicing over before the demand for an enlargement of the canal was heard, Rochester heading the movement and pushing it in every way. The project of enlargement was secondary only to the original scheme. The first aqueduct, built at a cost of $83,000, was replaced by a wider and deeper one begun in 1835, costing $600,000. The original locks were inadequate. The public meetings in Rochester, urging the enlargement, were the key-note of the popular sentiment. The memorials and resolutions of such men as Myron Holley, Henry O'Reilly, Thomas H. Rochester, etc., with petitions from our forwarders and millers, were not to be ignored. Genesee wheat and flour were the controlling power of the Erie Canal, and Rochester, as the commercial centre of the Genesee Valley, com-

PLAN OF THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

M[illegible] Level ground.

Town of B[illegible] 1795

manded a hearing concerning the management of the same. The enlargement and improvements cost about five times as much as the original canal. The first boats carried not over forty tons.

If the Erie Canal was one of the original sources of our prosperity, no less did we contribute to make it what it was, and that chiefly through the foresight and enterprise of our leading men, who believed that to secure for the State of New York the trade of the Western lakes and a portion of the valley of the Ohio, the enlargement of the Erie Canal was necessary, and would contribute to individual wealth and public prosperity.

The canal produced a wonderful change in the physiognomy of our city, and it is hard for us now to believe that to live upon its immediate banks was once considered most desirable. It proved a death-blow to many an aspiring village and the success of as many insignificant hamlets. It brought in new phases of social life, and was to many an alarming invasion of the Sabbath. "Going across" for us to-day is nothing in comparison to a first trip on a "Red Bird Packet," racing with a rival line to Albany. There stands recorded in an old journal of one of our pioneers this item relating to a first journey by canal: "Commending my soul to God, and asking his defense from danger, I stepped on board the canal-boat, and was soon flying towards Utica."

A reminiscence of Henry E. Rochester gives us an amusing glimpse of our city at the time of the digging of the canal. He was a student at Hobart College, and ground had been broken here since his leaving home in the early autumn. He arrived from Geneva late one evening for a bit of vacation, jumped from the stage at Ensworth's, and ran up Exchange Street for home. There were few, if any street lamps in those days, and the night was dark as could be. All at once the foundations of the earth were removed for him, and he found himself floundering in a sea of mud. He was at the bottom of Clinton's big ditch, although it took some time for him to discover his precise locality.

Dripping with sticky clay, he presented himself at his father's door, and enjoyed the fun that followed. "That," says Henry E. Rochester, "is my earliest recollection of the Erie Canal." . . .

Mr. Rochester has entertaining reminiscences of his associations with the convicts brought here to work on the aqueduct. He was permitted to go in and out among them freely, and it soon came to pass that his father was at loss to know what became of the lad's pocket money. The future philanthropist was making his first disbursements for "Out Door Relief" in the shape of tobacco to his confiding friends, whose confidence in him went so far as permitting him to know the details of a plan for escape, which they were contemplating.

Mr. J. M. Winslow tells another pleasing story of those early days of the canal. The grand embankment west of Bushnell's Basin was completed, and the commissioners were expected to pass over it in their special boat on a certain day, in honor of which occasion there was a great turn out of the good people in the locality, and mounted officers, beplumed and be-buttoned, rode up and down the tow-path, ready to do their royal best in any appointed way when the signal heralding the approach of the commissioners should be given. It was a moment of great expectancy, and the best of Monroe County stood before that distrusted embankment, which even the contractors, it was said, had no confidence in.

Now this famous embankment 1,500 feet long and 80 feet high, is one of the remarkable features of the Erie Canal. Wonderful as it was to behold in a state of security, each beholder could but imagine what the sight would be if "a break" should happen, and the water go pouring into the Irondequoit valley. Provision had been made for a break, and hereby hangs our tale. At each end of the dangerous section was a stop-gate, lying flat at the bottom of the canal. In case of need it could be soonest uplifted by some one jumping into the water and bringing its mechanism into instant play. It would be an oppor-

tunity for heroism on the part of ordinary humanity, which the dwellers in that quiet neighborhood might watch for with vigilance, — an opportunity to win a glorious fame in saving a wide tract of country from disastrous inundation.

The crowd deepens, the hour is getting late, the beplumed officers not a little impatient, when a shrill cry is heard from the base of the embankment: "*It 's going! It 's going! It 's breaking away!*" There was a scampering of the panic-stricken crowd in every direction, but those officers did not forget their duty as servants of the people. Into the canal they leaped and up sprang the gates in a trice. What was a thorough soaking of fine uniforms if thereby peril might be averted? But where was the break, and where was the perpetrator of the practical joke? The crowd turned in hot pursuit of him, and found him in hiding, trembling with terror. They carried him out on the mill-flume and threw him into the pond, and were back to the embankment in good season to see the commissioners pass over it in safety. This embankment is the largest on the canal. The precautionary gates were never brought into requisition, although several breaks and some serious ones have occurred in the vicinity. When the Irondequoit embankment was built, nearly every male resident of the adjoining towns turned out with pick, spade, and wheelbarrow, unless physically unable. Some of the wealthiest farmers in the county are proud of telling that they worked for seventy-five cents a day on the Erie Canal.

The great work of the Erie Canal was accomplished by the enterprise and resources of a single State, and it may justly be claimed for Rochester that she was the mainspring of much of that enterprise and of those resources.

We read in O'Reilly's History that "admiration of the worth and services of De Witt Clinton caused the Franklin Institute of Rochester to propose a subscription among the citizens for securing a portrait of that statesman," and that Catlin was the artist selected, he finishing the portrait just before starting for the West to undertake his work, "The North American Indians." A brother of Catlin brought the

picture to Rochester, and his accidental drowning in the river below the Upper Falls while bathing made great excitement at the time, our home poets making it the theme for verses still to be found sacredly treasured in many a pioneer scrap-book.[1] There is a page or two in Henry O'Reilly's "Sketches of Rochester" (1838), which those who are not so fortunate as to own a copy of that book will be glad to find here.

"TRANSPORTATION ON RIVER, LAKE, CANAL, ETC.

GENESEE RIVER NAVIGATION.

"The Genesee River is navigable for steam-boats and other lake vessels from the *north* line of the city to Lake Ontario, a distance of five miles. From near the *south* line of the city the river is navigable by smaller vessels for about forty miles, as far as Fitzhugh's warehouse on the Canaseraga Creek, between Mt. Morris and the residence of Colonel Fitzhugh, in Groveland, near Geneseo. . . . Between the north and south line of the city are the Rapids, making an aggregate descent in that short distance of 266 feet.

"A small steam-boat ran for a couple of seasons between Rochester and the villages southward along the river, touching at Scottsville, Avon, York, and other points, for the purpose chiefly of towing the freight-boats loaded with the grain and other products accumulated at the thriving villages of the rich valley of the Genesee. The communication between the Erie Canal and the Genesee River is now being much improved by an arrangement partly connected with the Genesee Valley Canal. It will shortly be practicable for the Erie Canal boats to cross the Genesee River without reference to the aqueduct, a matter of much consequence, guarding as it will against any detention of navigation in case the old aqueduct fails before the new one is completed. The present feeder is being improved, and a corresponding cut is making on the west side of the

[1] This picture cost $400. Its present whereabouts I have been unable to discover.

river as far south as the feeder dam, say a mile and a half from the Erie Canal. The cut on the west side of the river serves as part of the Genesee Valley Canal; and thus both canals and the river navigation south of Rochester are advantageously connected by means that secure the canal navigation from interruption in case of difficulty about the aqueduct; a policy recommended strongly by the citizens in 1832–33 in a memorial remonstrating against the plans for rebuilding the aqueduct which were recommended in a special report from the Canal Commissioners. Although the Genesee Valley Canal will probably withdraw the business chiefly from the river for the extent to which the river is now used, the navigation of the latter is worthy of notice here. The river boats used for bringing wheat to Rochester are, we believe, owned by Mr. Kempshall, Mr. Ely, and other flour manufacturers. William Tone, residing a few miles south of the city, owns several boats, and has done much of the transportation. Scottsville, York, Avon, Geneseo, Moscow, and Mt. Morris, all have warehouses, to accommodate this navigation; and large quantities of wheat are thus brought down in boats alongside the Rochester Mills. . . . In 1818 the exports from the Genesee River down the lake to Montreal, during the season of navigation, were 26,000 bbls. of flour, 3,653 bbls. pot and pearl ashes, 1,173 bbls. pork, 190 bbls. whiskey, 214,000 double butt staves, together with small quantities of other articles, all valued at $380,000.

"In 1819 the exports in the same way were valued at $400,000

"In 1820 the exports from the Genesee River for Canada were 67,468 bbls. flour and other goods, all valued at $375,000. The prices of produce had fallen greatly; the general price of flour was $2.25 or $2.50 per bbl.; of wheat 37 cents per bushel; and corn from 20 to 25 cents.

"In 1821 the price of produce fell so low in Canada, and the canal partly finished, having opened other and better markets, the quantity of produce sent from Genesee River to the Canada market became much reduced. . . . The

attention of our citizens . . . is now turning to the importance of lake navigation. . . . Whatever improvements are made at the Rapids of the St. Lawrence or around the Falls of the Niagara cannot be indifferent to us — for our steamboats and schooners may thus have direct intercourse between Rochester and the shores of the upper lakes, or with the cities of the St. Lawrence, if not through that noble river to the Atlantic Ocean.

"In 1836 wheat to the amount of 200,000 bushels was imported from Canada, under heavy duties, by some of the Rochester dealers in that article." [1]

The Genesee Valley Canal was completed 1838, and it was thought by many that the union of the waters of the Alleghany River with those of the Hudson was second in importance only to the connection between the latter and the great lakes. "When completed," wrote Edwin Williams, "it is believed more property will pass upon it, to and from Rochester, than on the Erie Canal west of the place." It put an end to the river navigation, but its triumph was short, and the railroad along the malarial ditch to-day seems a prophecy that the iron track will yet be supplanted by some means of transportation as much its superior as is the locomotive to the jaded beast of the tow-path.

[1] *Sketches of Rochester*, p. 353.

Keg from which Clinton poured the Water of Lake Erie into the Atlantic.

Copied from Mrs. Lamb's "History of New York City."

STATE STREET
PUBLIC SQUARE
GENESEE
CARROLL ST.
BUFFALO STREET
MILL ST.
Wright Street
Smith Street
Oak Street
Jay Street
Jones Street
Frank Street
Mill Street
Court Street
Pearl Street
John Street
Fish Street
Ann Street
Hart Street
Hughes Street
Franklin Street
Bridge Street
Mason Street
Clyde Street
Atwater Street
Water Street
Clinton Street
Andrews Street
Canal St.
Market Street
Washington Street
Fitzhugh Street
High Street

XIV.

A DECADE MEMORABLE.

1824–1834.

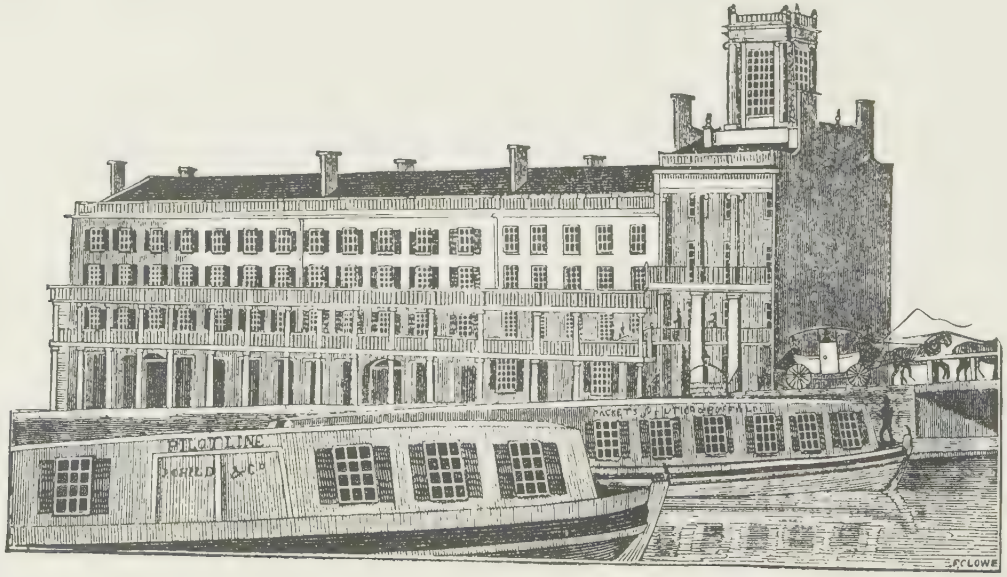
1. The Old Map, etc. — 2. The Sabbath Agitation. — 3. Revivals. — 4. The Museum. — 5. Missionary and Reform Movements. — 6. Training Day. — 7. Railroads. — 8. La Fayette. — 9. The Morgan Affair. — 10. The Good-Enough Morgan Affair. — 11. The Arcade, etc. — 12. Old High School. — 13. Sam Patch. — 14. The Cholera. — 15. The City of Rochester.

THE map of the village of Rochester in 1820, as drawn by the publisher, H. N. Fenn, from actual survey, with outlines of houses few and far between, save on the main street near the river, Carroll Street, and the immediate neighborhood of the Four Corners, is an illustration of the instability of the names of the early thoroughfares, as well as of the marvelous growth of the settlement in those first years. There is not a house on North Clinton Street; on that old map Monroe Avenue is the "State Road to Canandaigua." There is no street east of Clinton, but quite a settlement in Frankford, around McCracken's tavern. Not a house on what we call Franklin Street, — then it was Washington, — and here is the Franklin of that day, quite in the sparsely settled western district, the North Washington of 1884. Away out on the southern border of the map, quite alone in its otherwise blank section, south of Troup Street, is a house marked H. Montgomery, and as the framework and not a little besides of that fine old dwelling is still standing, and that not far from its original location, — the residence to-day of Mrs. Abelard Reynolds, — it is not a hard matter when standing at its hospitable portal, to imagine what it was when a daughter of Colonel

Rochester entered it as a bride, its well-kept grounds reaching to the river bank, and its long approach under great locust-trees winding up to the house from the country road, now Plymouth Avenue. It is said that when Mr. Montgomery met the beautiful Miss Rochester in the gay and aristocratic society for which Bath was famous, and married her from her father's house in Dansville, the exclamation of some of his Philadelphia friends upon first seeing her was, "Why she is *white!*" their ideas of Western New York leading them to conclude that the young pioneer had wedded an Indian maiden of course.

Another house in the suburbs, with grounds about it, is that of S. J. Andrews, corner of St. Paul and Andrews streets; J. Mason opposite has a large tract seemingly all to himself. There is a bridge across the river between where Andrews Street bridge and that of the railroad is to-day, and well-known names are found in unexpected localities.

The story of the first naming and laying out of our streets is a long one, and the explanation for some of the erratic meanderings most interesting. Culvers Road, or Blossom Street (now East Avenue), had been laid out by the surveyors as far as the liberty pole, when it was discovered that continuing their direct course would bring them far lower down the river than was desired. One went ahead on the straight line, and hallooed from high trees to show where they were coming out. It would never do, and so we have that turn at the liberty pole from East Avenue into Main Street. Franklin Street, as we call it, was afterwards laid out that there might be a direct stage route from the east to Hanford's Landing. Court Street and its bridge came to pass in the rivalry of the old stage lines. There were two companies fighting for the public patronage. One drove up at Ensworth's tavern (Powers Corner). The opposition line had headquarters at the old Rochester House on the canal, at Exchange Street, and Court Street was made resonant in its infant days by the flying horses, the cracking whips, and the twanging horns of the line, whose name matters little to us of to-day. The



ROCHESTER HOUSE.

Exchange Street. Burned.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

bend in Chestnut Street, seemingly so unreasonable to present lot owners, came about because Enos Stone had sold nine acres in a square to Everard Peck, on the south side of Main or Pittsford Street, one of the temporary names of East Avenue. Chestnut Street was laid out on the west line of that lot. If carried out straight, it would have struck Monroe Street near Lancaster.

Nothing in Rochester to-day bears the name of one of the original proprietors of the One Hundred Acre Tract, Major Carroll, because the trustees of the village in a fit of resentment decreed such forever should be his punishment for bringing suit against the village at an early day to recover the bed of the river on the north side of Main Street bridge, then occupied as a market. He had sold to the trustees the lot corner of Mason (Front) and Main streets bordered by the river, and a market had been built on piers. Carroll brought an action of ejectment, claiming he sold only sixty feet. This so incensed our good people, who claimed to the centre of the river, Carroll Street was named State at once, and so remaineth. Colonel Fitzhugh still retains the honor of having a street called by his name, but there is no telling how soon our capricious city fathers may give it another. Historical associations count for little with the average mayor and alderman, else the old Buffalo Road had not been utterly forgotten in "West Main Street;" Sophia, in honor of Mrs. Nathaniel Rochester, in Plymouth Avenue; and General Riley's name removed from his "incendiary tract," as the early settlers called those streets he had decreed on his map should be known as Mathews, Kirk, Tappan, Weld, Phinney, and Delevan. University Avenue is a most fitting name for the street upon which our university is situated, all admit; but have we no cause for dissatisfaction when the names of our pioneer land-owners are removed from streets to suit the whim of officials whose changes may be changed to-morrow?

Allen Street, let it be remembered, was named for John Allen, "Honest John" of precious memory, an ex-mayor,

and largely interested in the canal outside of his own private business connected therewith, not in honor of Indian Allan, as some have supposed. Washington Square was the gift of Elisha Johnson, and its trees were originally the forest growth. The old elm in front of the residence of Mrs. Hoyt on the north side was planted by the hand of a lady called "the belle of Rochester." The big elm on South Clinton is said to be a child of the forest primeval, and so let us all unite in saying,

"Woodman spare that tree."

Front Street is Mason Street on the old map. When the fine new market was completed in 1837, Mason Street was named Market by the city fathers. Then the opening of the street leading from its front to State Street made them to change their minds. The new street should be Market Street, and Mason Street must accept its old name again. This decision was of short duration, however, and Front Street was the appellation officially conferred one week after.

Let this brief allusion to the early naming of our streets provoke interest in a subject that will amply repay study, and, it is hoped, strengthen the desire manifested of late, that old names of old streets may not be so ruthlessly cast aside, associated as they frequently are with persons and events interwoven with our history.

It appeared at one time that we might have contention in retaining the name of our village. Another post-office in the State rejoiced in the name of Rochester, and about 1820 it was decided that one of the claimants must yield to the other. Of course we had not the remotest idea of yielding, but the village of *Accord*, Ulster County, is entitled to our gratitude, notwithstanding, and we may be pardoned in wishing it had chosen a prettier name.

So much by way of preface to what we may fitly call the Decade Memorable, the ten years preceding our incorporation as one of the cities of the Empire State.

The individuality of the promising, pushing little town

was already pronounced. There was nothing commonplace about it. It was talked about. It was always doing something that kept its name in the newspapers. It was as noisy as its Falls, and the tide of its political influence was not unlike that of the Genesee above the Cataract. Something the country was interested in was forever happening in Rochester. Its reformatory movements were not always without the blaze of fanaticism that commands attention at least, or a unique peculiarity conferring their fame indisputably upon their place of origin. And so it came to pass at an early day that the extraordinary rather than the ordinary was looked for in Rochester, and expectancy was gratified. "Rochester," wrote Thurlow Weed, in his autobiography, of the city where the foundations of his after success was laid, "was made up of young, dashing, generous people, attracted there from Eastern New York and New England by reports of its rapidly developing elements of prosperity. There were few or no idlers there. . . . It was no place for the slow, mousing, and close-fisted." It was, he might have added, a centralization of original, far-seeing minds, who began a series of agitating movements, in organizing the society which developed into the American Bible Society, scattering its Bibles over the whole country. As early as 1821 the Monroe County Bible Society was founded, Levi Ward, President; but not until 1825 did its characteristic mission begin, at a meeting of its friends at the Eagle Tavern, when perhaps Josiah Bissell, Jr., called "Leather Stocking" among his host of friends, projected the scheme which sent sub-agents through the county giving Bibles to those who were destitute of them and could not buy. And that, be it known, was the beginning of the American Bible Society.

The Sunday-School campaign of those days was an aggresssive one. There were conventions and celebrations, much marching of the children to Washington Square or to one of the churches for singing; long speeches conferring of badges, and gatherings around long tables laden with cake and lemonade. General A. W. Riley still has

the cane with which he marshaled the first Sabbath-School Convention held in Rochester, when 2,000 children with their teachers were gathered in Washington Square. Josiah Bissell, Jr., and A. W. Riley were what was called a "make or break team," very active and somewhat ultra in religious and reform movements, ready to spend time, money, and strength for any cause they had in hand, and they were never empty-handed. They were large landowners and daring speculators, and had as much to do as many with shaping the future of Rochester. It was "Bissell and Riley" that built the first meeting-house of the Third Presbyterian Church *in one week*, fifty feet long and twenty-five feet wide, on North Clinton Street, a little north of the present Washington Hall Block. The congregation were meeting in a school-house on the corner of Mortimer Street, which was too small. The pastor, Mr. Church, conferred with the brethren after service one Sunday afternoon as to what should be done. "Bissell and Riley" were there, and said a new meeting-house should be ready for the next Sabbath, and so it was, to the amazement of those who went into its courts with thanksgiving. General Riley gave the lot for the first orphan asylum, corner of Asylum and Scio. It was valued when given at $2,000, — was sold when the asylum was moved to its present location for $4,500.

THE SABBATH AGITATION.

It may be questioned if Rochester was ever responsible for a stormier agitation than the one she originated and kept alive on the Sabbath Question. That it was wicked to run stages and boats on Sunday, and quite as wicked to patronize those who did, was hotly proclaimed from Rochester, and Aristarchus Champion, and "Bissell and Riley" headed the movement for the suppression of Sunday travel, — starting a line of Pioneer Stages at an expense of about $60,000, partly contributed as stock, — petitioning Congress for the abolishing of Sunday mails, circulating pledges even, for the signing of all good Christians, wherein

they solemnly promised never to patronize boats or stages run upon the Sabbath Day. A little sheet, called "Plain Truth," came out in hot opposition to all this, and in looking it over it is hard to decide which party had the excess of fanatical intolerance. "What cannot be accomplished by moral suasion must be done by physical force," comes from the pulpit of the Third Presbyterian Church. "Shall we become SLAVES to an order of men who style themselves PRESBYTERIANS?" shrieks the element of negativity. At the great meeting held in Auburn protesting against a religious party in politics, we find W. H. Seward denouncing Sabbatical intolerance. The zeal of the opposite party leads its advocates to insist on publicly asking a blessing at meals in hotels, etc. Bissell is charged with refusing to accept a pair of boots that were sent him on a Sunday stage-coach, and here is the report of what was said by a Monroe County divine before a convention in Philadelphia, when asked how the Pioneer line of stages was succeeding: —

"The Pioneer Line of stages must, will, and shall succeed. I will sacrifice every cent of my property to support it. If necessary, I will take the bread from my children's mouths for its support. It is on God's side and must prosper. Rather than see this pious undertaking crushed, — rather than see the hopes of God's people cloven down, I will write *Reverend* on the front of my hat, mount the Pioneer stage box, take the reins and drive the coach myself." At this, of course, the scoffers howl in derision, and the press is full of stories, etc., told at the expense of the Pioneer Line. Here are a few of the "Wants" of the New York "Telescope": —

"Wanted. A good Orthodox family horse which must do work on the Christian Sabbath, and which will not need any meat or drink on that day.

"Money Wanted. $10,000 on ample security at 6 per cent., the interest to stop on Sunday. Orthodox money preferred." . . .

Lewis Tappan gave $3,000 for supporting a Christian

line of stages. Alarmists cry out that there is an impending danger — the union of Church and State — that Tract Societies are so many nests of vultures' eggs — and that Bible Societies are creating a moneyed aristocracy. Above the babel of vituperation the voice of a wise conservatism is heard at last. At a public meeting held in the long room of the Clinton House, Rochester, Wm. B. Rochester in the chair, and A. M. Schermerhorn, Secretary, resolutions were adopted in favor of the Sunday mails and against compulsory measures for enforcing the better observance of the Lord's Day. We find the names of prominent citizens on the committees appointed at this meeting for preparing and presenting for signatures a suitable memorial to be sent to the Postmaster General as an expression of the wishes of the meeting in relation to a Sunday mail. It will interest my readers to see the names not only of those identified with this assembly, but that of the "Friends of the Fourth Commandment," held several months before.

The committee upon preparing and presenting resolutions for the conservative party was E. Griffin, Nathaniel Rossiter, Dr. Elwood, Elisha Johnson, and Heman Norton.

WARD COMMITTEES.

First Ward. — Henry O'Reilly, William T. Cuyler, E. Griffin, Wm. Brewster, Anson Coleman, E. F. Marshall.

Second Ward. — Warham Whitney, E. M. Parsons, Samuel Stone, A. M. Schermerhorn, S. S. Alcott, Seth Saxton.

Third Ward. — Jonathan Child, Heman Norton, T. H. Rochester, Isaac Hills, Ebenezer Watts, Josiah Sheldon.

Fourth Ward. — Elisha Johnson, John Gilbert, Isaac Marsh, Miles Carter, Daniel Tinker, James Valiet.

Fifth Ward. — Enos Stone, Nathaniel Rossiter, R. Van Kleeck, S. G. Andrews, Jacob Graves, Samuel Works.

Among the facts stated in the terse letter to the Postmaster General was that the village had a population of 12,000 souls, and "the amount of postage for the year ending 30th September, 1828, was $6,808.67." "From this

fact some estimate can be had of our correspondence, and of the necessity of giving facilities to that correspondence."

The undersigned names concurred in the resolutions of the opposition, when some 400 persons met at the Clinton House to denounce the prevailing evils of Sabbath Breaking: —

A. W. Riley, Chairman; D. Sibley, Secretary; E. Peck, C. J. Hill, L. A. Ward, S. Murdock, J. Bissell, Jr., Thos. Kempshall, H. N. Langworthy, P. Smith, A. Wakelee, F. Starr, A. Chapin, W. H. Ward, H. Raymond, J. Watts, A. Champion, L. Ward, Jr., D. D. Hatch, W. Kempshall, E. Cook, W. Brewster, A. Reynolds, B. Campbell, E. D. Smith, T. Egleston, J. Harris, S. P. Gould, C. Dunning, J. Peck, David Hoyt, O. Sage, J. K. Livingston, J. H. Thompson, O. N. Bush, H. Ely, D. Scoville, L. L. Peet.

The Pioneer Line was in one sense a failure, and Josiah Bissell, Jr., and A. W. Riley were heavy losers with others, but the agitation of the subject which placed their comfortable and well managed coaches upon the road resulted in great and lasting good. Public sentiment was educated to a higher regard for the Lord's Day; and although the extreme measures of the Sabbath party were defeated, it had gained much for religion and true progress.

REVIVALS.

Rochester's individuality in those early years was characterized by a fanatical restlessness demanding a sphere of excitement. When was it not an enthusiast with a mission of some sort for its own, if not the world's salvation? The spirit of the Thebean monks, the Crusaders, the Jesuit Missionary, Joan of Arc, and like spirits, is manifested in its irrepressible tendency to make converts to something at any cost. The religious revivals of our early days spent themselves with a violence that left no little wreck behind, wonderful as was the harvesting of souls. The private journals of those days — and I have a pile of them before me — are filled with morbid introspection and self-dissection, which makes them of less value to the antiquarian than to the student of psychological distempers. The Rev.

Charles G. Finney was one of the most successful evangelists who labored here, converting many who proved to be the strength of our churches for the remainder of their lives.

The first public temperance meeting in Rochester was held in July, 1828, and from the active workers in the cause here the influence went forth that in time awoke the land to a consideration of the question. Dr. Penney, the pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, preached the first temperance sermon in Ireland, it is said; and Gen. Riley, — called the "old war horse" of the temperance movement, — a man who has made over eight thousand temperance speeches, and distributed six thousand temperance medals in Europe and America, not only claims for Rochester the honor of being the head spring of the movement, but adds that the Woman's Crusade in the West, of a few years ago, received its direct inspiration from here.

THE MUSEUM.

Prof. Henry A. Ward's world-famous museum, where any day one can see, for the asking, giant salamanders from Japan, turquois from New Mexico, the last crop of meteorites, — anything, in short, the student in natural science may crave to look upon, — hardly fills the place in the Rochester of 1884 that did Bishop's dusty little museum in the old days, when, for twenty-five cents, one could behold not only "some small remains of the mastodon found in Perrinton," but wax figures whose glittering eyes, and genuine daggers, and redundant hair, made little children scream with terror. There was Othello *not* smothering, but stabbing Desdemona, and Indians with terrible names scalping settlers, and soldiers in smart uniforms swinging veritable swords. There was Lady Jane Grey, and Robert Bruce, and La Fayette, and Washington, almost anybody, in short, the most curious would care to see, "true as life." It was at the museum that the learned pig was exhibited, — that famous pig that could pick out any playing card called for, spell, and add. It was at the museum that every unique monstrosity traveling about the coun-

try was sure to be introduced to the Rochester public. One morning the press advertised a new curiosity at the museum, something unlike anything offered before. There it was in a case — an exorbitant dentist's bill for filling the tooth of the proprietor. All day long the museum hand-organ ground out its melody near the Four Corners. In its pauses the screeching of its parrots might be heard far up the street. . . . And what became of the figures, its grandest attraction? Our pyrotechnist, James Palmer, tells that story. They fell into the possession of Silas O. Smith some time before St. Luke's Church was moved to build a mission on the east side. Silas O. Smith had no use for wax-works, but he did desire to make all things work together for the foundation of the new chapel, whose congregation was meeting temporarily in Palmer's Hall. If Mr. Palmer would buy the wax-works, the money received would be given to the mission. Mr. Palmer paid one hundred dollars for the unique collection that must have cost the original owner a far greater sum. That one hundred dollars went to the foundation stones of Christ Church, East Avenue, and was the first money contributed therefor. . . . Some of us can testify that those wax figures scattered along the entrance hall, — Gen. La Fayette in a new role, extending a welcoming hand at the top of the stairway, — did much for increasing the attendance upon the Sunday-School. The child who could slip away unseen, and mount the forbidden stairway leading to the upper hall, where transfixed beauties stood confronting every shape of revenge, agony, and patriotism, was in danger of forgetting catechism and collect for that day at least, nor was it an easy matter to secure his attendance upon another school.

Mr. Palmer sold the unique collection to a museum in Columbus, Ohio, in 1862, and possibly the Lady Jane Grey of the infantile raptures of some of us may be seen there to-day as Mrs. Hayes, Margaret Mather, or Mary Anderson.

The wonderful metamorphosis which wax creations may evolve is illustrated in Mr. Palmer's story of the fate of "the Rochester beauty," which had as many more definite

names as there were lovelorn swains to confer them. Mr. Palmer prefaces his reminiscence by saying that these wax-works were superior to any in New York city. They were, in fact, a rare importation, — one of the exceptional things that fell to Rochester by the law of its destiny. When he bought them of Mr. Smith, it was his intention to bring them out as good as new for the delight of the patrons of his cosmoramic views ; and as the collection would hardly be complete without what was then demanded of wax, — William Tell shooting the apple from the head of his son, — Mr. Palmer proceeded to transform Othello, who had persisted in stabbing Desdemona instead of smothering her, into Gessler, the tyrant, while a nameless figure answered for Tell, "the Rochester beauty" filling the part of the patriot's son. But Tell needed a hand wherewith to handle his bow. "Having melted all the odds and ends of wax anatomy I could find," says Mr. Palmer, "the matter of the right complexion giving me no end of trouble, — I prevailed upon a friend to pose his freedom-loving hand for a model ; but as we knew nothing of the necessity of preparing for the operation by shaving, the getting rid of the mould was something like skinning eels, and perhaps the laugh was all on one side. The wax hand was a success, however, but the owner of the model had little inclination to sit again."

MISSIONARY AND REFORM MOVEMENTS.

The spirit of missions in Rochester made manifest development as early as 1818, the Christian women of the village heading a movement for the benefit of destitute congregations in the vicinity. A "Female Missionary Society" was organized, Mrs. Elizabeth Backus, President. The name of Backus since that time has never been lost from our charitable enterprises. In 1822 "The Rochester Female Charitable Society" was founded, "embracing in harmonious union all denominations," — its object the establishment of charity schools, and the relief of the poor in sickness. This society, still in vigorous existence, needs no description nor words of commendation here, but the

CHRIST CHURCH.

East Avenue, as built in 1855.

names of its original officers and visitors will be read with interest to-day by those who can find in our present charitable organizations many of the descendants of this old executive board. The first meeting of the society was held at the house of Everard Peck. Many are the blessed streams outflowing from that home. Mrs. Dr. Levi Ward was elected President; Mrs. Everard Peck, Treasurer. Mrs. Abelard Reynolds attended the meeting. The early records of the society were lost, but the names of the treasurers from 1823 to 1826 are as follows: —

1823. Mrs. F. Whittlesey. (Still living — 1884.)
1824. Mrs. Coleman.
1825. Mrs. I. West.
1826. Mrs. Jonathan Child.

The records are preserved from 1827. In that year we find Mrs. James K. Livingston, President; Mrs. Mary Scovel, Vice President (The orthography given is that of the Recording Secretary.)

Directors. — Mrs. Sampson, Mrs. Burr, Mrs. Plumb, Mrs. A. Alcott, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Bissell, Mrs. Cumming, Mrs. Beach.

School Committee. — Mrs. T. H. Rochester, Mrs. Peck, Mrs. Hurlburt, Mrs. Atkinson, Mrs. Child, Mrs. West, Mrs. Dunning, Mrs. Mathews.

Treasurer. — Mrs. F. Whittlesey.

Collectors. — Mrs. Babbet, Mrs. Pomeroy, Miss S. Ward.

Superintendent of Schools. — Miss Ewing, Miss Stone.

Visitors. — Mrs. Marsh, Mrs. Henry, Mrs. Abel, Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Cuyler, Mrs. West, Mrs. R. Backus, Mrs. Sheldon, Mrs. Reynolds, Mrs. Hurlburt, Mrs. Wright, Mrs. Scovel, Mrs. Parsons, Miss Harral, Miss E. Ward.

Many of the present board of managers have been connected with the charitable society for years. For further details of the society see Statistical Department.

The young men of Rochesterville organized a Domestic Missionary Society as early as 1821, sending missionaries to Niagara County, then almost a wilderness, and we find

a Foreign Mission Society in 1827, which held monthly "Concerts of Prayer" for the conversion of the world, and was the direct means of leading eleven Rochester Christians to go forth for the salvation of the heathen beyond her borders. The missionary zeal of this marvelously growing village demanded many outlets. There was the Tract Society as early as 1826, Levi A. Ward, President, that scattered religious leaflets at every door and upon canal boats, in taverns, wherever the word in season had even faint chance of finding root. The friends of this cause presented a monthly tract to each family in the city which would receive it. Then of organizations for the children there was surely no lack, for we read of three contemporary "Unions," — "The Monroe Sunday-School Union," "The Monroe Sabbath-School Union," and "The Genesee Sabbath-School Union." The distinctive lines between these missions were no doubt quite as reasonable as our paddock-limitations of to-day. There was an association of Sabbath-School Teachers, and a Sabbath-School Depository, an Orphan Asylum, and a Young Men's Association, whose lectures upon Anatomy, Physiology, and kindred subjects were well attended, — home talent as a rule furnishing the lectures every Tuesday and Friday evening during the season. The Mechanics' Literary Association and Apprentices' Library and the Rochester Athenæum were each maintaining a public library, and contributing good lectures. The young lawyers had their *Pi Beta Gamma*, with John C. Chumasero as President, all for "improvement in oratory," and practice in debate. There was "The Rochester Academy of Sacred Music," that gave the world the famous ballad-singer Henry Russell; three Temperance Societies, and an Anti-Slavery Society that discussed the subject of abolition, and kept it before the public with remarkable discretion for those times. O'Reilly gives us the names of the officers of the Anti-Slavery Society for 1838. They were as follows: —

Lindley M. Moore, President; George A. Avery, Russell Green, O. N. Bush, David Scoville, Vice Presidents;

SECOND BAPTIST CHURCH.

Corner Main and North Clinton Streets.
Present site of Washington Hall.
Purchased of
Third Presbyterian Church, 1834.
Burned, 1859.

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Built, 1824.
Sold to the City for Site of
City Hall, 1871.

ST. LUKE'S CHURCH, P. E.

Built, 1825.
In use, 1884.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, R. C.

Corner of Platt and Frank Streets.
Built, 1823.
Site of present Cathedral.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

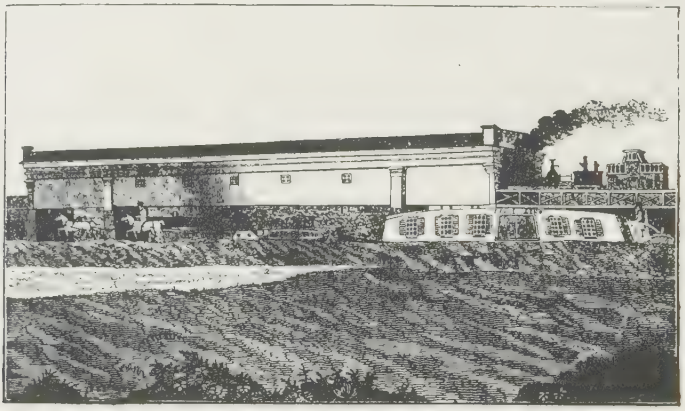
Oren Sage, Treasurer; S. D. Porter, Corresponding Secretary; E. F. Marshall, Recording Secretary. An Anti-Slavery State Convention was held here in the Court House January 10th and 11th, 1838.

TRAINING DAY.

Those were the times of the old Training Days, when the now obsolete militia laws requiring "all able-bodied free white male citizens between the ages of eighteen and forty-five" to attend "company, battalion, or regimental muster or training," with due accoutrements and ammunition, the penalties for non-compliance being severe and rigidly enforced. The failure to appear, "armed and equipped as the law directs," subjected the delinquent to court-martial; and as there was a prevailing inability and unwillingness among patriots at that time to submit to the requirements of Training Day, unless belonging to the military, the court-martial had its hands full, and many of those who did comply dressed themselves in ludicrous costumes, — one of our captains, we are told, leading his host of "Fantasticks" or "Invincibles" mounted on a bull, with a handsaw for his sufficient weapon of war. Colonel Amos Sawyer marshaled "The Invincibles," and there are those still among us who can remember him tricked out as Falstaff, calling to his men to "left wheel" on State Street corner one day, and at their failure to do so adding, "*Why* in Jupiter don't you left wheel?" Those were halcyon days for wags like John Robinson, Reuben Bunnel, Sam Drake, and Sedge Hall; but once it came to pass in Brighton, they tell us, that John Robinson was put under guard for his pranks, and kept marching up and down a hollow square at the point of the bayonet. Colonel Aaron Newton was a magnate not to be trifled with when in command, as many of the Floodwoods[1] learned to their cost, when they carried their fun a trifle too far, and gave him a band beating a tobacco keg for a drum, and an old fife, whose performer could only play a rambling snatch from Bonaparte crossing the Rhine. Of course a

[1] All but uniformed militia companies were called Floodwoods.

law was passed making such high sport a misdemeanor; but what did that matter when popular sentiment was with the frolickers, and Training Day was looked for as our Southern friends count on Mardi Gras? The mock battles were a farce beyond description, when the contending armies in grotesque array charged with rolling-pins, brooms, hayforks, or anything that might be called a weapon of offense. Training Day was at last abolished, and perhaps none were better satisfied than the Fantastic Invincibles themselves, serious as Rochester must have seemed without their regular frolics.[1]



Tonnewanta Railroad Bridge. (1838.)

RAILROADS.

All this was several years before the first locomotive had been brought to Rochester on a canal boat, The Young Lion, a "pony" for use in building the Auburn road. Steam railroads were talked of, and were in operation, but not in Rochester. Even as late as 1838, when O'Reilly's History

[1] "This burlesque (Fantastics) originated in this city, and Mr. John Robinson, then exercising the tonsorial art, was the originator of this powerful engine of ridicule, that conquered more than ninety thousand old muskets, mullein stalks, and broom-handles, in the hands of brave men thoroughly disgusted with puerile and useless tomfoolery. . . . It was so effectual in this city it ran like a prairie fire over the whole State. . . . And in one year there was not an organized company of country militia called Floodwoods in the State." — L. B. LANGWORTHY, *Notes and Reminiscences of Rochester*, 1868.

was published, its author could say: "As the whole route between Auburn and Albany will be completed about the same time as the Rochester and Auburn Railroad, we may anticipate that, in the course of three years, the journey between Rochester and New York will be made by railroad and steam-boat within twenty-four hours, or between sunrise on one day and the same period the day following. Visionary as the prediction may seem at first sight, a little calculation will show its practicability and probability." Under the head of the Tonnewanta Railroad, on which traveling by locomotive was begun between Rochester and Batavia, May, 1837, we read: "When the entire route from Rochester to Buffalo is completed, even before the Rochester and Auburn road is finished, it is estimated that not less than four or five hundred passengers will pass daily from point to point during the traveling season of the year. . . . The whole road will be run, it is contemplated, under a single arrangement, with one set of cars and locomotives. . . . We are hardly too sanguine in assuming that, within two years, or in the year 1840, the entire route from Boston to Buffalo, through the city of Rochester, will be in active and successful operation."

Carthage Railroad.

Until then, Rochester was happy in its one railroad to Carthage, — a horse railroad, with "pleasure cars" thereon, — two horses driven tandem, Captain Cheshire playing his A flat key-bugle a little before the train started from the east end of the old aqueduct, at the head of Water Street, that no one need miss the steam-boat at the northern terminus of the route for lack of clear warning. What a delightful trip that was on a balmy day, close to the east bank of the river, at some points only a few feet from the awful precipice, through the green fields of Dublin, to the pictur-

esque road down to the wharf. There was an inclined plane for the transit of goods, and the rash excursionist sometimes ventured aboard; but occasional accidents made walking preferable to such venture, particularly as cars, on the western bank at least, had been known to break away and land in the middle of the river. The road was two miles long, and John Greig, of Canandaigua, was its president; F. M. Haight, its secretary, and A. M. Schermerhorn, its treasurer, lived in Rochester. Horace Hooker & Co. were the lessees of the road, and Mr. Hinsdale the agent.

LA FAYETTE, 1825.

It was in the summer of 1825 that General La Fayette gave the people of Rochester the happy occasion of welcoming him to the stirring village that was not in existence when he left our shores thirty-nine years before. Every one within the radius of Rochester who could possibly reach the village was there that June day, bright and early, to see the man the nation delighted to honor, and whose progress through the land was a triumphal procession, each place on his route seeking to outvie all others in expression of sincere joy. It was a memorable day for Rochester, and everything that could contribute to the perfection of the hero's welcome was brought into requisition by the able committee, with Dr. Levi Ward and James K. Livingston at its head. Hon. Jacob Gould and Judge Ashley Sampson were on the Reception Committee. The town was gay with bunting and arches of evergreens and flowers. Couriers heralded the approach of the packet bearing the beloved hero, his son, George Washington La Fayette, courtly and handsome, General Philip Van Courtlandt, and a party of ladies and gentlemen well known in political and high social life. Three miles west of our expectant metropolis, Rochester gave her first welcome to her honored guest in King's Basin, Greece, Judge Sampson expressing the same in these words: —

"General La Fayette, our country's benefactor, in behalf of the citizens of Rochester, I bid you a cordial welcome to

our village." The General, to whom such official greeting had long since become at least a tri-daily occurrence, replied with graceful cordiality: "Sir, you are very kind. I thank you." On the outskirts of the village two young girls, dressed in white, were duly escorted to the packet, and taken on board, dropping at General La Fayette's feet a bouquet of beautiful flowers, which he at once gave to his son with orders for careful preservation. Upon alighting at Child's Basin, he was conducted to the magnificently-draped platform, where Wm. B. Rochester made an address of welcome. A banquet at the Clinton Hotel was next in order, and a drive through the city. Among the pleasing incidents of the day was one illustrating General La Fayette's wonderful memory of faces. A daughter of Judge Church was the guest of Mrs. Colonel Rochester, and among those presented to General La Fayette. Her mother was a daughter of General Schuyler, his old companion in arms. The resemblance between grandfather and granddaughter was marked, but it was not expected that General La Fayette should discover it, as he instantly did, asking who the young lady might be.

So exhaustively was La Fayette's triumphal procession reported, it is hard to find a new item, even in the memory of those who shed tears, as everybody is reported to have done, upon seeing him. But nowhere is mention made of the General's poodle dog, which shared his master's honors; so let it not be forgotten of William A. Wells, who lived on Lancaster Street, that to him was the care of the pet intrusted during the sojourn in Rochester.

BASE BALL.

Thurlow Weed tells of the base ball playing of those days, when the club of nearly fifty members met on Mumford's meadow every afternoon in the season, just below the Falls. It requires not a little exercise of the imagination for some of us to think of Addison Gardner, Frederic Whittlesey, Samuel L. Seldon, Thomas Kempshall, James K. Livingston, Dr. George Marvin, Dr. F. F. Backus, Dr. A.

G. Smith, and Thurlow Weed, as shouting "*Go home! Go home! Back up second!*" etc., etc., vociferously at each other, their coats and waistcoats in a pile on the grass, their friends cheering lustily at a luckless tumble or successful home run.

THE MORGAN AFFAIR.

September, 1826.

This was the first of many agitating movements concentrating the gaze of the country, if not of the whole civilized world, upon Rochester.

William Morgan, a free and accepted Mason, who disappeared simultaneously with the publication of his book exposing the first three degrees of Masonry, was a resident of Batavia in 1826, the year of his abduction from Canandaigua, whither he had been summoned on a charge of petty larceny trumped up for the occasion. As two or more of his immediate abductors were Rochester men, and "the mysterious carriage" conveying him from Rochester to Lewiston was Rochester property, — while Rochester, directly after his removal from Canandaigua, became the centre of what was called "the infected district," our Masons and anti-Masons being the foremost men in the subsequent trials and investigations, our press the organs of both parties, — this subject has a place in our history. William Morgan had lived here one or two years before moving to Le Roy, where it is said he was disappointed and embittered in not getting the work he sought on the building of a Masonic Lodge. He had been one of the workmen on our aqueduct. He wrote his notorious book in Rochester, and the "Daily Telegraph" had been cautiously approached for the publication of the same. The later editions were printed here. It is said that upon Rochester Masons was thrown the responsibility of disposing of him at last. Many of the leading Masons and anti-Masons investigating the mysterious affair and implicated in it were our leading citizens, and the effects of the excitement did not disappear from our political, social, and religious life for many years, if it may be said that they are yet eradicated. Bit-

ter and intense animosities were engendered, outlasting the grief of Morgan's personal friends for his loss. A new and powerful element was introduced into political strife. Masonry, in this part of the country at least, was well-nigh annihilated. The lodge founded in Rochesterville as early as 1817, and the installation of the Monroe Encampment in July, 1826, in St. Luke's Church, notwithstanding the influence of its Sir Knights and the promising foundation of that first regular conclave, could not stand the tide setting in against Masonry with "the Morgan affair;" and, "rather than intensify the passions of their fellow-citizens, the *fratres* discussed the subject of returning their charter and disbanding" as early as February, 1829, which they did, "and for eighteen years," says their historian, "this chivalric body slumbered quietly. This wicked institution was under the ban of wily politicians for several years, but a more auspicious day enabled the surviving members to seek a return of their authority in conferring the order of knighthood in this flourishing city." But as late as 1838, at the time of the writing of Henry O'Reilly's history, it therein was recorded: "Masonic institutions have ceased to exist in Rochester, or the surrounding country," and all because of measures taken to suppress a book which, if left unnoticed, would have proved but another failure in its author's unsuccessful life, or even if read would have given little reliable knowledge to those possessed with a craving to know the secrets of Masonry without joining the order. The book itself was almost lost sight of in the political whirlpool that followed the abduction; for in the horror of Free Masonry which resulted in the utter failure of the law to bring the criminals to justice, to secure witnesses, or to find a trace of the missing man, reparation was sought in the ballot. No man belonging to the order of Masons should hold public office, and upon that issue anti-Masons and reformed Masons were called upon to vote. The intense anti-mason feeling became a powerful lever in the hands of designing politicians. No crime was too black to be charged to the order, and only for the division in the

anti-masonic faction, it had carried things with a high hand.

A considerable portion of the first volume of Thurlow Weed's autobiography is devoted to a detailed account of the Morgan affair. He was the foremost leader of the radical anti-masonic party. All we shall ever know of the fate of Morgan is told by him. That he was murdered, drowned in the Niagara River, at the instigation of a few fanatical zealots of the order, who knew no other way out of their difficulty, there is no room for doubt. But we may reasonably deny, from the evidence advanced, that the abduction and murder of Morgan were the result of the true teachings of the brotherhood, or that Masons generally were acquainted with what was taking place. The course of De Witt Clinton is an illustration of the views of every good Mason at the time. De Witt Clinton, like Washington, Franklin, La Fayette, and Jackson, was a Free and Accepted Mason, and it can never be said of him that he left a stone unturned in his efforts to bring the criminals to justice. No one was louder in demand for investigation than the older Masons. The young men led what was called the conspiracy, defended their order by affirming — what gained credence with many — that Morgan was in hiding, or in duress in Canada, and that the agitation was a clever device for selling the book. Surely a book never had a better chance for making its mark, but who of us to-day is any the wiser for its publication? The petty persecution of the author culminated in a mighty crusade against Masonry; and Morgan, cruelly, uselessly murdered as he was, died rather for publishing a foolish book in hope of pecuniary gain, than for the defense of high principle or exposure of wrong. Had his book — granting truth in its revelations which his abduction confirmed in many minds — unearthed anything more harmful than the brief exposure of "the poor blind candidates" at initiation, the secret grip, and what seems to the unsophisticated a careless mode of salutation with a twenty inch gauge, a square, and a common gavel when the third degree is sought for, we

would have been less at loss to explain to his credit the breaking of the terrible oath which he gives to the world with all the rest. The secrets he attempted to betray were those initiatory rites of the first three degrees, and the secret signs without which no one can enter a Masonic Lodge. His description of those necessary means of defense against imposture would prove about as helpful to the uninitiated invader as would the directions for unlocking a bank safe for the interpretation of unfulfilled prophecy. One has only to practice giving the grip according to his explanation, to see the folly of the whole revelation.

He was well known here in Rochester, where he had many warm friends. He was fifty years old at the time of his disappearance, a poor man, with a young wife and two little children. He had quarreled with the Masons in Le Roy, and moved to Batavia with the resentful determination of exposing the secrets of the order. The book was written here, just when is uncertain, but those who care to know the precise locality where this one of our many dragon's teeth was sown, will perhaps contemplate with interest hereafter 155 West Main Street, a little east of St. Mary's Hospital, now occupied by H. H. Woodward, who tells of finding a secret closet when recently making repairs. His portrait gives us an amiable, scholarly face, but there is an unmistakable weakness about the chin, that the high philosophical forehead and the spectacles pushed up above the gentle, rather mirthful eyes do not contradict. The ruffled shirt reminds us of the fictitious charge upon which he was arrested. He had borrowed such a garment of a friend in Canandaigua and failed to return it. He was as a feeble fly in a strong web. He had written and was publishing the secrets of Masonry in violation of his oath. The brotherhood had in vain pleaded with him to give up the manuscripts, had even taken every means to destroy them; and when he disappeared and the country was on fire, what wonder that many were firm in believing that he had made a good bargain with the Masons, and would have an easier time in providing for his little family on his far northern farm in Canada?

In an editorial in the "Commercial Advertiser" on the Morgan Affair we find the following: —

"The Masons were, at this time, divided into four classes. First, there were the guilty Masons and their immediate confidants, if not allies. Second, the thorough-going Masons, who, if not actually guilty, were rather disposed to think that the actors had served the traitor right. Third, retired Masons, who had resumed their aprons in consequence of the spirit of persecution that had gone abroad, and who, conscious of their own innocence, felt bound to resist the intolerant spirit of anti-masonry. Fourth, a much larger body of Masons than either of the preceding, having virtually retired from the institution, were now mere passives, condemning the outrages as far as they believed them true, but doubting, nevertheless, whether any substantial cause existed for their excitement."

To this statement Thurlow Weed has added: "There were at that moment two classes of anti-Masons: first, those who believed that the outrages perpetrated upon Morgan had the sanction of the lodges, chapters, and encampments; second, those who believed that the outrages which had been committed by zealous and misguided members of the order had only the sanction of Masons kindred in character and spirit. This second or latter class now looked for some emphatic and decisive action on the part of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter in condemnation of the outrage upon Morgan, in asserting its own innocence, and in vindication of its character." At the next session of the Grand Chapter (1827) the committee to which the Morgan matter was referred reported the following resolution, which was adopted: —

"Resolved, By this Grand Chapter, that we its members, individually and as a body, do disclaim all knowledge or approbation of the proceedings in relation to the abduction of the said William Morgan.

"And that we disapprove of the same as a violation of the majesty of the laws, and an infringement of the rights of personal liberty secured to every citizen of our free and happy Republic."

The Monroe County Morgan Committee, organized for the investigation of the mystery, had its head centre here of course, and although Masons were at first considered eligible, they finally withdrew, and perhaps the most conspicuous men of the time were the vigilant, unwearied members of that committee, working in unison with committees of neighboring counties and towns. We find upon Mr. Weed's list of the members, Samuel Works, Harvey Ely, Frederick F. Backus, and Frederic Whittlesey. In a memorial sent to the legislature, praying that an additional and larger reward should be offered for the apprehension and conviction of persons engaged in the abduction and probable murder of Morgan, and for the appointment of a special commissioner to conduct the prosecutions, the following names composed the Rochester committee: Josiah Bissell, Jr., Frederick F. Backus, Samuel Works, Frederic Whittlesey, Thurlow Weed, E. S. Beach.

Two Rochester men, Burrage Smith and John Whitney, gained a most unenviable notoriety from their intimate association with Morgan's abduction and disappearance. Their connection with the mysterious carriage, the property of a Rochester man, Ezra Platt, a Royal Arch Mason, could not be doubted. They disappeared the February after the abduction, and it was subsequently learned that they fled to New Orleans, where Smith died. Whitney returned to Rochester in 1829, when he was tried upon an indictment found in his absence, and sentenced to imprisonment in the county jail for one year and three months. Colonel William L. Stone, who wrote an impartial account of the affair in 1832, in a letter to John Quincy Adams, sums up John Whitney's testimony, in the trial of Parkhurst, Whitney, and others, as follows, John Whitney having admitted that he was with Morgan in the carriage on that eventful journey: "There was no scuffle, nor was any force used. . . . Morgan expressed a willingness to go if his situation could be made to suit him, and he was assured it should be so. The object in keeping him secret was that Miller and those with whom he had been engaged in printing the book

should not know where he had gone, so as to follow him; he said Miller had misused him, and he did not wish him to know where he had gone; appeared anxious as any one to keep his journey secret; witness saw no bandage over his eyes; no threats were used; Morgan was told he could not expect friends unless he used his friends well; he said he had done wrong and was willing to get out of the scrape; he knew they were going to Lewiston; it was the understanding that the arrangements to be made for him were to be as good in a pecuniary point of view as the speculation of Miller in publishing the book; nothing definite, however, had yet been agreed upon."

"The conspiracy," writes Thurlow Weed, who, it must be admitted, had as thorough a knowledge of the case as any one, "rising from Morgan's arrest for debt to his rearrest for larceny, had no purpose beyond securing his separation for a year or two from his Batavia associates. Nor did the idea of taking his life occur to the most reckless until the refusal of the Masons in Canada to receive and send him to the Far West Fur Company, as was expected, threw him back on their hands. Morgan had now been confined for several days in the unoccupied magazine of Fort Niagara. He was becoming noisy, violent, and troublesome. The Lewiston Masons sent a messenger to Rochester to inform the persons who brought Morgan there that they must take the responsibility of disposing of him. The subject was anxiously discussed in the chapter at Rochester. Who, besides Whitney, went, in consequence of this message, to Niagara is not known."

This statement is confirmed by a confession made by John Whitney in 1831 to Thurlow Weed, to whom he afterwards promised to make a written statement of the affair to be sealed up for future use. John Whitney died before this written statement was made, but in the detailed report of the conversation to be found in Thurlow Weed's autobiography, he is reported to have said in the presence of Colonel Simeon B. Jewett, of Clarkson, and Major Samuel Barton, of Lewiston, and Mr. Weed: "When our friends in

Canada refused to take care of Morgan, the Lewiston people sent word to Rochester that he could not be kept much longer in the fort, and that we must come to Lewiston immediately. . . . Simultaneously, the installment of an encampment of Knights Templar drew together, at Lewiston, a large number of friends, of many of whom the question of what was to be done with Morgan was asked. But the matter was so perplexing that no one seemed willing to act or advise. In the evening, however, after we had been called 'from labor to refreshment,' Colonel William King asked me to step into another room, where I found Mr. Howard, of Buffalo, Mr. Chubbuck, of Lewiston, and Mr. Garside, of Youngstown. Colonel King said there was a carriage at the door ready to take us to the fort, into which we stepped and were driven hastily away. As we proceeded, Colonel King said that he had received instruction from the highest authority to deal with Morgan according to his deserts, and that, having confidence in their courage and fidelity, he had chosen them as his assistants. On reaching the magazine, they informed Morgan that the arrangements had been completed for his removal to the interior of Canada, where he would be settled on a farm, and that his family would follow him, in accordance with the assurance previously given him by Johns. With this assurance, he walked with them from the fort, where a row-boat awaited them. The boat was rowed in a diagonal direction to the place where the Niagara River is lost in Lake Ontario. Here, either shore being two miles distant, a rope was wound several times around Morgan's body, at either end of which a large weight was attached. Up to that time, Morgan had conversed with them about his new home and the probability of being joined by his family; but when he saw the rope and the use to be made of it, he struggled desperately, and held firmly with one hand to the gunwale of the boat. Garside detached it, but as he did so Morgan caught Garside's thumb in his mouth and bit off the first joint."

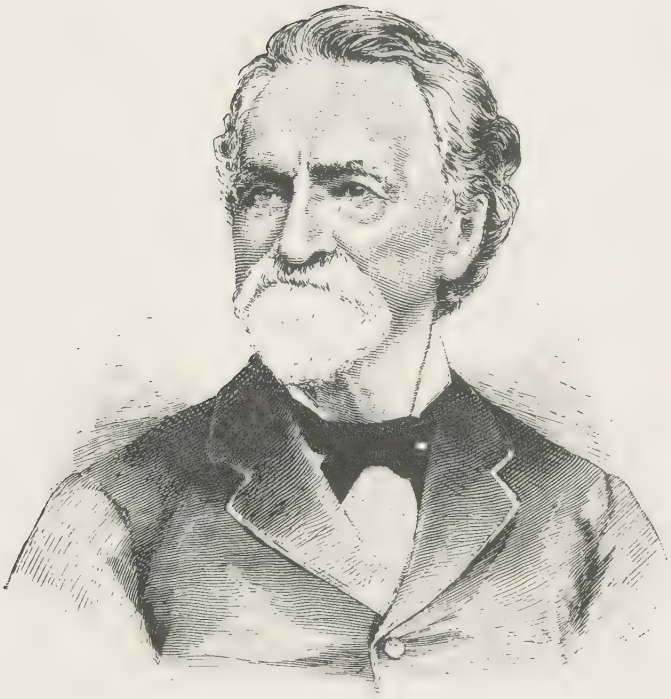
The mystery of the Morgan affair to us of to-day, Masons or non-Masons, is not what became of Morgan, but that

this little book of his should have so incensed even a small faction of the Order that they could approve of his abduction.

Those familiar with masonic literature are aware that the publications of the fraternity tell more concerning the origin and objects of Masonry than this betrayal of a sworn member. They give us, beside, an abundance of illustrations of the symbols of the mysteries. One may rise up from a perusal of "The General Ahiman Rezon and Free Mason's Guide, by Daniel Sickles, 33°" with a clearer insight into the symbolism of the order, and the rites of the ancient craftsmen, than a study of Morgan's Exposure of Masonry can ever afford. Copies of the first edition of Morgan's book are not easily found. There is still a conviction in the popular mind that the Masonic Order is in league to destroy every copy, and that this has been their mission since 1826.

Our churches suffered severely during the excitement. There were saints who could not commune with Masons, or have a Mason in the pulpit of the church they attended. The beloved rector of St. Luke's for eight years, a Mason of high standing, was so unfortunately associated with Masonry his resignation was inevitable. The old First Church was torn with dissensions between its members. Henry O'Reilly and Thurlow Weed, the foremost leaders of the local factions of "the infected district," represented more intense partisanship than that existing between Mason and anti-Mason. Henry O'Reilly was the brilliant editor of the "Advertiser" and a Jacksonian, but not a Mason. Thurlow Weed's "Anti-Masonic Enquirer" was devoted to the Adams' party.

There was a fanning of the faint embers of the old flames when the monument to the memory of William Morgan was erected in 1882 in the cemetery at Batavia. This monument is of granite and about sixty feet in height. The block upon which the inscriptions are chiseled is four feet square and nearly six feet high, and the faces containing the inscriptions are polished. Its columnar shaft is sur-



HENRY O'REILLY.

mounted by the statue of a man represented as making an address. The inscriptions are as follows: —

[South Side.]

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

WM. MORGAN.

A NATIVE OF VIRGINIA, A CAPTAIN IN THE WAR OF 1812. A RESPECTABLE CITIZEN OF BATAVIA AND A MARTYR TO THE FREEDOM OF WRITING, PRINTING, AND SPEAKING THE TRUTH. HE WAS ABDUCTED FROM NEAR THIS SPOT IN THE YEAR 1826, BY FREE MASONS, AND MURDERED FOR REVEALING THE SECRETS OF THEIR ORDER.

MORGAN.

[West Side.]

THE BANE OF OUR CIVIL INSTITUTIONS IS TO BE FOUND IN MASONRY, ALREADY POWERFUL AND DAILY BECOMING MORE SO. I OWE TO MY COUNTRY AN EXPOSURE OF ITS DANGERS. — CAPT. WM. MORGAN.

[East Side.]

ERECTED BY VOLUNTEER CONTRIBUTIONS FROM OVER 2000 PERSONS RESIDING IN CANADA, ONTARIO, AND TWENTY-SIX OF THE UNITED STATES AND TERRITORIES.

[North Side.]

THE COURT RECORDS OF GENESEE COUNTY AND FILES OF THE BATAVIA ADVOCATE KEPT IN THE RECORDER'S OFFICE CONTAIN THE HISTORY OF THE EVENTS THAT CAUSED THE ERECTION OF THIS MONUMENT.

I cannot refrain from republishing in this connection a tribute to John Whitney, found in the columns of the "Craftsman," the masonic organ, for June, 1829, after his sentence for imprisonment: —

"Of the character of John Whitney through his career of life thus far it is almost irrelevant to speak, for the voice of community, the unwilling testimony even of those who, for purposes best known to themselves, have seen fit to persecute him, is lifted up in his praise. He was the useful citizen, the kind neighbor, the generous friend, the industrious mechanic, the faithful husband, and the fond father."

John Whitney died in Chicago in the summer of 1869, forty-three years after the abduction of William Morgan. Who shall say that each was not equally the martyr of fanat-

icism and self-misled at the outset? There are not lacking among us those who can see in the joyless life of John Whitney after that fatal September night as much to commiserate, even to honor, as in that of the murdered man, whose mental suffering, though terrible, was not prolonged.

THE "GOOD ENOUGH MORGAN" AFFAIR.

If the Morgan affair of 1826 gave Rochester unenviable notoriety, that of the "Good Enough Morgan" affair of 1827 intensified the interest of the whole country in several of our political leaders and the warfare they waged in our journalism and courts. The names of men high in office and social standing almost disappeared for a while in opprobrious epithets: "Masons Jacks," "Mingoes," "whisker pullers," "kidnappers," etc.

There are two versions of the story in which so much undying bitterness originated. Thurlow Weed's "Autobiography" gives one, Henry Brown's "History of Political Anti-Masonry," another. The last mentioned book was published in 1829, its writer, a lawyer of Batavia, Western New York, and copies may be found in the New York Mercantile and Astor libraries.

The impartial reader of the two conflicting accounts has at least the following facts from which to draw conclusions: —

Morgan had disappeared. The Masons, as a body, were charged with his murder. But there was no proof that he was dead. Many believed he was in hiding. Thurlow Weed, the animating spirit of American political anti-Masonry at the time, and one of the Rochester Committee seeking the apprehension and conviction of those concerned in the Morgan abduction, read in the Orleans "Whig" one day (12th of October, 1827) what caught his vigilant eye at once. The body of an unknown man had been found on the lake shore near the mouth of Oak Orchard Creek. The description given by the coroner led Mr. Weed to think it might be the body of William Morgan, who, he believed, had been drowned in the Niagara River more than a year

before. "Teeth sound, except two missing on the lower jaw; a set of what is generally termed double teeth in front," was the particular item leading him to start at once with several friends for Oak Orchard Creek, as Morgan's teeth were known to be double, and his size corresponding to that of the body described. He sent to Batavia requesting those who would be most likely to determine if it was Morgan's body or not to aid him in his investigation on an appointed day. "In passing through the villages on my way," he says, "I gave notice of the contemplated investigation, and invited citizens generally to be present." Mrs. Morgan's attendance was also secured, with two teeth of her husband which she had preserved — an unusual preservation, we must all admit.

At the first inquest some one had said, "Perhaps this is Morgan," but a Mr. Potter, who found the corpse, replied at once such could not be the case, as the body had whiskers and was not bald, and every one who had ever seen Morgan remembered his bald head and smooth face. That ended the matter for the nonce. The man was buried, but his clothing was kept by the coroner, in case some one should try to identify him.

The second inquest was instigated by Mr. Weed. A statement published in the Rochester "Advertiser" shortly afterwards, representing that he caused the corpse to be disinterred on a Saturday and left in the charge of "three trusty men to guard it against the Masons" until the Monday following, and that the hair and whiskers disappeared in that time, etc., was the cause of the indictment brought against the publisher and editor of the "Advertiser," and which was withdrawn without trial at last, after hanging over their heads twelve years, although they never made retraction.

To this second inquest the coroner summoned twenty-five intelligent citizens, all residents of the town of Carleton. "Before the body was exhumed," says Mr. Weed, "Mrs. Morgan, Dr. Strong, Mr. Fitch, Mr. Gibbs, Mr. Dyer, etc., were called upon to give in detail their recollection of

the *personnel* and of any peculiarities by which it might be identified. . . . The face was so discolored and distorted that no feature of it was distinguishable." The two teeth were found to slide into their cavities satisfactorily, and there was a convincing scar on one of the great toes. The end of the inquest was, Mrs. Morgan declared the body to be that of her husband, William Morgan, and attended the public funeral at Batavia dressed in deep mourning, when a funeral discourse was delivered by one James Cochran. The report of the Rochester Committee attending the inquest closed as follows: "For ourselves, we do conceive that the body discovered on the shore of Lake Ontario has been identified as the body of Captain William Morgan beyond the shadow of a doubt. In this discovery we cannot but trace the hand of an overruling Providence, who, when all human efforts were found too weak effectually to penetrate the mysterious secret, has chosen his own time, and by his own means to throw a broad light upon this dark mystery. This induces us to rely with a stronger hope upon the same Providence to unravel the remainder of this entangled skein, and to provide means for bringing all the perpetrators of a daring outrage to merited punishment.

(Signed) SAMUEL WORKS,
HARVEY ELY,
FREDERICK F. BACKUS,
FREDERIC WHITTLESEY,
THURLOW WEED."

"'Morgan is found!'" I quote from Brown's "History of Political Anti-Masonry." "'Morgan is found,' was the theme of every tongue. Heaven had laid bare its outstretched arm to avenge his death, and that not upon the guilty perpetrators only, but the whole fraternity. The already excited town received a new impulse, and future triumphs were rung in every ear. The cry of vengeance was wafted on every breeze, and mingled with every echo returning from the lake, where Morgan's ghost, it was said, performed its nightly rounds." Surely a political

party never saw the fall election drawing near with more confidence of sweeping success than did the anti-Masons that October when they buried their supposed Morgan. There was outspoken dissatisfaction with this second inquest, but Mrs. Morgan's recognition went a long way with the multitude. Said the "Daily Advertiser," in one of its editorials, "The more we hear and see, the more thoroughly satisfied are we that there was foul play some way or other connected with the second inquest over the body recently found. It is utterly unreconcilable with our notions of right in such cases that anything tending to throw light on a judicial investigation should have been withheld or smothered by those assisting at it; but that something similar to this has been the case is susceptible of positive proof." . . . "Certainly it was an extraordinary discovery, bordering on the miraculous," said Colonel Pratt, "that a human body, floating about in Lake Ontario for a year, food for fishes and undergoing decomposition, should be found with head and hair complete."

It is to Henry Brown's History, and to Henry O'Reilly's "Good Enough Morgan," published 1880, that we must turn for a fuller insight into the *third inquest* than Mr. Weed vouchsafes.

The anti-Masons were on the high tide of political success, "when a voice from Canada," says Henry Brown, "dispelled the general joy — a still small voice — the voice of a widow and her fatherless children claiming the remains of their dead. Their pretensions for a while were treated with levity, and they were even insulted and abused."

The story that speedily came out was as follows: —

One Timothy Monro, of the township of Clark, Upper Canada, in company with his friend, John Cron, had visited Newark on the Canadian side of the Niagara River, opposite Fort Niagara, September 26, 1827. While awaiting the sale of his cargo, he, with his shipmate, John Cron, crossed the river in a small boat. Returning, the skiff capsized near the place where Morgan was said to have been murdered, and Timothy Monro was drowned, notwithstanding the efforts of John Cron to save his life.

When Mrs. Monro saw the notice of the body found at Oak Orchard Creek, she started for Batavia at once, with her son and John Cron, to satisfy herself of its identity. One account is that messengers were dispatched from this locality to bring her here. Her appearance on the scene was naturally exciting, and a large representation of Rochester men attended the third inquest. The Morgan Committee, it is said, declined to lend their presence, but the opposite faction, headed by Ebenezer Griffin, Henry O'Reilly, Jacob Gould, Robert H. Stevens, etc., were unsparing in their efforts to secure a thorough investigation.

Just before this third inquest took place, and when the public ear was quick to catch each item concerning the new phase of the matter, and fanatics and demagogues were magnifying every circumstance that could further the interests of their party, Mr. Weed uttered the memorable words, whose exact rendering we may possibly never know, but which went over the country like wild-fire.

His own version of the affair, given to the New York "Graphic," is as follows: —

"When this last inquest was pending, the lawyer, Ebenezer Griffin, father-in-law of Judge E. Darwin Smith, and engaged by the Masons, said to me one day, 'What are you going to do for a Morgan now?' 'This man is a good enough Morgan,' I retorted, 'till you produce the man that was killed.' He went off and reported that I said the deceased was a *good enough* Morgan until after election. This lie was first published by Henry O'Reilly, editor of the Rochester "Daily Advertiser," and it made such an excitement that he stuck to it and elaborated it. Finally, the lie took this form — that I pulled out the beard, cut the hair, and otherwise defaced or mutilated the features of the Ontario corpse so as to make them resemble Morgan. . . . I was abhorred by tens of thousands. Old acquaintances cut me. I was pointed at on the street. Friends gave me the cold shoulder. I received threatening anonymous letters. I was a marked man."

The following affidavit appeared in the "Daily Adver-

tiser," and in the form of handbills, and was circulated at the polls throughout the county the following November : —

"William C. Greene, being duly sworn, deposeth and says that he, the said Greene, with others, did attend the poll of election held at Harvard's, in the town of Gates, in the County of Monroe, and that there Mr. Thurlow Weed did say that he, the said Thurlow, did pull the whiskers from the face of the body found at Orchard Creek, and that John Marchant did shave the same, he, the said Thurlow, being one of the Morgan Committee.

"WILLIAM C. GREENE.

"Subscribed and sworn this 6th day of November, 1827, before me.

"SAMUEL MILLER, J. P."

The third inquest of the body at Batavia followed Mrs. Monro's and John Cron's examination at Gaines, where the clothing had been preserved. Mrs. Monro's description of the clothing worn by her husband when he left home, and confirmed by John Cron, was surprisingly minute and exact, even to the yarn in the darning of the socks, and the mending of the pantaloons. This of course was before she had seen the clothing in the coroner's keeping. That it was that of Timothy Monro was believed even by those who still persisted that the body must be Morgan's, although when the body was produced at Batavia, before an intelligent and impartial jury, upon which there were more anti-Masons than Masons, the decision of the second inquest was adjudged false. The face had changed beyond recognition, but it was a bald, whiskerless corpse, according to Brown's and O'Reilly's version, while Mr. Weed's is as follows : "Monro had a heavy black beard and coarse black hair, while the beard of the body found was grayish, and the hair long, soft, and of a chestnut color . . . so that while the clothes were minutely and accurately described by Mrs. Monro, the body sworn to by her and her son was not the body upon which the clothes were found ;" to which

the opposition naturally retorted, "they would ask us to believe that William Morgan's body, which they say was sunk with weights and bound by a cable tow in Niagara River, thirteen months ago and more, had somehow managed to get inside of Timothy Monro's clothing."

Jonathan Hurlburt, Coroner, impaneled the following jury: Guy Carlton Towner, Osburn Filer, Alva Smith, Heman Pomeroy, Jr., Joseph Furman, Charles C. Church, Truman Hurlburt, Hall S. Gregory, Cornelius L. Sweet, Daniel P. Adams, William H. Webster, Abraham Van Tuyl, John Thorp, Jr., William Blossom, Elisha Parmelee, William H. Wells, Burnham Gilbert, John Waldo, Benjamin Henshaw, Ebenezer Pomeroy, Lemuel Holden, Ezekiel Betts, Oswald Williams, Nicholas Sagenddorph, who returned a verdict that "the said body is that of Timothy Monro, and they do say upon their oaths as aforesaid, that the same Timothy Monro came to his death by drowning . . . the 26th day of September, 1827."

A paper signed by Ebenezer Griffin, James F. Mason, and Jacob Gould, was widely circulated, giving an account of the inquest, the verdict of the jury, and their agreement with the same.

And yet there are those to-day who seem unshaken in their conviction that the body in the Batavia cemetery, upon which three inquests were held, is that of William Morgan.

The importance of the decision of that third inquest can hardly be estimated. It changed and purified the political atmosphere. The second decision had placed at least fifty under the suspicion of murder, because of the charge of their connection with Morgan's disappearance. With Morgan proved to have been drowned, indictments for his abduction would have been indictments for murder.

Mrs. Morgan married not long after the third inquest.

THE ARCADE.

Rochester without the Arcade, even now that the city is sometimes called a suburb of Powers Block, would be very like Europe without the Mediterranean, Venice without

canals, and Pisa without its tower. The Arcade is the channel through which all the converging streams of our municipal life flow in a steady, quiet stream. It stamped our individuality when we were hardly expected to have individuality; it characterized us, and that creditably, when Carthage Bridge was unforgotten.

We, whose memories recall the day when it was our pride and the wonder of the stranger within our gates, watch every change in its structure with tardy approval, for it is preëminently the monument of the enterprise and seership of early Rochester, and the birthplace of much that has shaped our destiny.

The Old Arcade.

Far more of the first things in our annals date from the old Arcade than from any other locality. Rochester has been called "the great place for starting things." The appellation is not misapplied, and the association of many of our movements with the Arcade we leave to those who would pursue the subject more exhaustively. That little saddler's shop on the west side of the river was the nucleus of much of our prosperity. There is an item in the simple autobiography of that poor saddler that has place here, for

it tells us how the pioneer of 1812 was enabled, in 1828, to build on the site of his first home in Rochester the largest and most expensive building in the United States west of Albany, and the finest in the State outside of New York city, a far greater venture for the owner, and a more exceeding joy for the people, than was ever the magnificent building on the Four Corners, which has naturally given the Arcade the place of a venerated antiquity. The extract from the autobiography takes us back to the troublous times of the War of 1812, when the little settlement was suffering from fear of an invasion by the British.

"During the summer and fall of 1813 the basement story of the large house was finished and some of the rooms above, and we moved into it, and rented the one we left to Elisha Ely. Captain Isaac Stone" (the east side tavern keeper) "having been authorized to enlist a company of volunteer cavalry for six months as General Peter B. Porter's volunteers, Harvey Ely and I contracted to equip them, he to furnish the clothing and I the saddlery, to be paid for when they received the money from government for their services. As soon as my health became sufficiently restored, I began the work."

The saddlery was paid for in good time and the war was over. The nest egg was prudently invested in the first tavern on the west side, the house where General Scott and his staff were entertained on their way home from the frontier, and where Mortimer F. Reynolds was born. George Frauenberger is the historian of the Arcade, and I cannot do better than quote from the interesting leaflet he has issued, "History of Reynolds' Arcade, 1828 to 1880." In speaking of our first west side tavern, he says:—

"It was there that the first justice's court was held; the first physician practiced the healing art; the first lawyer expounded to a gaping crowd the principles of legal lore; the first school opened (taught by a lady who continued to reside in the city until her death in 1874, and two or more of her pupils still reside here); the first religious meetings were held; the first newspaper published; the first masonic

lodge; the first tailor's shop; the first saddler's shop, and the first restaurant established.

"In Spafford's 'Gazetteer' of the State of New York, published in 1824, is the following descriptive paragraph: 'Rochester — post village or borough — capital of Monroe County. It is incorporated and ought to be called a Post Borough.' Although in the four years between 1824 and 1828 the business and population had materially increased, it required considerable enterprise and courage to erect a building of the cost and dimensions of the Arcade at that early day. Confident as the builder was in his hopes and anticipations of the future Rochester, he could hardly have conceived the wondrous change that has occurred in the frontier village, proud of its then 8,000 residents, to the great city of to-day boasting of its 100,000 inhabitants.

"The completion of the Arcade marked an epoch in our early history as the centre of business and population. It was the largest and most expensive building in the United States west of Albany, and the finest in the State outside New York city. Here the Athenæum was started, and an auditorium furnished expressly for its uses, in which was inaugurated the first mayor elect of the city of Rochester; here the first strictly religious newspaper, the 'Observer,' was published; here was published the 'Craftsman,' a masonic journal; and here was painted the first portrait, the first daguerreotype, the first lithographs, the first wood and steel engravings; here the first sculptor of the city (and perhaps of the country) has wrought on marble the faces and figures of some of our eminent citizens; here the late lamented Wm. A. Reynolds opened the first seed-store, and in connection with M. B. Bateham commenced the nursery and green-house business, from which has grown the extensive seed-house of Hiram Sibley & Co., and the gigantic nursery establishment of Ellwanger & Barry, to whom he transferred the business. Here for fifty years have the people of this vicinity come to deposit and receive their mail matter, and who can tell how much of hope and disappointment, of joy and sorrow, the little missives have

conveyed. Here was the electric telegraph office opened soon after the completion of the first line west of Albany; here have merchants, mechanics, artists, printers, lawyers, doctors, surveyors, architects, dentists, and hosts of business men pursued their various callings and practiced their professions; here has justice been administered, the nuptial ties been sealed, and perchance prematurely severed; the naked clothed; the hungry fed; the thirsty had their thirst assauged; the poor had the gospel preached, and some, alas! life's fitful fever o'er, have been summoned from the scenes of this busy whirl of commerce to join the multitude who people the silent abode of the city of the dead.

"When first erected, the Arcade did not extend through to what is now Exchange Place, but what was then known as Bugle Alley. It was subsequently extended northerly and easterly to meet the requirements of the business which has centred in and around it, and, as far as practicable, to keep pace with the increase and growth of population and business, and the improvements and taste in architectural structures, the natural concomitants and outgrowth of a larger and wealthier population. The old-fashioned style of architecture, with high narrow windows, that formed the original store fronts, has given way to broad sheets of French and American Plate Glass; and the old wooden arch, with its small lights of window glass, has been replaced by the massive iron rafters and immense plates of rough glass weighing fully seventy tons. The upper rooms of the building being fitted up for artists' studios, they have for more than two generations past been occupied by artists in the various departments of art."

The story of the many artists who have had their studios in that upper floor of the Arcade, — their successes, failures, windfalls, and mishaps, — would make an interesting volume of itself, and one of no small size. D. M. Dewey, who has been a tenant of the Arcade since 1844, seeming to many of us as much a part of it as the gallery and skylight, has, as a dealer in works of rare excellence, and

by his encouragement of genuine talent in our local artists, done much for the formation and perpetuating of a high standard of art in Rochester. His "Brief Sketches of our Painters" from Paul Hinds (1820) to John W. Miller, the fresco-painter, who to-day makes Powers' art gallery to bloom as a rose, gives us, with many other glimpses of the lives of our artists, what we cannot help noting in this connection, — the fact that the majority of them first set up their easels, in our midst at least, in the old Arcade. Many a now famous artist has hung out a sign on that upper floor, bearing an unknown, and, perhaps, while with us, an unnoticed name.

The year 1834 in our art history is memorable as the one in which Grove S. Gilbert came to Rochester, of all our artists the acknowledged head. It is hard to define his superiority. Artists say, "You have only to look at his portraits and *there it is*," — the indescribable something Gilbert Stuart called the "*that*" of a picture, for lack of any other name. Self-taught, forbidden by stern necessity to become a copyist if so inclined, ignorant of the rules deemed indispensable for the regulation of genius, he began to work out his ideal of true portraiture in his own way, which he could neither teach nor explain ; and the result was, artists of eminence in the eastern cities were soon deriding him for staying longer where his matchless brush could never bring him the ducats he deserved. But Gilbert had a peculiar fondness for his Arcade studio, and his true artist temperament made worldly emoluments to him of little value. He was content to abide with us, and paint his portraits in his own time and his own way, refusing, even when not overburdened with orders, to paint such — and here it is hard to find a better word than Gilbert Stuart's — as did not have the "*that*" in them for him to paint from. The "that" was not a thing of the outward physiognomy with him. He painted from the inner life, the personality, and his portraits must give the best and characteristic phase. If he caught the revelation clearest and strongest in some one feature, — the eye, the outline

of a cheek in a certain mood, — the rest of the face was secondary to him, dependent upon it. One can easily understand his limitations ruled by ideas so uncompromising to every principle seeking gain or the approval of his patrons. I doubt if all his sitters appreciated the honor conferred upon them when he consented to reproduce their faces upon his canvas; and why his portraits, in addition to their exquisite management of color, and breadth of chiaro-oscuro, have an ideality the true artist recognizes as the reality subtly caught by one who could discover its existence.

The self-depreciation of Gilbert has always been a wall of adamant between him and extended fame. To praise his work required more tact than to criticise that of many an inferior artist. His ideal was exalted. He humbly did his best, and that not for your commendation; and now in his declining years, his old Arcade studio forsaken, he half wonders why he ever attempted to paint at all.

A collection and exhibition of his portraits would renew the inquiry, "Why did he not become the most famous of portrait painters?" Mr. Dewey tells the story that when, after much solicitation, Gilbert was finally prevailed upon to send one of his heads to the Academy of Design several years ago, the work so excited the admiration of the artists that Elliott, the distinguished portrait painter, offered Gilbert's name at once as a member, and he was unanimously elected. He would never have sent the picture of his own free will.

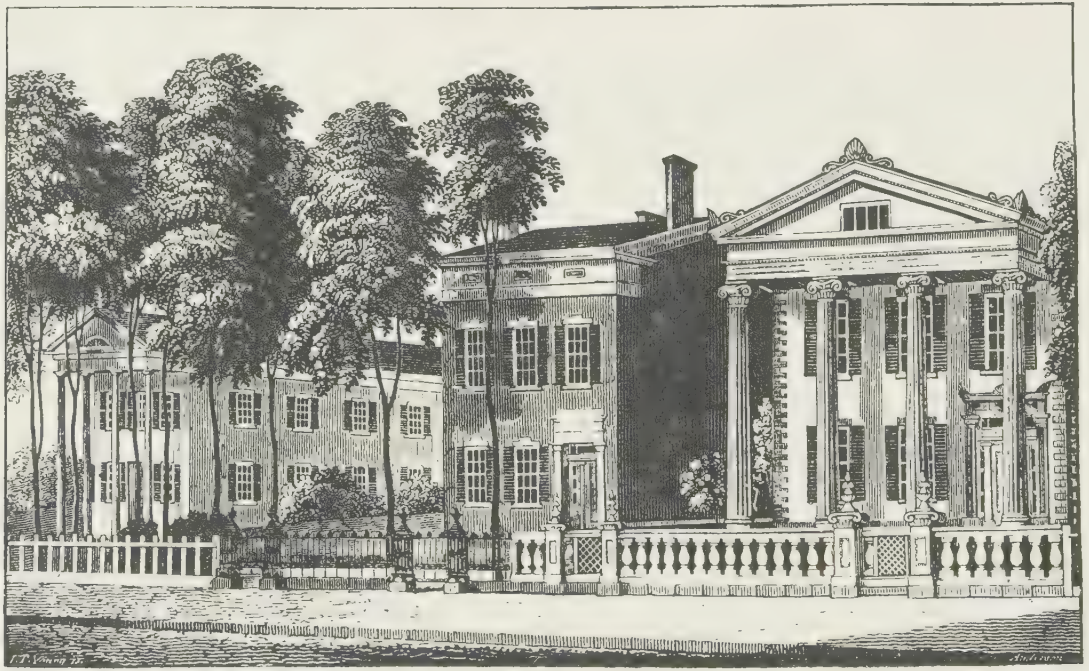
In the forty-five years and more in which he painted portraits in the Arcade studio, the following persons are among the many who have sat before his easel: Jesse Hawley, Dr. Matthew Brown (it was this portrait he sent to the Academy of Design), the Rev. Dr. Wisner, a former pastor of the Brick Church, the Rev. Dr. Whitehouse, of St. Luke's, the late Bishop of Illinois, the Hon. Levi Ward, considered by Mr. Gilbert one of his best pictures, Dr. Dewey, Harvey Humphrey, Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Dewey, several portraits for the family of Gilman H. Perkins, etc.

"I never voted but once, if I remember rightly," is one of the reminiscences won from him when he was in a story-telling mood, — the modulations of his low, peculiar voice reminding one in some inexplicable way of the something hard to define in the charm of his pictures, — "and that was in 1848, when I voted for myself. You see we Abolitionists got up an Abolition State ticket of our own, and it took the whole thirteen of us here to fill the offices. They nominated me for member of assembly," pausing tranquilly for us to have our laugh. "We voted for John G. Birney for President that campaign, — would rather lose our vote than vote for the slave power. Who were the old Abolitionists then? My memory fails me, but there was John Kedzie and Isaac Post and Burtis," — looking dreamingly at a sunny spot in the carpet, to break out with gentle impatience, — "Can't I remember those thirteen old Abolitionists? Well," submissively, "their names may come to me by and by."

Among the artists of the old Arcade to whom the appearance of our public streets is largely indebted are our sign painters. We have only to imagine what our thoroughfares would be like had Arnold, Van Dorn, Ethridge, Lines, etc., been lacking in the true artistic sense, to give thanks from a full heart. George Arnold's first sign, painted in 1826, was "A. Reynolds, Postmaster." Speaking of the sign painters of the Arcade brings up inevitably from the past Othello Hamlet Ethridge, a man as closely identified with the old building as are the Genesee Falls with Rochester. To think of the entrance as it used to be, Eugene Sintzinch's paintings of Niagara on either side, making the passage on a hot sultry day something like a plunge into the Rapids, is to see the striking figure of Ethridge passing along the gallery, or posing at the entrance, his unique costume insuring the gaze of a stranger at once, if it did not result in tracking him to "10.000 Arcade" to learn what his belongings could be. There was a flavor of Hamlet and a smack of Othello in the man and his costume, wherever you found him; and we can easily believe the story that at a

Canadian resort, once on a time, he enjoyed the jest of passing for "me lord." He usually wore black trousers, a black velvet cutaway coat, a red waistcoat, — if waistcoat was not renounced entirely for an expanse of snowy linen, — and, when the weather required it, a rather brigandish looking circular cloak, black on ordinary occasions, white on the extraordinary. His jet black waving hair fell upon his shoulders, his beard was long and fastidiously cared for, a white dress hat with a wide band of black crowning all, save when at work, when the jaunty skull cap made us wonder his artistic sense did not lead to his wearing it exclusively. He made his own clothing, every stitch, and those stitches were the perfection of needlework, and the fitting all that Othello Hamlet Ethridge required. His peculiarity was neatness, his specialty, diamonds. He always carried a fortune of rare gems around with him, and was the supreme authority on diamonds. He could tell you who wore paste, and whose diamonds were of the purest water. His glittering eyes read a false stone at a glance. There seemed to be something in common between him and diamonds, a clairvoyant sympathy impossible to define or explain. Eccentric in his friendships and confidences, he was often imposed upon, and disappointed in those he trusted most. Yet he was quick in his sympathies and ready to help the unfortunate, until, perhaps, the gratification of these kindly impulses was at the root of the misfortunes which led him once to an asylum for the insane. He was an interesting character study, whether attempting to play Claude Melnotte, or lifting his voice with the converts of a Methodist revival, as in his younger days. It was then that a good brother remonstrated with him for his gay apparel. "If there's any more religion in your clothes than in mine," said Ethridge, "I 'll change with you."

He excelled in sign lettering, particularly script. He could not paint a good picture, but those wonderful signs children at least delight in, signs giving a different word from different stand-points, were his specialty. It must be admitted that of the list of names of those who have given



Rochester Female Seminary. Formerly the Residence of William Kidd. Formerly the Residence of Rufus Meech.

OLD RESIDENCES ON FITZHUGH STREET.

(Standing unaltered in 1881.)

From O'Reilly, 1838.

a certain indigenous individuality to the Arcade, a list headed by William A. Reynolds, followed by D. M. Dewey, G. S. Gilbert, J. M. Mundy, the sculptor Fleming, and old Charlie Cazeau, if there is a name more inseparable from memories of the place than another, it is that of Othello Hamlet Ethridge and his diamonds.

Contemporaneous with the building of the Arcade was that of many edifices, both public and private, still creditable to our city's architecture. The cement covering the front of the Arcade calls for special mention. The same is found on the Jonathan Child building on Exchange Street, the old residence of Jacob Gould, now Dr. Rider's, South Fitzhugh Street, and possibly some others. The secret of its composition was known only to the Frenchman who was brought here from New York to prepare and apply it. He died suddenly and his secret with him, but the excellence of his cement needs no vindication in Rochester.

The latter part of this memorable decade saw ambitious buildings and private residences going up like magic. It may have been over the borders of the time specified that many of a particular architectural school of mansions, with majestic rows of Grecian columns across their gable fronts, gave our third ward its academical appearance. John Allen built a house in the prevailing fashion on Allen Street, and the old Mumford place on State Street deviated but little from the severe rule. The Whittlesey homestead, and that formerly of Jonathan Child on South Washington Street, are among the finest and best preserved specimens of this early style. The office of Austin, the architect of those days, reflects the same in miniature, the pigmy Parthenon on Exchange Street, facing Court, still standing. . . . It was in this memorable decade that the old Aqueduct House, at the west end of the first aqueduct, and directly in the way of the proposed new one, was moved over to Spring Street, where it was a fashionable family boarding-house for several years, and known as the Spring Street Hotel. In turning over the old files, one can find advertisements setting forth the attractions of the Aqueduct House, for what

other hotel could boast of such location, not only on the banks of the canal, but with the world famous viaduct at its very portal, and a stretch of grass plot for its rurally inclined boarders besides.

If the Arcade was the forum of ancient Rochester, Child's Basin and slip was its Mediterranean, conditioning and vitalizing its canal commerce.

Exchange Street was a great business thoroughfare, and the building erected by Jonathan Child on his canal slip was considered only secondary to the Arcade. The upper floor had been intended by Mr. Child, who was a devoted Mason, for a Masonic Hall, etc.; but the Morgan affair changed all that, and it was converted into a theatre, in whose magnificence the puritanical prophets among us saw the doom of our city's prosperity. One of the reminiscences of that old theatre is of the night when Lord Morpeth, in passing through Western New York, honored our playhouse with his attendance, and presto! the drop curtain was a view of my lord's country house and park. What more could we have done had we made ready to receive him?

It was in this decade that the great majority of our mills were built, introducing into the geographies what many of us have been proud in reciting: "Rochester is famous for the largest flour mills in the world." The market buildings were on the north side of Main Street bridge, an open platform, adjoining the bridge, of twenty feet, designed for a vegetable market; next a raised platform on a grade corresponding to the sidewalks of Buffalo and Main streets, of which the market was a continuation. Next to this was a covered meat market having in the centre a walk of twelve feet wide between two rows of turned columns, and on either side the places for stalls, each ten by fourteen feet. This building was built on the plan of the fine new market in Boston, and cost some three thousand dollars. The south side of Buffalo Street, between the bridge and Aqueduct Street, the northern boundary of Allan's old mill yard, was an open space for market and produce wagons until the

present buildings upon it were erected some time in the early Forties. There was a town pump in the locality, and it was not until the magnificent market house was built on Mason, now Front Street, in 1837 or 1838, that the appearance of our Main Street was changed from that of a country market place into something more like a commercial thoroughfare. And here may be told the story of the wooden ox that used to adorn the façade of the new market house, long since removed to give place to the present public buildings. Its image is indelibly impressed upon the

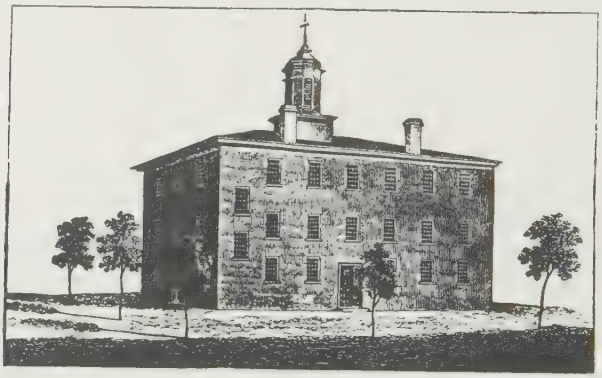
The New Market. (1838.)

earliest memories of some of us, and a very good and artistic piece of workmanship it was, the gift of Nehemiah Osburn to the city. He was one of the contractors for the building, and added that much to its decoration, one Peter La Place, a mechanic of undeveloped genius, fashioning the same without design or model, or, as he expressed it, "just outer my own head." First he made the fore legs, according to Mr. Osburn's story, and set them up. Then the hind legs, bridging them with the body, which was designed and finished in sections. The result was so successful that when it was borne down Front Street at midday in an open wagon, one poor Irishman at least was nearly paralyzed with terror, thinking the beast was alive and making ready to leap at

him. A search for this venerable relic, which should have had a place in our future historical museum, has revealed the suspicion that the fires of our Poor Department were kindled with its remains. There are a few lingering specimens of the art of Peter La Place on the fence posts of Nehemiah Osburn's residence, at the corner of East Avenue and Elm Street.

THE OLD HIGH SCHOOL.

Pioneer days were hardly over, when our pioneers, in the comfortable, even luxurious homes they had founded, were

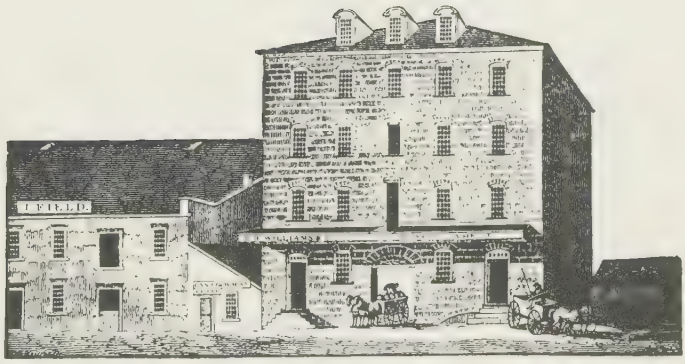


Rochester High School

chiefly considering how they might give their children the advantages of superior education. In the "Directory" for 1827 we read: —

"The extreme occupation and multiplicity of urgent public objects has hitherto prevented the citizens of Rochester from making those efforts in the cause of literature and education which their importance demands. There is as yet no public library of general literature, nor public seminary of education. Measures are in operation, however, for prosecuting both of these objects, which it is hoped the present year will see in a good state of advancement. The private and district schools of the village are about 20 in number, in which 1,150 children and youth are instructed in all the branches of a common and classical education."

MILLS OF WARHAM WHITNEY.



EAGLE MILLS.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

It is in that same "Directory" we find the following noteworthy statement: "It is a remarkable fact, that in a population of nearly 8,000, *not one adult person is a native of the village!* The oldest person now living in the village, who was born here, is not yet seventeen years of age." The burden of the little "Directory" is a plea for education, and, in its fervid effort to gain the hearing of parents, it goes on to say: "There is yet no institution of learning enjoying a public and organized patronage. There is no edifice built for science, no retreat for the Muses, no academick grove yet planted."

There was the Monroe High School, in Henrietta, which the farmers of that vicinity, aided by a few individuals in Rochester, had built, at a cost of some five thousand dollars. Miss Mary B. Allen had been engaged as its principal as early as 1828, when it was the only incorporated institution for education between Utica and Buffalo. The then famous monitorial system of the school gave it an extended reputation, and Dr. Ward and Jacob Gould, of our city, were its enthusiastic supporters. "During the two years that I was there," writes Mrs. King, formerly Miss Allen, in her "Autobiography," "there were few days that we did not have visitors in the school. In some cases wedding parties came there for their first trip."

It would never do to encourage this rivalry in a little village like Henrietta, and so we are not surprised to find in the "Directory" for 1832 the following advertisement, under the head, however, of "Rochester Seminary": —

"This Seminary was organized as a public Institution in 1832, on a plan to meet the actual wants of Rochester and the surrounding country. Until a more central location can be prepared by the comprehensive and united policy of this city, the Seminary occupies the premises of the Rochester High School, in Clinton Street. The edifice is of stone, three stories high, 80 feet by 50, with its grounds and apparatus costing $7,500.

"The Seminary has four Departments, and a Professional Teacher for each.

"The Female Department occupies the third story, in six rooms. It is under the immediate care of a Principal, Miss Mary B. Allen, salary $500, and assistants. Average number of young ladies, 70; many of whom are taught by the professional gentlemen in their respective branches.

"1. English Department. Boys from 7 to 14 years, aiming at a thorough English Education, or an early acquaintance with Latin, Greek, French, or the elements of several sciences, form the English Department, conducted by Mr. Josiah Perry, late Principal of the Ogdensburgh Academy. Salary, $600; Pupils, $35.

"2. Department of Mathematicks and Natural History. Young Men and Boys, in Commercial Arithmetick, Book Keeping, Mathematicks, Botany, Mineralogy, Chymistry. Surveying, and Natural Philosophy and Astronomy, enter this Department, conducted by Mr. Daniel Marsh, A. M. Salary, $700. The Cabinet of Minerals, the Botanical Collection and Apparatus, are adequate. Students not included in other departments, 35.

"The appropriation from the Literary Fund of the State was $466, for 186 students, the first in number of any academy in the State. Young men and Ladies pursuing studies during the year, with a view to teaching, 65. The number of district schools making application for teachers from November to January, over 30.

"It is a leading object of this institution to furnish qualified teachers. The number of students having the Gospel Ministry in view, 25. The institution has a Board of Trustees, viz.: Charles M. Lee, Esq., President; William Atkinson, Secretary; O. N. Bush, Treasurer. There is also a Board of Examiners, to inspect the institution and recommend improvements, viz.: Rev. Henry John Whitehouse, of St. Luke's Church; Rev. William Wisner, of the Brick Church; Rev. Tryon Edwards, of the First Presbyterian Church; Rev. Oliver C. Comstock, of the First Baptist Church; Rev. Barton H. Hickox, of Grace Church; Rev. Luke Lyons, of the Free Church; Rev. Elon Galusha, of the Second Baptist Church; Rev. Millard Fillmore, Minis-

BRICK CHURCH, PRES.

Corner Ann (now Allen) and Fitzhugh Streets.

1828–1860.

ST. PAUL'S (GRACE) CHURCH, P. E.

N. St. Paul Street.

1829. Burned 1847. Rebuilt, 1848.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

ter in charge of the Methodist Episcopal Church; Hon. Ashley Sampson, Hon. Moses Chapin, Hon. F. Whittlesey, Dr. W. W. Reid."

The Rev. Chester Dewey, whose name recalls the sweetest memories of the old pupils of the old High School, was not called to become its principal until after the resignation of the Rev. Gilbert Morgan. Before his memorable arrival, not long after 1836, the school had passed through the great revival season, and Mrs. King's description of the effect upon the pupils, scoffers and converted alike, leads at least to a study of the contrast between the educational system of that day and this. Dr. Dewey's advent must have changed many things for the better, so healthful was his influence in every way.

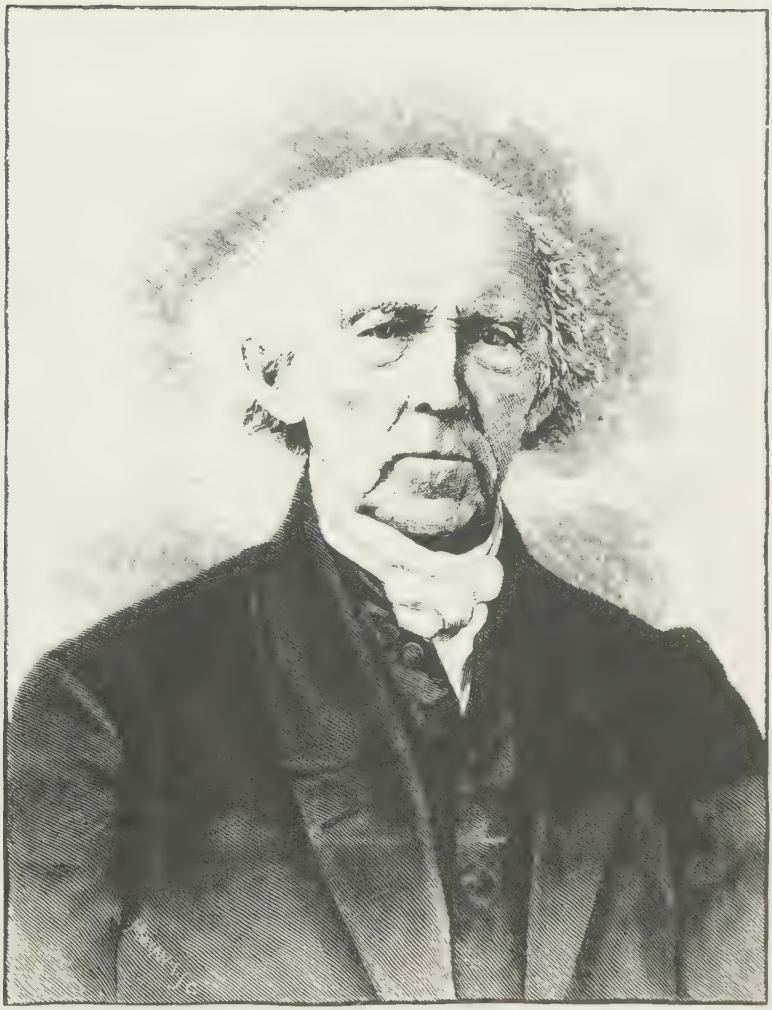
In May, 1874, the old school-boys of this earliest epoch of The Institute were inspired by one of their number, Hon. Edward M. Smith,[1] to have a reunion here in Rochester, and lo! from every corner of the land were they summoned, — those who attended the High School before 1843, — and a fair majority responded, gray-headed men the most of them, of honorable names not a few. An organization had been perfected at a previous meeting, to be called "The Old School-Boys of Rochester," and the following officers elected for the ensuing year: President, Edward M. Smith; Treasurer, S. G. Philips; Secretary, William G. Congdon; Executive Committee: William N. Sage, Jacob Howe, T. A. Newton, Henry F. Smith, J. B. Ward; Historical Committee: T. C. Montgomery, James L. Angle, Newell A. Stone."

The reports of that supper, at which more than a hundred merry, story-telling old boys, dignified titles appended to the famous names of a considerable sprinkling, made some of the old school-girls, at least, to question if "the celestials" of the old Institute had, after all, occupied that

[1] While reading this proof a cable dispatch from London announces, "April 12. E. M. Smith, American Consul at Manheim, died of apoplexy last evening in a railway carriage. He was on his way home." He was to have sailed for New York on the 15th.

place in the thoughts of "the terrestrials," and the denizens of the lower story, whose appellation is perhaps forgotten, as had been supposed. But even without them the reunion was a delightful gathering, and from the many capital things that were said upon the occasion, the letters read, the memories revived, we get our truest insight into the life of the High School pupil, at least prior to 1843, with much valuable historical knowledge besides. The papers of the Society, including those called out by the reunion of 1876, have been placed in my hands by the Secretary, Mr. Congdon, and in looking them over for a resumé here, I regret they may not be published entire, as historical limitations necessarily exclude many of the most interesting documents. The uppermost topics at the feast and in the letters sent with regrets and memories were "the beloved Dr. Dewey," "Old Perry," Professor Wetherel, and the unique peculiarities of the building, class-rooms, and best remembered pupils. Among the latter the names of Norman Peck and Fred Starr were perhaps most frequently mentioned. The distinguished men who were once old High School boys were catalogued: Ex-Senator Doolittle, President of the Chicago University; Ely S. Parker, an Indian chief upon Grant's staff during the war, and the writer of the terms of the surrender at Vicksburg; General M. R. Patrick; C. P. Dewey, a son of "the Doctor," and editor of the "Commercial Advertiser;" Hon. E. Peshine Smith; Attorney General Barlow, of Wisconsin; H. M. Whitney, of Sandwich Islands fame; Colonel John D. Sage; Anson G. Stager, of the Western Union; Dr. Hayden, the naturalist, connected with the Smithsonian and Yellowstone expeditions; E. Delafield Smith; Marcius Jewell; Wm. F. Cogswell; John N. Pomeroy; Seth Green; and a host of others, not forgetting Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), who read her first compositions on the platform of the old High School.

Let it first be recorded what these time-mellowed hearts had to offer in memory of Dr. Dewey. Professor Wetherel sent his sincere regrets from the office of the Boston "Cultivator," and the following sentiment: —



G. Dewey

"The memory of Professor Dewey. The friend of God and the benefactor of men, — a name that the old schoolboys will ever tenderly cherish and delight to honor."

Dr. McKnight, of Elmira, testified to the blessed influence of Dr. Dewey upon the boys under his care. The principles he taught them were the foundation of their character and influence.

"First and foremost among our teachers," wrote James B. Smith from Humboldt, Kansas, "stood Dr. Dewey. We know to-day that we never over-estimated him. Our boyish impressions of his manliness, learning, wisdom, goodness, and geniality, were confirmed all along life. What a lot of boys he always had tagging after him on his way through the lane, and along Clinton Street. I certainly never knew another man of his age whose whole nature was so overflowing with the freshness, spirit, and enthusiasm of youth. It was my honor to be his humble bottle-holder during the courses of lectures he delivered in the schoolroom next St. Luke's Church. One night, after turning the corner of St. Paul and Main, he suddenly seized me and pitched me into a basement stairway partly filled with drifted snow. Off he scampered as gleesome as a boy of fourteen.

"'Can't be doing anything there, Smith! Can't be doing anything there, Starr!' was the signal for Fred and me to get to work after ten or fifteen minutes fooled away in that curiosity shop of pulleys, levers, etc., in Fred's desk. Of course you all remember his automatic desk lifter. . . . When he left the firmament of his calling here, it was as a star of the first magnitude, and his rays still fall earthway, illuminating the hearts and minds of many Christian patriots. . . . I have heard that he died leaving books and tool chest together in his study."

It was to the writer of that letter that the Rev. Darwin Chichester referred in his: "Henry F. Smith had a busy brain and was always making things lively. He was never so sober, however, as when he was making others laugh. How well I remember Dr. Dewey's saying to him once, 'If

you could control the weather, Smith, we should have thunder and lightning all the time.'"

"How well I recall," wrote Derick Boardman from Troy, "the old Institute, and that untiring student of nature, the ever-to-be-venerated Dr. Dewey. Do you remember him, in his long flowing gown, as he would pleasantly summon us from play to the be-whittled desk, or, as he led us on some geological spree along the banks of the river, how his face would brighten when some of us would show him a specimen of the Silurian age, or when he could point out to us the smoothing track of the drift of the glacial period?"

"Dr. Dewey," said Charles B. Hill, "was the teacher we all loved, immortal in the hearts of the old school-boys. Do you remember that at one time considerable ingenuity was displayed among us in the construction of complicated machinery for raising and holding up our desk covers? Well, Smith had one of these contrivances in operation, and was carefully brushing his hair before a mirror on the desk lid. Dr. Dewey came in, watched him, smiling, for a moment, and said, 'Smith, it's the inside of your head that needs brushing.'"

"Don't you remember," asked Cyrus Durfee, "how he would answer us when we kept asking to go out? 'Go out? No! there's a thousand boys out there already, and less, too.'"

Many and touching were the sincere tributes to the memory of Dr. Dewey. His name was the sweet minor chord of the full melody; and what was that of Professor Perry, "Old Perry," as he was called? The boys are of age, and shall speak for themselves on the subject. Their testimony is a confirmation of Mrs. King's suggestive evidence, when she says that Professor Perry's "thorough discipline will be long remembered by the boys under his care." The first witness to Professor Perry's standing among his old pupils I find on a card accepting the invitation to the reunion: "For Heaven's sake, don't have old Perry's ghost at the banquet," suggesting, possibly, the letter straightway received by the secretary, purporting to come from Perry's ghost:—

"Although I have received no invitation to attend your reunion, it would give me great pleasure to make you all unhappy upon that occasion, and I know of nothing that could make you more miserable than to see old Perry again in your midst. . . . When I was in the flesh, it was my practice, you will remember, to go in on my muscle daily, and polish up such boys as Hen Haight, Bob Allen, Fred Whittlesey, and the Bissell boys — to wallop Charlie Hill, Ans Gorton, Ev. Kempshall, Joe Ward, and Chet Dewey, and to dust the jackets of Billy Congdon, Ed Smith, Ans Stager, Fatty Backus, and the rest, whose names I have forgotten. . . . I am now in charge of the Juvenile Delinquents in the subterranean House of Refuge, and I make it lively for them. Give my love to all the boys who won honorable scars on the skirmish line of early life under me, particularly to Seth Green, who, I am told, after stocking the rivers and lakes of America with bull-heads and suckers, has opened a fish market at Lane & Paine's drug store."

"But Perry had his good points," contended the Rev. John Copeland. "He could beat grammar into a boy's head when nobody else could." This called up Dr. Kempshall's story, of course, when old Perry thrashed Whipple and himself for being late, and how Whipple ran a long pin into the master's neck "nearly up to the head."

"Shades of old Perry and Brittain!" sighed a Doctor of Divinity, "how they start up!"

"I remember how instinctively I shrank into my first boots when I met the gaze of his terrible eyes," said Charles B. Hill, and story after story followed, — a terrible retribution for the old master. What a horrible dream that had been for him in the old times, had he foreseen that banquet and heard the memories of his old pupils.

"No teacher," wrote James B. Smith, "ever bequeathed to his pupils a raggeder-edged reputation than old Perry. His memory was execrated by every boy, with one exception or two, in that famous two hundred. I think Murray Moore loved him. . . . Perry does not really deserve all the maledictions we heap upon his memory. There was some

excellence in the man. His ideas of discipline were in accord with the convictions of the day. He was approved by our parents and sustained by them. Some of us are indebted to him for what thoroughness we had in the rudiments of a scholastic education. . . . If neatness and cleanliness be next to godliness, old Perry was far from being a devil. He helped me to ideas for making a model school. . . . You all remember that formula we used to repeat, 'Missed one, here before the bell rung, studied two hours at home.' . . . I can see those buckskin gloves with which he handled shovel and tongs. I can see that hammer and screw-driver with which he used to frighten Billy Allen, telling him he would take him in pieces and make him over into a better boy. Were any of you ever put into the wood box and made to wear a fool's cap? . . . My cheeks tingle now as I see the blow with which he felled Cal Holmes to the floor. I can see him choke Ame Polley, and the rest of us dancing to his rawhide, but I still admire the emeralds in his spray breast-pin and the rich tones of his voice in the devotional exercises. . . . He taught us a lesson that our children profit by. Let us honor the good there was in him for the good he brought us, and believe that had he lived and taught in this day, he would have been more gentle, tolerant, and humane."

"There was always something to think and laugh about when Norman Peck was around," wrote another boy. "His desk was a curiosity. The underside of that lid was a sight to behold. When the girls marched in for recitation and sat behind him, that lid would go up, the teachers wondering what the girls could be laughing at. He had turned that desk into something like a canal boat. 'No smoking allowed,' was what greeted their eyes, and other startling posters."

"Do you remember," somebody was asking, "how after a boy had spoken his piece one Friday afternoon with great display of voice and gesticulation, Norman Peck mounted the platform, and, imitating the preceding speaker, exclaimed, 'Has the gentleman done? Has he completely done? He

has done,' and walked gravely to his seat unmoved by the uproar of applause, Dr. Dewey saying, 'You have done exceeding well, Mr. Peck,' enjoying the affair heartily."

"Cal Holmes was the orator of the school," writes one of the boys. "Jed and Bick Newell were the best runners. Kas Jervis the organizer of societies. Bissell, the roaring debater. Charlie Seelye was the skeptic. Jim Miller, the Britisher. Hen Haight, the dead shot at marbles. George Guernsey had a passion for trombones. Gus Backus was the club boy. Ed Wright, the obstinate boy. Hugh Allen was pugilistic. Jim Bush was a roarer. Bill Bingham, a swell. John Haywood, the paragon in mathematics. Fred Starr had great mechanical skill, and it did n't answer to call Jim Smith a 'sorrel top,' unless you could stand the racket."

"I keep among my treasures," said another, "an old book with the name of Seth Green written in it in a boy's chirography on the inside of the cover, — a name known to-day wherever rivers flow or fish flop. In another of my books is a sketch by Thomas Rossiter, who became a distinguished artist before he died. . . . There was Wm. N. Sage, with fresh, rosy face and resolute mouth, and laughing eyes."

"I wonder if the Rev. Dr. Miller remembers," asked the Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, "the time he waded with me through a covered sewer extending from a swamp near the canal at Washington Street, across and under Buffalo Street, and so down past Howe's Bakery towards the river? Rare times we had there underground, for which we had been well trounced had the folks at home been the wiser."

Dyer W. Fitch gave among his many pleasant reminiscences this one, which belongs to us all: —

"I well remember among my school-fellows an active boy of marked individuality, whose restless spirit no pent up school-room could long confine, and who was given to taking practical observations of what was going on at all times and seasons at the Falls, the Bay, and the Lake. . . . If the school-master did wink sometimes harder than he

ought at the boy's absence from school, it was all for the best, for Seth Green was developing the special bent of his genius in a new school of culture."

"I remember our class in Geometry," writes George Needham, "but recall few names but Sandford Smith's, and two of Miss Allen's pupils, Celestia Bloss and Helen Mallett, who were the equals of the boys in all their recitations."

Among the acceptances and regrets sent in are many showing that the old boy nature was still alive in the writer's heart. Charlie Backus scrawls a big "Yes," and his rollicking autograph. Wm. Emerson promises to be on hand "when the first bell rings." George P. Bissell desires to come and means to, but remembers Joe Ward owes him "a licking." George Green is shad hatching on the Hudson, and must be excused, while C. Bissell recounts the lions in his way to the reunion with amusing brevity. Jacob Howe writes from Clifton Springs, "I am where I used to be sometimes you know. I can't go out to play with the rest of you. I am kept in."

"I am now in my seventy-seventh year," writes B. Newman from Victor, regretting he cannot meet with the boys. "I have lived in Victor forty-seven years, but my memory of my school-days in Rochester, from 1814 to 1820, is the pleasantest memory I have. I boarded at Marcellus P. Covert's, and Lawyer Mastick boarded there. I went to school with Edwin Scrantom and his brothers. Our teachers were Mr. Cook, Mr. Moses King, etc."

"I think I am about as old as any old school-boy," said Edwin Scrantom. "I went to the first school ever taught in Rochester, — Huldah Strong's. I went to Moses King's first school in Frankford, and the two schools together did n't make a corporal's guard."

"The district schools of early times," wrote William Barnard, "were not as popular as the free schools of to-day. We boys had the idea they were got up expressly for poor folks. . . . One of these select school-teachers, Mr. Wilder, paid great attention to writing. There was a post near his

desk full of gimlet holes, with our names under them. After writing we stuck our quill pens there for him to mend before the next day. Among the early teachers of the select schools were Mr. Freeman, Alexander Kelsey, D. B. Crane, Ellery S. Treat, and Erastus Spaulding. The first district school was next to St. Luke's Church, a long one story frame building, its one room divided by a sliding partition. I think it was taught by Mr. and Mrs. Brayton."

One more pleasant reminiscence for the benefit of the school-boy band scattered far and wide over our land. To have been a boy in Rochester before 1850 was to have attended the old High School — and where do we not find the Rochester boy?

"The old High School boys," said Charles B. Hill, "are scattered in every direction; you will find them wherever you go. I remember years ago while waiting in a lonely and seldom visited spot in California for a steamer to San Francisco, as the boat came up to the dock, I heard a voice from the upper deck exclaiming, 'Charlie Hill! Where did you come from?' and there, one of a lot of red-shirted, long-bearded miners, was Jake Barhydt, whose smiling face I see here to-night."

These reunions were of the boys who attended the High School prior to 1843, although we find among them the names of students of a later date. The High School had seen its best days before 1848. The superior free schools of the city were the chief cause of its decline. Its financial basis was never sound. A. W. Riley was the contractor for the building, upon which the trustees expended a greater sum than was authorized. When it was burned down in 1850, the trustees were still owing him a considerable sum, of which the interest only was fully paid. Perhaps it was at the time that Mrs. Greenough had charge of the young ladies department that the Institute was at its apex of success. It was then the fashionable school of the city, for young ladies at least, and the receptions and entertainments of the highly cultivated preceptress were much talked about. There were few if any prayer-meetings held

among the pupils in those days, but the tableaux vivants and masquerades were magnificent. Sara J. Clark was a pupil about 1842–43, and the school-girls of a later day, when Grace Greenwood was a famous name, knew just where to find her autograph on the pencil bescribbled walls. Professor Wetherel was associated with the Institute longer than any other teacher. His tall, erect figure, military bearing, piercing eye, and peculiar gesticulations with his inseparable ruler, come up as inevitably with old High School memories as do the buttonwood-trees, the rickety stile, and the long wood-piles filling the playground in the fall, slowly but surely diminishing before spring with the demands of the great box, three-storied stoves. What a cheerless, dusty, inconvenient building it was, and must have been at its best, compared with the High School of to-day, with its elevator, steam-heaters, carpets, and electric bells, and yet I doubt me if the High School pupils of to-day will ever look back to their luxuries with anything like the sentiment the latter day pupils even of the Institute perpetually bestow upon its memory. How common it was to find mice in our dinner baskets, to have them leap from our desks in the morning, to trip our light fantastic toes against the loose upstarting nails in the floors, to drink tepid water from the pail in the hall, and to shiver in the great gusty school-rooms on a cold day. Of course each pupil furnished desk and chair, thus adding to the variety of the school-room furniture. The blackboards stood slanting against the wall, a capital hiding-place from which the truant could peep out and make the class a mystery to the teacher. We broke up the chalk ourselves, no chalk pencils then, and were smothered in the dust of the "rags." We did have curtains, strips of unbleached factory that flapped to the zephyrs on a summer's day, unless we tied them into knots. The old bell-rope lay in a coil directly before the entrance to the young ladies' school-room. The odor of the cooking going on at noon-time in the little room where lodged the janitors, — school-boys working their way up life's ladder, — how definitely we knew their bill of

fare. The High School pupils of to-day will remember with gratitude, it is hoped, the perfected system of teaching and discipline which they enjoy; but they need waste no pity upon us who paid handsomely for all we received at the Institute, and never dreamed of criticising our environment. The High School boys of to-day will in 1924 have few study-hour pranks to relate, fewer barbarities of teachers to depict, few or no instances of hand to hand encounter between teacher and pupil. Their reunions will be enlivened by rehearsals very different from those of the boys of "Old Perry's" time, or even Leander Wetherel's, a man far in advance of the ideas of his co-educators a decade ago.

"When I think of those old Institute days," wrote one who was a pupil of Miss Rogers in 1849, "I find myself marching in to prayers, and sitting where we were bidden to sit against our wishes, where we could not see Professor Benedict's boys. Professor Wetherel's were the little fellows as a rule. Dr. Dewey, Professor Benedict, and Professor Wetherel sit in the desk, or, if prayers are begun, one is reading a chapter, the next beside him will offer prayer, and to the third will fall the extempore address. Can you see Miss Rogers overlooking our ranks without turning her head, or seeming distraction from chapter, prayer, or sermon? —— —— has a four-leaved clover in her shoe. The first lad who comes in late after prayer is begun is to be linked with her destiny. Joseph Biegler! and how solemn he looks, wondering, of course, why the girls laughed when he came in. Will you ever forget how many feet make one mile? That statement on the blackboard is burnt into my memory. And then we go into Dr. Dewey's class-room, and hear him recite the lesson in Natural Philosophy, for he has that delightful way of discoursing upon what we ought to know but don't, turning upon us occasionally, however, with his 'Now do you know?' . . . 'Well, *what* do you know?' It is in the chemistry class one morning that he expresses the wish that it was the season for red cabbage, as then he could show us a certain

experiment. Sage speaks up promptly that he can bring red cabbage, adding, for the Doctor is surprised and puzzled, 'but it 's pickled,' and the Doctor's laugh rings in with ours. . . . I go into the Virgil class, and Professor Benedict's big school-room is a model of order and discipline. He is a young man, dark brown hair, and searching eyes, low voiced, but the master in every sense, and so acknowledged. I think I could translate better if the room was not so still, and if the Professor's eyes were less marvelously penetrating. . . . Professor Wetherel hears the 'Parker's Aid.' Will we ever dare again to confront him without our exercises? —— —— dropped a slip of paper on which she had written in a disguised hand: —

"'Professor Wetherel's dear little wife
Must study her grammar all of her life.'

He will ask her to parse that to-morrow, see if he don't. . . . And now the boys who study French with Miss Rogers are coming into class. There is Sed Hetzel in his green plaid blouse, brimming over with fun and frolic; Gus Strong, a model of correct deportment, and Jesse Shepherd, who keeps us in rosy apples and hickory nuts that he brings from Irondequoit every morning. Charley Powers is one of this old French class, and how handsome he is, dark as an Indian, his short, closely-fitting jacket setting off a fine figure as only those jackets can. . . . Chet Heywood and Ike Seelye — how like two lions on guard they seem at our school-room door; and Ed Gould and Jimmie Hart clattering down East Avenue on their ponies every morning from Brighton; Jimmie Pitkin and Charlie Belden, inseparable as the Corsican Brothers; Billy Seward, Vin Smith, Hod Bush, Pom Brewster, the Humphreys, the Whittleseys, H. F. Smith, Andrew Semple, Otis, Bristol, Fenn, Alden, Ledyard, etc., how plainly I can see them all in their boyish garb and faces."

The fire-blackened ruins of the old High School were removed at last, and the beautiful stone church built by the Third Presbyterian Society, and now owned and occupied

by the Unitarians, was erected on its site. There is little or nothing in the locality that was a feature in the old-time picture. The narrow lane from Lancaster to Clinton Street was long since closed. If anything could transport the old pupils back over a space of thirty-five years and more, it would be passing between those high board fences of the lane, through pools ankle deep. Then we should hear the old clang from the belfry, the boys shouting at their game of ball, and see the heads of merry girls thrust out from the upper-hall window over the entrance door, casting benediction upon some luckless lad below.

There is a bit of history in the name of Lancaster Street, calling up what may be termed one of the Blue Glass theories of education.

The Institute was founded upon the Lancastrian system, and Joseph Lancaster, making a great noise in the world at that time, was declaring that it was possible by his system to teach ten thousand children in different schools, children not knowing their letters, to read fluently in three weeks, or three months at the longest. His monitorial school in England had become world-famous. Pupils, as monitors, were trained to fill the places of teachers. Mrs. King gives a detailed description of the system in her "Autobiography." The Henrietta Academy had adopted it. It was a system of signals and monitors. "Ecce Signum," that well-remembered inscription on the Principal's desk of the Institute, was an heir-loom of the discarded Lancastrian system, that so soon became unsatisfactory to both teachers and pupils. Lancaster Street is in memory of our Lancastrian School.

Dr. Dewey, in connection with Professor N. W. Benedict, had charge of the Collegiate Institute for fourteen years. In 1850 he was elected Professor of Chemistry and Natural History in the University of Rochester, a position he held until his retirement from all active duties at the age of seventy-six. He was the author of a "History of the Herbaceous Plants of Massachusetts," which was published by the State, and of many valuable contributions to our permanent

Botanical and Scientific literature. He lived to a blessed old age, keeping up his studies almost to the last, copying out his Meteorological Journal, and arranging his large collection of sedges, the accumulation of years. On the 15th of December, 1867, he tranquilly passed away, aged eighty-three. Among the many tributes to the good man's memory is one by Dr. Anderson, President of our University, published in the Smithsonian Report for 1870, and from which the following extracts are made. Speaking of Dr. Dewey's professorship in Williams College, from 1806 to 1827, Dr. Anderson says: —

"He entered upon the work of accumulating and organizing the apparatus and collections requisite for the study of chemistry and natural history with great zeal and enthusiasm; while he was equally earnest in giving instruction in the severer portions of the broad department for whose cultivation in the college he was made responsible. He fitted up a laboratory, and commenced making collections for the illustration of botany, mineralogy, and geology. This was accomplished mainly by personal labor and exchanges with those engaged in similar pursuits in our own and other countries. These labors gave the initial impulse to the cultivation of the natural sciences in Williams College, and laid the foundations of its now large and valuable illustrative collections. . . . His intellectual life was a beautiful commentary on the remark of Gibbon, that 'it is a greater glory to science to develop and perfect mankind than it is to enlarge the boundaries of the known universe.' . . . He kept his youth, through the simplicity, purity, and elevation of his moral and religious life. His trust in the moral order was as habitual and as firm as it was in the law of universal gravitation. . . . We all honored him as a sage; we loved him as a father. I have never yet met a man who so completely as he illustrated the moral elevation and spiritual beauty of the Great Teacher's Sermon on the Mount. . . . To the whole population of Rochester his presence in the streets was a benediction."

Mrs. King, who was associated with Dr. Dewey as a

teacher at the Institute in 1837, and who is still living (1884), has many pleasant recollections of him. She tells the following story: "I remember one instance of self-control that is seldom exercised. One of the ministers was absent from the city, and the doctor was the only one that could be found to supply the pulpit. His youngest and darling child was very sick at the time. He sat by his bedside through Saturday night, and until nearly ten o'clock Sabbath morning, when the spirit of the loved one took its flight. He then knelt by the bedside, committed his family to the compassionate care of a faithful God, and, asking strength for himself, went out and fulfilled his engagement, saying that individual affliction ought not to interfere with the worship of God's House."

Miss Mary B. Allen's Seminary on North St. Paul Street, which she opened about 1838 in the former residence of Dr. Ward, has a place in the memories of many, who will thank the family of Dr. Ward for the accompanying sketch, originally drawn by Eugene Sintznich.

The Old Allen Seminary, now the Site of the Warner Buildings, North St. Paul Street.

SAM PATCH.

1829.

There is a nameless grave in the little burying-ground on the east side of the Charlotte boulevard, just in sight of the lake, — a sunken hillock almost hidden by riotous myrtle and pine needles, — where lies a man of world-wide fame, whose euphonistic name is forever associated with our city and the Genesee Falls. "Rochester?" says the far-away stranger. "Oh yes — Sam Patch."

Sam Patch has a just claim upon us for a correct version of his story, which is a part of our history, if not for a headstone. His relations to subsequent events were not insignificant, hard as they may be to explain. The overwrought and prolonged mental disturbance that followed his death must have left visible record on public affairs. The majority of those who saw him sink to rise no more — and the whole country lined the banks of the Genesee — were long troubled with self-reproach. The preachers of the Sunday following intensified this impression; Josiah Bissell, in the old Third Church Sunday-School, telling the children that all who had by their presence, or in any other way, induced Sam Patch to jump over the Falls were accessory to his death, and would be accounted murderers in the sight of God. Those were solemn days in Rochester, when the best part of our population had an uncomfortable conviction that the brand of Cain might be written upon their foreheads.

This story of Sam Patch is not compiled without conscientious painstaking, so various and contradictory are the many versions. Very few of those who saw the fatal leap agree in their description of the event. The authority for the following account is chiefly that of Joseph Cochrane, who was a clear-headed lad in 1829, and knew Sam Patch better than anybody in these parts. Sam and Joe were right good friends. Joe's brother, William Cochrane, and Orson Weed, a brother of Thurlow, kept the Recess on

Exchange Street, where Sam and his bear and fox found entertainment. Joe had charge of the animals, and once, when a man struck at him in the presence of Bruin, his shaggy pet fell upon the assailant, teeth and claws. Mr. Cochrane's kindly remembrance of his whilom comrade led him not many years ago to attempt writing the biography of Sam Patch, and it is upon the facts then collected we rely for all we know of his antecedents.

Samuel Patch was born in Rhode Island, somewhere about 1807, and his name was Patch, not Patchin, as has been supposed. The date of his arrival at Paterson, N. J., is unknown, but it is said he came in company with an Englishman by the name of Entwhistle; that he had once been a sailor, and became a respectable cotton spinner at the Hamilton Mills, where he was a good workman and a popular fellow, "probably not averse to taking a glass of toddy occasionally." His mother was a widow of good reputation and much attached to Sam, who was her main stay and support. It was about 1827 that he was seized with the jumping mania, or manifested the same to the public. A bridge had been built at Paterson, — a "Chasm Bridge" across the Passaic, — a great piece of engineering. Sam declared so stoutly that he would jump therefrom he was put under arrest; but, nothing discouraged, he kept his word, and made his first wonderful leap from the rocks at the foot of the bridge on the southwestern side of the chasm. After that he jumped the second time from the bridge, some eighty or ninety feet, and arose from the waters of the Passaic the hero of the day. He went about the country jumping from yard-arms and bowsprits, diving from the dizzy heights of topmasts, until attracted to Niagara Falls in 1829, with the crowd who went thither to see the condemned brig Michigan, and its crew of living animals, go over the cataract. He jumped from a shelving rock midway between the highest point of Goat Island and the water, more than half the height of the Falls; and his name rang through the land with plaudits that made Rochester very glad, even triumphant; for was he not going to make his

second jump from her Genesee Falls the week following, his first, on his way to Niagara, having failed to thrill the whole universe, as his second could not fail to do?

Mr. Cochrane made Sam's acquaintance when he was on his way to Niagara, and when his jumping the Falls was but a small part of the entertainment afforded his boy admirer. Sam gave mine hosts of the Rochester Recess a genuine fright early one morning by jumping from Fitzhugh Street Bridge, and then swimming under the water to a hiding-place. They had given him up as drowned, when he called out merrily to them, bobbing up from behind a boat. At early daybreak of another morning he called the boy he had such a marked liking for, asking him to bring hammer and nails, and they would go down the river. Off they trudged, and, once below the Falls, Sam made a kind of raft, and pushed out with a pole to measure the depth where he was to land from above. He seemed perfectly satisfied with his soundings, and the next morning early Joe was called again for another trip to the Falls, long before the town was astir. This time Sam led him to the point from which the jump was to be made, and began taking off his clothing in the most unconcerned manner, handing his bull's-eye watch to the boy for safe-keeping. He was going to practice a bit, that was all. "Wait until I get where I can see you," begged the boy, making off as fast as possible. He had barely time to get a good position when Sam shot down the height and disappeared. The boy stood paralyzed with fear, believing himself to be the solitary spectator of a day-dawn suicide, When he could use his legs, he was doing so to some purpose, but Sam's voice sang out with the roar of the Falls, "Say, boy, where are you going with my watch?" and there he was, frolicking like a dolphin.

If his first public leap brought thousands to the banks of the Genesee, his second tripled the number. His leaping the first time had been thought nothing in comparison to seeing him emerge from the water, when the crowd received him with open arms, and almost carried him up the

bank. Some say they actually did. Others remember, or think they do, that after Sam jumped, he took his poor whining, begging bear and threw him far out over the Cataract, and that the bear swam round and round in the river below, and seeming likely to drown, Sam leaped the second time and rescued him. Had there been a humane society in those days what had they done in such case?

Upon his return from Niagara the following notice appeared in the Rochester papers: —

HIGHER YET!

SAM'S LAST JUMP!

"SOME THINGS CAN BE DONE AS WELL AS OTHERS."

THERE IS NO MISTAKE IN

SAM PATCH!

OF THE TRUTH OF THIS HE WILL ENDEAVOR to convince the good people of Rochester, and its vicinity, next FRIDAY, Nov. 13, at 2 o'clock, P. M. Being determined to "astonish the natives" of the West before he returns to the Jersey's, he will have a scaffold Twenty-Five Feet in height erected on the brink of the Genesee Falls, in this village, from which he will fearlessly leap into the abyss below—a distance of *One Hundred and Twenty-Five Feet.*

SAM'S BEAR, (at 3 o'clock precisely) will make the same jump and follow his master, thus showing, conclusively, that "Some Things can be done as Well as Others." Moreover, Sam hopes that all the good people who attend this astonishing exhibition, will contribute something towards remunerating him for the seemingly hazardous experiment. nov12

No country road was too muddy for travel that November day if it led to the banks of the Genesee, and few overworked farmers were too busy to forego the wonderful spectacle, or to suffer their households so to do. Special schooners ran from Canada and Oswego. All Buffalo, Canandaigua, and Batavia, were in our streets. It was a raw November day, and by noon a shivering crowd filled every available place along the river bank To the boy Cochrane it was given to watch Sam closely that day, and see he did not get the drop too much. Mr. Cochrane resents the com-

mon story that Sam was a sot. There were few strictly temperate men in those days, and total abstinence was hardly to be looked for in a strolling jumper, but that he was a hard drinker, or even drunk upon the day of his fatal leap, Mr. Cochrane stoutly denies. Because of the cold, Sam's friends decided that a glass of brandy was quite in order before he went to the river, and Joe offered the same, which Sam thanked him for and tossed off in his easy going way. William Cochrane thereupon brought out his white trousers, a part of his band uniform, and prevailed upon Sam to draw them over his woolen pair for extra warmth. John O'Donohue contributed the black silk handkerchief which Sam tied around his waist. A light woolen jacket and skull-cap completed his costume. "I was close by his side," says Mr. Cochrane, "all the way to the Falls, and if he had been drunk should have known it. He said little, but that in a light-hearted fashion. He climbed up the pole to his platform hand over hand." The memory of his boy comrade enables me to give the first report of Sam's address to the breathless multitude, who, for shivering in the cold spray of the Falls, caught very little of it. They were all undergoing a nervous strain, which developed itself in various ways when the leap was made: one well-known citizen biting off the end of his thumb; an old lady calling out in a shrill, querulous voice, "If there's anything in dreams, that man is dead!" Sam's declamation was as follows:—

"Napoleon was a great man and a great general. He conquered armies and he conquered nations. But he could n't jump the Genesee Falls. Wellington was a great man and a great soldier. He conquered armies and he conquered nations, and he conquered Napoleon, but he could n't jump the Genesee Falls. That was left for me to do, and I can do it and will!"

His descent was so unlike that of the previous occasion, when he shot like an arrow from a bow, that almost every one in the great concourse of horrified spectators was positive from the moment of his disappearance that he was

dead. There was a look on the faces of those who turned away from the bank not easily forgotten. "Such a prostration of feeling took effect on the spectators," wrote Lyman B. Langworthy, "that in less than five minutes almost every one had fled from the locality, silent, sober, and melancholy."

Search was at once made for the missing man, whose bear, could he have spoken, might have expressed joy at release from his part of the exhibition. The torches of Joab Brittain's yawl boat lit up the river all night, and there was a new voice in the Cataract for the hundreds of sleepless, self-accusing souls, who for weeks did not give up the hope that the man was in hiding, and would yet restore their peace by his appearance. A rumor gained credence that he had been seen on the street. One man testified positively that he had met the veritable Sam in a neighboring village, and that he would make an address from the balcony of the Eagle Tavern on a specified day. Credulous and incredulous turned out, but nothing more was seen of him until the next St. Patrick's Day, when his body was found in a cake of ice near the mouth of the river, identified by Cochrane's pantaloons and O'Donohue's handkerchief. The remains were buried in the graveyard at Charlotte. Not long after a sad-faced little woman arrived in the city, looking for the boy comrade of her son, Sam Patch. She visited Sam's grave, wept over it, and John Allen gave her free passage home on one of his line boats. The considerable sum of money collected before the leap it is harder to account for than the bear. The fate of Bruin was undoubtedly a contribution to the manufacture of "Sears' Genuine Bear's Grease," famous at the time, Mr. Sears dealing largely in bears, having frequently as many as six in his pen on State Street.

It was Sam's ambition to jump from London Bridge. He had just signed an agreement with the captain of a fast sailing packet to Liverpool to make a voyage with him in the spring, and jump from the yard-arm every fair day, — an original attraction for securing passengers. Mr. Coch-

rane is firm in the conviction that Sam attempted to swim back under the Cataract, and so became entangled in the great tree which was there for many years after, and is said to be to-day.

Sam Patch filled the newspapers for months after his fatal leap, and the dreams of not a few of his spectators as well. Betting on his reappearance ran high at the Corners for weeks afterwards. Poems were written ascribing to him as heroism what we of to-day call by a different name; but that it was an honest jump, and the only thing of the kind on record, we cannot deny. Monuments have been erected for far less deserving contributors to a city's fame than Samuel Patch was to ours.

We have had acrobats performing wonderful feats above our Falls since then, but Sam Patch has a niche of fame to himself that no other daring aspirant can share. Sam Scott must have been stimulated by him to leave the humble calling of a bar-tender, which he followed in this city in the Recess under Starr's music store about 1837, for Sam Scott became a famous jumper in London, diving from the top of Waterloo Bridge, adding to the sensational features of the same an appearance of having hanged himself, which spectacle the Londoners enjoyed until one winter's day in 1841, when the Rochester jumper hanged himself for a British crowd in good earnest.

Among the many tributes in the leading journals of the day to the memory of Sam Patch, and they were not all in a complimentary vein, the following, from the "United States Gazette," is a fair specimen: —

"Go then, say we to the sacristan of the temple of Fame, clear the niche, and place the pedestal for Patch, and let the priest who ministers to immortality make it the panegyric of Sam that his ambition was without bloodshed, and his patriotism was pure, for he fell in his country's Falls."

None of the many poetical tributes called forth by Sam's tragical death have found place in permanent literature. The following extracts from a contribution to the "Craftsman," December 1, 1829, is a fair sample of the style of

writing much admired in the days of L. E. L., the Annuals, and Mrs. Sigourney: —

"November's chill north wind blew piercing and keenly;
In foam fell the torrent that broke on the cliff;
And down the deep ravine gazed thousands serenely,
Who crowned its high banks with beauty and life.

* * * * * * *

"Some ready tongue ever the tale shall deliver,
And point to the spot where he gasped his last breath;
And the cataract pouring a winding sheet o'er him,
For ages shall tell how it wrapped him in death."

THE CHOLERA.

1832.

The summer of 1831 was gloomy enough with the reports of the terrible ravages of Asiatic cholera in Europe. That it was marching steadily upon our shores no one could doubt; and the announcement in June, 1832, that it had broken out in Quebec, speedily followed by news of its appearance in Montreal, New York, and Albany, was hardly in advance of the first case in Rochester, June 22, in a house on South St. Paul Street, near the canal. The plague was indeed in our midst. During the months of July and August business and travel was almost entirely suspended. The seemingly vigorous in the morning were carried to their graves before night. Our physicians were heroically contending with a disease of which they had little knowledge, and the experience of European physicians, if available, was discouraging. Camphor was the great remedy, the price advancing from thirty cents a pound to several dollars. Brandy and calomel were freely administered. Naturally, the poor were the greatest sufferers, and many died who might have been saved with proper care.

One man there was, still living among us, whose blessed work that summer in the wretched homes of the poor lights up the scene of misery and death. There was no spot too loathsome for the ministry of Ashbel W. Riley,— no corpse too repulsive for his lifting into the coffin and aiding in bearing to the dead cart, dismally familiar on the streets.

He was the solitary watcher by many a dying bed in that terrible summer of 1832, when his tall form might be seen seeking out the otherwise pitifully lost from human assistance and consolation. It was truly a calamitous season when, in a population of between ten and twelve thousand, nearly five hundred died within two months of the Asiatic cholera. A reminiscence of Mrs. King is of interest here: "When the disease commenced its ravages we thought the dead must be carefully dressed for the grave. The second person who died was a woman on our street. No one of her acquaintance was willing to lay her out. Mrs. Frederick Starr, my mother, and I carefully dressed her long hair, washed her and robed her for the grave. Before we finished, her countenance became dark from decomposition. I think this was the last person during the whole of our season of cholera who was so particularly prepared for burial. The husband of this woman, who was apparently well at the time, was a corpse in six hours after."

A temporary hospital was built on the bank of the Erie Canal in the western part of the city for the accommodation of those stricken with cholera while traveling. It was often full to overflowing, the dead and the dying lying upon the straw pallets, and even upon the ground.

There were outbreaks of cholera in the city for several summers after, but not until 1849 was the scourge anything like that of 1832. That summer, when we were fortunate in having the Hon. Levi A. Ward for our mayor, will be long remembered. In the summer of 1852 there was an alarming prevalence of cholera between the months of July and September, our German population suffering severely, and certain localities of the city, particularly State Street in Frankford, and Chestnut Street on the east side. Dr. Treat and Moses B. Seward were among the victims.

The cholera had hardly disappeared in 1832 when there was an outbreak of the small-pox, which spread rapidly over the city, causing the wildest excitement. It had been brought to the city by a resident of a neighboring village, who had been suffered to lie in his chamber on South So-

phia Street with the windows open, the neglect of the authorities, who had been notified of the case, being excused on the plea that they were completely worn out with the demands of the cholera. Then followed the evils attendant upon vaccination with impure vaccine and suffering from lack of nurses. Truly, the year 1832 was as dismal as any in our history.

The deaths from cholera in New York city between the 4th of July and the 1st of October were over three thousand. A paper by Dr. John Francis, written upon the scourge, is still considered a valuable contribution to medical science.

THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.

1834.

"The earliest beginnings," says Heine, "explain the latest phenomena." The beginnings of Rochester, even in the depressing days before 1818, explain how, in less than fifty years after the building of Allan's mill, and a little more than twenty after the sale of Colonel Rochester's lots, Rochester was enrolled among the important cities of the Empire State, "with the officers, powers, and duties thereof." The original act, whereby the city of Rochester was incorporated April 28, 1834, may be interesting reading to many among us, but in the "statisticks" of the Directory, proudly proclaiming for the first time its new title of "The City of Rochester," we find much of general interest. If the fact, important to us, of Rochester's birth-year as a city had been thought worthy of record in the chronological tables of the principal events of the world's history, we should find it contemporaneous with the death of La Fayette, the emancipation of slaves in the British Colonies, the first issue of the Oxford "Tracts for the Times," and the first volume of Bancroft's "History of the United States." Andrew Jackson was President, and Martin Van Buren the heir-apparent. William L. Marcy was governor, and the uppermost topic was the riots in New

York in opposition to the Anti-Slavery movement. It was in the summer of 1834 that the houses of Arthur and Lewis Tappan were sacked by a mob, and the parsonage of Dr. Cox, the father of the present Bishop of Western New York, was attacked, while the troops called out to suppress the disturbance were assailed with stones and offensive missiles. William Lloyd Garrison was, perhaps, the most universally detested man in the country; and the colored churches and schools in many of our leading cities were nearly, if not quite, destroyed by the lawlessness of the element bound to eradicate Abolitionists and Abolitionism. So much for the political atmosphere of the country when Rochester became one of the cities of the Empire State.

Now for a few statistics, etc., from the Directory of 1834:

Population, 12,252.

Capital invested in mills and flouring machinery, $290,000.

Amount paid for wheat, barrels, etc., $1,413,000.

Barrels of flour manufactured during the year, 300,000.

Amount of merchandise sold during 1833, $1,500,000 to $2,000,000.

Value of lumber manufactured and purchased for shipment and home consumption during 1833, $51,740.

Value of provisions and ashes, $183,097.

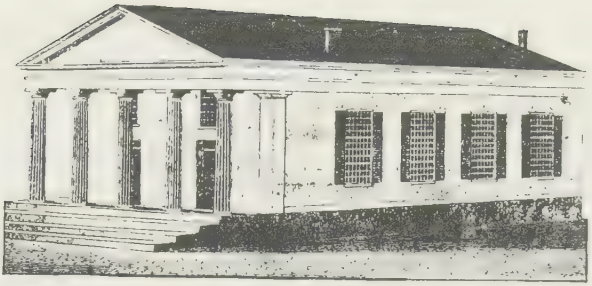
The citizens of Rochester own stock in the transportation lines on the Erie Canal, to the amount of $74,000; expending during the last year in the prosecution of their business $750,033.48, and requiring a capital of $136,000 to prosecute the same.

There has been exported from the port of Genesee within the last year, to Canada and coast-wise, produce, manufactured articles, merchandise, and stock, to the amount of $807,510.

About one sixth of all the canal tolls which the State receives is paid at Rochester.

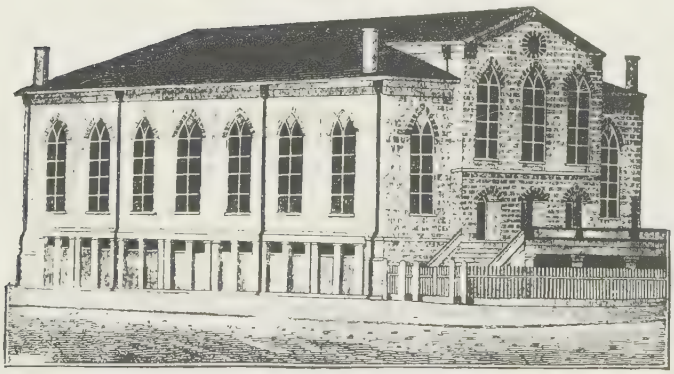
Amount of flour manufactured during the year 1826, 150,169 barrels, there being an increase since that time of nearly one half.

Rochester contains 1,300 houses, besides public buildings.



THIRD PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Main Street, between St. Paul and Stone Streets.
Built about 1835. Burned 1858.



FIRST METHODIST CHAPEL.

Corner Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.
Built, 1835-6. Taken down, 185-.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

Churches: Four Presbyterian, one German Lutheran, two Episcopal, one Methodist, two Roman Catholick, two Baptist, one Friends and one Orthodox Friends' meeting-houses.

A court-house, jail, market, two banks, and a museum.

The post-office was established in 1812. The receipts of the first quarter amounted to $3.42, of the last quarter of 1826 were $1,718.44, and of the quarter ending April, 1834, $3,000.21.

There were nine "Principal Publick Houses," of which the Clinton Hotel alone remaineth unto this day.

There were ten newspapers published in the city, viz.:—

The Rochester Republican, weekly.
The Rochester Daily Advertiser, daily.
The Rochester Daily Democrat, daily.
Monroe Democrat, weekly.
Rochester Gem, semi-monthly.
The Genesee Farmer, weekly.
Goodsell's Genesee Farmer, weekly.
The Rights of Man, semi-monthly.
The Botanist, semi-monthly.
The Liberal Advocate, semi-monthly.

Two banks had we:—

The Bank of Rochester.
The Bank of Monroe.

The Bank of Rochester was incorporated in 1824. Capital, $250,000. F. Bushnell, President; James Seymour, Cashier; A. H. McKinstry, Teller; F. D. Bowman, Discount Clerk; D. Scoville, Book-keeper. *Directors:* L. Ward, Jr., J. Seymour, T. H. Rochester, J. Child, J. Graves, L. Brooks, F. Bushnell, E. Peck, Wm. Pitkin, S. O. Smith, J. Wadsworth, C. M. Lee, G. H. Mumford.

The Bank of Monroe. Incorporated, 1829. Capital, $300,000. A. M. Schermerhorn, President; J. T. Talman, Cashier; J. C. Frink, Teller; J. Andrews, Discount Clerk; M. Brown, Jr., Book-keeper. *Directors:* H. Dwight, J. Greig, H. B. Gibson, A. Duncan, J. K. Guernsey, F. M. Haight, A. M. Schermerhorn, J. Gould, J. K. Livingston, E. Ely, E. Clark, E. F. Smith, Wm. Brewster.

The traveling facilities were superior. Stages left Rochester for Albany by two routes; one daily, the other twice a day. The same for Buffalo, one by the Ridge Road and Niagara Falls. There were stages for the Genesee Valley, and a new river steamboat as well; while the packet boats left Rochester every morning and evening for Schenectady, and for Buffalo every morning. There were five steamboats on the lake, touching ten times a week at the port of Genesee, and the Rochester railroad cars left for Carthage nearly every hour of the day.

The comments of the old Rochesterian, when he runs his finger slowly down the names in this directory, are an epitome of biography and history, — a volume by itself. Some of the names puzzle us a little. There is Ira Armour, botanist, Tow Path. We commend that mystery to the students of our Society of Natural Sciences. W. C. Bloss, agent for "The Rights of Man," may be found at 143 Main Street; Silas Boyden, soldier, is at the Rendezvous, Fitzhugh Street; and Lewis Brooks, Alderman, First Ward, boards at the Arcade House, etc. Moses Hall, pensioner, is at 171 Main Street; Dr. Orrin E. Gibbs lives on "Main Street continued;" Alexander Hamilton, fisherman, may be found on Shaw's Island; and Paul Hammond, invalid, on the Tow Path. Not a few names have "Pittsford State Road" appended, and Jesse Hawley, "farmer," lives on Sophia Street; Lindley M. Moore, farmer, is at 119 State Street; and Lyman Munger, another farmer, "on the river, South St. Paul." Nehemiah Osburn, carpenter, h. 116 Main Street; Darius Perrin, hatter, h. Ford Street; Mortimer F. Reynolds, clerk, Washington Line Office; and Delos Wentworth, law student, are among the interesting entries.

The government of the village was conducted by five trustees, and among the police ordinances of said trustees we find the following: —

"Householders must sweep and clean the sidewalks, opposite their dwellings, every Saturday, from the first day of April to the first day of November. Fine for each neglect, $1.00.

"It is the duty of the president, trustees, or firewardens, to remove idle and disobedient persons from fires. Fine for disobedience to their orders, $5.00. Such persons may also be put into custody till after the extinguishment of the fire.

"No nine-pin alley to be kept. Fine per day, $5.00.

"Masters of Canal boats, for suffering any horn or bugle to be blown within the village on the Sabbath. Fine, $2.00."

Rochester, in 1834, had two Fire Companies and one Hook and Ladder Company, but fire-buckets were kept in each house, to be produced at fires, when the owners were to obey the orders of the chief engineer. "Fine for disobedience, $5.00."

Now let us take a look at the old newspaper file preserved in the Athenæum, for in no other way can we get so clear an insight into the life of Rochester in the year when it was incorporated as a city. In the issue of the "Daily Democrat" for January 1, 1834, we find a long address to the Fraternity of Masons in the State of New York, signed by the leading members of the order here, stating their reason for returning their charters, disposing of their funds on hand, and for letting the institution "expire in the arms of its members." Signed by Erasmus F. Smith, William B. Knox, Jonathan Kingsley, Richard Gorsline, Jared N. Stebbins, Elijah F. Smith, William Neafus, Michael Loder, J. L. Munroe, E. R. Everest, W. P. Stanton, Wm. Billinghurst, Jehiel Barnard, Henry Scrantom, Robert Wilson, E. W. Scrantom, Hamlet Scrantom, Ezra Strong, Ephraim Strong, Eleazer Bush, Jacob Graves, Thomas Kempshall, L. B. Langworthy, Jesse Hawley, Daniel Graves, Naaman Goodsell, Jonathan Child, William Atkinson, Elisha Ely, Azel Ensworth, Joseph Strong, Hiram Wright, Benjamin Campbell, Thomas Jennings, Willis Kempshall, Bill Colby, John Colby, Mortimer Strong.

The "Democrat" is the Whig organ, and is boiling over with indignation at the crimes of the Albany Regency, the arrogance of the Emperor Jackson, and the danger to the

public of "that great moneyed monster, the United States Bank." "The Canal must be rebuilt," is one of its key-notes. Among the local matters interesting to us of to-day, who have read the testimony of the Old Boys concerning Mr. Josiah Perry, are the letters congratulating the citizens of Rochester upon having gained his services at the Institute. "I am sure his presence among us will be felt," writes the Rev. J. A. Bolles. "He has solid talent," says the Rev. B. H. Hickox, little dreaming how gray-headed men in 1884 and after would smile at those certificates.

As early as April we read in the "Democrat" that it is to be hoped the Regency will postpone their selection of a Mayor for Rochester "until we get a City Charter. We think they will find the people of Rochester less willing to be ridden by eastern despots than the citizens of Buffalo are," etc.

April 21, 1834, brings the following: "By the Albany 'Evening Journal,' received this morning, on the 17th inst. the Senate passed the Bill from the Assembly to incorporate the City of Rochester, with the odious amendment requiring the Justices to be appointed by the Aldermen. It will now be seen whether the Assembly men from this county will consent to a charter on no better conditions than it might have been had two years ago. Whether they will sanction the Van Buren doctrine, — the further this power can be removed from the people the better." All true citizens are called upon to attend the Meeting at the Court-House that evening.

"The First City Election will be held the first Monday in June." Whigs are notified of the schemes of the Tories. "Whiskey runs like water in Dublin." It is devoutly hoped by the Whigs, that after this important election Rochester can truthfully say, "We have no pestilence, although we once had Jacksonianism and Cholera."

Many of us who never read a modern Election Notice will be interested in the first one of the City of Rochester: —

CITY ELECTION NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given, that the First Annual Election of the City of Rochester will be held on the first Monday of June next, to commence at nine o'clock of the forenoon of that day, at the places in the several wards of the city hereinafter respectively designated; that the officers to be chosen at the said election are three supervisors for the said city, to be elected by the electors of the several wards, and one alderman, one assistant alderman, one assessor, one constable, for each ward, to be elected by the electors of said ward respectively.

That the persons hereinafter named as inspectors of election for their respective wards are duly appointed such inspectors, and the person first named in the order of appointment is to be the chairman of the Board thereof.

First Ward. Election to be held at the Mansion House, on State Street. Lyman B. Langworthy, Robert McCullum, Harmon Taylor, Inspectors.

Second Ward. Election to be held at the Tavern now kept by G. Allen, corner State and Brown Streets. Harvey Tryon, Ephraim Gilbert, Sylvester H. Packard, Inspectors.

Third Ward. Election to be held at the Rochester House, corner Exchange and Spring Streets. Isaac Hill, Daniel Loomis, Henry E. Rochester, Inspectors.

Fourth Ward. Election to be held at the Genesee House, corner St. Paul and Court Streets. George A. Tiffany, Anson House, William Atkinson, Inspectors.

Fifth Ward. Election to be held at Mrs. Blossom's Tavern, on Main Street. Jacob Graves, W. H. Ward, E. Smith Lee, Inspectors.

By order of the Board of Trustees of the village of Rochester. May 20, 1834.

E. F. MARSHALL, *President.*

ISAAC R. ELWOOD, *Clerk.*

Of course there is an abundance of ward meetings follow-

ing this notice. "The Tories must not get a foothold in the new city of Rochester," cry the Whigs. The press contains extracts from the city charter. The Whigs gain the victory, and the aldermen and assistant aldermen meet June 9th at the Court-House and elect our first Mayor, Jonathan Child.

The Board of City Officers was as follows:—

Jonathan Child, *Mayor.*
Isaac Hills, *Recorder.*

	Aldermen.	*Assistant Aldermen.*
First Ward.	Lewis Brooks.	John Jones.
Second "	Thomas Kempshall.	Elijah F. Smith.
Third "	Frederick F. Backus	Jacob Thorn.
Fourth "	Ashbel W. Riley.	Lansing B Swan.
Fifth "	Jacob Graves.	Henry Kennedy.

John C. Nash, *Clerk.*
Vincent Mathews, *Attorney & Counselor.*
Ephraim Gilbert, *Marshal.*
Elihu Marshall, *Treasurer.*
Samuel Works, *Superintendent.*

Fire Department.

William H. Ward, *Chief Engineer.*
Theodore Chapin, K. H. Van Rensselaer, *Assistants.*

Fire Wardens.

First Ward.	John Haywood, Abelard Reynolds.
Second "	John Jones, Willis Kempshall.
Third "	Erasmus D. Smith, Thomas H. Rochester.
Fourth "	Nehemiah Osburn, Obadiah N. Bush.
Fifth "	Daniel Graves, Bill Colby.

Supervisors.

Erasmus D. Smith, Abraham M. Schermerhorn,
Horace Hooker.

Assessors.

First	Ward.	John Haywood.
Second	"	Ephraim Gilbert.
Third	"	Daniel Loomis.
Fourth	"	Horatio N. Curtis.
Fifth	"	Orrin E. Gibbs.

Justices of the Peace.

Second	Ward.	Thomas H. Dunning.
Third	"	Samuel Miller.
Fifth	"	Nathaniel Draper.

Street Inspectors.

First	Ward.	Harmon Taylor.
Second	"	Silas Ball.
Third	"	Eleazer Tillotson.
Fourth	"	John Coutler.
Fifth	"	John Gifford.

School Inspectors.

G. H. Mumford, E. S. Marsh, Moses Chapin,
Joseph Edgell, Samuel Tuttle.

Constables.

Cornelius Fielding, Joseph Putnam, Isaac Weston,
Sluman W. Harris, Philander Davis.

Overseers of the Poor.

William G. Russell, William C. Smith.

E. A. Miller, *Sealer of Weights & Measures.*
Z. Norton, *Sexton West Burying Ground.*

This signal victory of the Whig party was duly celebrated upon Brown's Island.[1] A national salute of thirteen guns at sunrise, and twenty-four at noon. A collation was spread "in the bower," and some three thousand people

[1] Between Brown's Race and the river.

made merry and listened to no end of speech-making. Judge Strong presided, and among the many toasts drank were the following: —

Matthew Brown, Jr. "The City of Rochester. The people have erected their banner sacred to the Constitution and laws. Patriots will sacrifice every minor consideration and prejudice to their support."

Daniel Marsh. "The Charter Election of the City of Rochester. A signal triumph of democratic principles over arrogant oppression and Jacksonian misrule."

We find in the same and close following issues of the "Democrat" a call for a Whig Young Men's Meeting, headed by Henry E. Rochester.

There is a long report of the "Rochester Western Infant School Society," Sarah H. Ford, Secretary, and Chicago is one of the missions thereof.

There is an outbreak of cholera on the Mississippi. A. Champion has lost from his office one volume of his Henry's Commentary, and wishes it returned. John O'Donohue is going to Montreal on business in eight or ten days, and will attend to any matters intrusted to him while there. The display of brute force in the government of Canada is severely commented upon. The editor thanks our representative in Congress, the Hon. Frederic Whittlesey, for valuable public documents.

First meeting of Common Council. June 10, 1834, this body holds its first meeting in the Court-House, and the Mayor, after taking his oath of office, delivers a most admirable address of which the following is an extract: —

"The rapid progress which our place has made from a wilderness to an incorporated city authorizes each of our citizens proudly to reflect upon the agency he has had in bringing about this great and interesting change. Rochester has had little aid in its permanent improvement from foreign capital. It has been settled and built for the most part by mechanics and merchants, whose capital was economy, industry, and perseverance. It is their labor and skill which has converted a wilderness into a city, and to

them, surely, this must be a day of pride and joy. They have founded and reared a city before they had passed the meridian of life. . . . The men who felled the forests which grew on the spot where we are assembled are to-day sitting at the council board of our city . . . Together we have struggled through the hardships of our infant settlement, and the embarrassment of straitened circumstances; together let us rejoice and be happy in the glorious reward that has crowned our labors."

Jonathan Child, our first mayor, was a representative man of whom we may be justly proud, a gentleman of the old school, a liberal conservative, the friend of the working man, and, above all, the conscientious politician. That he should have been chosen for our first mayor is testimony in honor of those who made him their choice. Jonathan Child was a New Englander of Puritan ancestry, with the blood of revolutionary heroes in his veins. He came to this part of the country in 1810, from Lyme, New Hampshire, taught school in Utica, settled in Charlotte, where he was merchant and postmaster. In 1818 he married a daughter of Colonel Rochester. To his enterprise and sterling integrity our city owes much of her present prosperity, and not a few of the successful business men now passing away were indebted to Jonathan Child for their first start in life, their mastery of adverse fortune. "Honest John Allen" was among the laborers on the canal, when Jonathan Child discerned the possibilities of the Irish boy, his exceptional honesty and industry, and took him into his warehouse, and subsequently into his office. The history of Masonry in Rochester and the name of Jonathan Child are inseparable. In the stormy times of the Morgan abduction his wisdom and impartial judgment were the guide of the order. The unselfishness of the man made him a safe public leader, — an unselfishness which left him comparatively poor in his declining years, considerable as had been his fortune in the days of his extensive commercial enterprise.

He resigned the office of mayor the year following his

election. He could not sign licenses for selling liquors. His sturdy honesty and high principle would not admit such compromise. It was in perfect harmony with the character of the man. He could give up anything but his allegiance to duty. That nothing could take from him.

"As he was closing his eyes in death in October, 1860," writes his masonic biographer, "he heard of the successful election in Pennsylvania which gave assurance of the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, and then, as if spiritual prescience was illuminating his last moments, he thanked God that slavery should die."

The name of Jonathan Child is all worthy of place beside that of Nathaniel Rochester, — names upon our fairest corner-stones of which we shall never be ashamed.

The Decade Memorable was prolific in germs, or rather the development of germs, of contentions concerning boundaries and limitations, which, although making the legal fraternity to rejoice and prosper, was a severe tax upon many an otherwise fair fortune, if not its annihilation. One of the causes of these interminable lawsuits, dragging on into the forties and fifties, or, if supposed to be ended, breaking out again in some unexpected quarter, was strangely enough in Colonel Rochester's generosity to his lot buyers. To be sure of giving good measure, he would occasionally allow a foot of land over, — in other words, throw in the trifle that soon ceased to be a trifle, and the very opposite. That surplus foot or two was the bone of many a hot contention. The mill yard, or immediate surroundings of the old Allan Mill, was the source of much litigation. A part of this mill yard became Child's Basin, lying back of the lots on Exchange Street, and extending northerly to Graves Street, wide enough for three or four boats to lie side by side and leave passage. There was no end of lawsuits concerning the rights of way in this basin, and the closing of it naturally brought about as many more. The bed of the river has been fruitful soil for our lawyers; and if the river itself could assert its rights by any other voice than that of a flood, the story of its wrongs and its trespassers would demand a hearing and an advocate.

XV.

THE OLD FILES.

1820–1829.

The old files of our first newspapers give a wonderful insight into the pioneer times of Rochesterville. The "Union and Advertiser," the early evolution of our very first newspaper, has a venerable file, and so has the Rochester Athenæum. Unfortunately, neither of these files are complete, and perhaps it is now impossible, even with this suggestion, meant for those who are hoarding old newspapers unavailable to the public, to make it so. The collection at the Athenæum dates back no further than the Rochester "Gazette" for May 30, 1820. The "Gazette" was our first newspaper, a weekly, and the enterprise of Dauby & Sheldon, beginning in 1816. It was afterwards merged in the "Republican," and Frederic Whittlesey and Edwin Scrantom were at one time its publishers. The Rochester "Telegraph" was our second weekly newspaper. This was established by Everard Peck in 1818, and it was upon this paper that Thurlow Weed, in 1822, was glad to find work at four hundred dollars a year, writing the popular editorials, which soon called out for him the "Republican's" epithet of "Peck's hired man." Thurlow Weed's tribute to Everard Peck in his late Autobiography is a grateful acknowledgment of indebtedness to one of our most honored citizens, whose kindly impulses, rather than prophetic vision, laid the foundations of Thurlow Weed's subsequent success.

In 1827 the "Republican" assumed the name of the "Daily Advertiser." It was the first daily paper west of New York city, and the business enterprise of Luther

Tucker and Henry A. Slade, of Jamaica, Long Island. Henry O'Reilly was its first editor, a name associated with our local movements for years, and with those of the country as well.

We open the file of yellow folio newspapers, twelve inches by nineteen, and learn that the terms of the "Gazette" were two dollars a year. "Any person may be at liberty to discontinue, on paying what may be due on his paper." * * * Haywood the Hatter and Bingham the Tailor head the advertisements, the latter announcing that "Military Dresses" and "Ladies' Habits" are made by him in the most fashionable style. * * * "One Cent Reward" is offered for a runaway apprentice; and Dr. Vought, who, by the by, took out the first patent in Rochesterville, and that for a patent medicine, informs the citizens that he has genuine vaccine matter, and emphasizes the great necessity of their using the same. * * * There is a column and a half of selected poetry, the most of it from Lord Byron, and what we should call a very prosy inventory of the Bonaparte family. * * * Much space is given to Foreign News. The subject of internal navigation is uppermost. Among Home Topics, Clinton has been elected, and there is rejoicing in his party; and A. Reynolds, the Postmaster, gives notice that the western mail will close on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and the eastern mail will close on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 10 o'clock, A. M.

We must pass more rapidly over these interesting files, noting only the most notable things.

July 4, 1820, was celebrated "with hilarity." A procession was formed at Dr. Ensworth's tavern, corner Buffalo and Carroll, now State, Street. To the church it marched, the band playing its best. There A. Sampson was the orator. Then back to Dr. Ensworth's to a good dinner, Colonel Rochester presiding, assisted by Dr. Matthew Brown. Among the many toasts was the following: "*The Erie Canal,* opening an intercourse between the interior and the extreme parts of the United States, it will assimi-

late conflicting interests, impart energy and give durability to the national compact." * * *

Jacob Gould offers "1,000 pair Coarse Shoes *warranted* to be of the first quality." * * *

George the Fourth is making splendid preparations for his coronation, the ceremony to cost *the people* five millions of dollars. * * *

August 20, 1820. A notice of the celebration of the four Sunday-schools of the village, some two hundred scholars, "whose neat attire and smiling faces bespoke the noble workings of young ambition in their ductile minds."

The "Gazette" is anti-Clintonian, and growls menacingly at the Clintonians, "a party which has been seeking by Machiavelian cunning to destroy its merited popularity," but Queen Caroline is given more space than home politics, furious as the storm is growing.

"This No. ends the quarter," is the heading of S. B. Bartlett's unique advertisement, for he is the post-rider of Rochesterville, and publicly addresses his "good customers" as follows: —

"Though slow of speech,
Yet quick to find
The balance due —
Which is behind."

OLD ACCOUNTS AND NOTES.

"To all concerned this timely note I send,
Bring in your pay and help a needy friend;
Bring what you have, a little *cash* will do,
He who pays I 'll discharge, who fails, *I 'll sue.*"

There must have been an appetite for anything concerning Bonaparte and Queen Caroline in those days, so laden is the "Gazette" with what concerns them. We discover that the people of Rochesterville were by no means to be satisfied with news limited to Genesee County, or even the State of New York. We may be pardoned for regretting that the "Locals" were so sparse, the "Personals" a thing of the gossiping future. The spice of these old papers is not in their weighty foreign clippings, nor

their editorial wars, but in the advertisements, the seeming inadvertences of the news purveyor. "A Girl" is wanted to do the work of a small family in the village, and there is significance in the repetition of the advertisement for several weeks. * * * Tickets are for sale in "Literature Lottery No. 4," at the post-office, A. Reynolds, P. M. * * * The Duke of Wellington is pelted with mud and oyster shells by the populace on the side of Queen Caroline. * * * W. Cobb, President, calls a meeting of the Rochester Mechanics' Society. * * * Clinton is called by the Federalists "a crack-brained political wanderer," and William Atkinson wants 1,000 Flour Barrels. * * * Mercy Hill's name, in the "List of Letters uncalled for," interests us, as four are waiting for her, week after week. How account for our desire to know who she was, and what those four postponed letters could have been about? * * * Epigrams called out by Queen Caroline's Trial are afloat: —

> "How sadly her radical friends it would shock,
> To hear that the Queen would be brought to the block!
> But when Alderman Wood at her levees is seen,
> They smile at the block being brought to the Queen."

* * * Mr. Adams gives a Concert of Sacred Music "at the Meeting-House" on a Sunday evening. "The evening was selected to accommodate the citizens." Here is the notice.

"CONCERT.

"A Concert of Vocal Music will be given at the Meeting-House in this village, on Sunday Evening the 29th inst., consisting of Anthems, Solos, Duetts, Choruses, etc., etc. The Piano Forte is expected to accompany the music. Performance to commence at 6 o'clock. Doors closed at half past 7. ☞ Tickets 25 cts., to be had at the Bookstore of E. Peck & Co."

The assurance respecting the piano-forte, and the closing of the doors at the beginning of the concert, contains a suggestion for musical directors of a later day. * * *

"Judges, Lawyers, and Divines," holds forth an advertisement of Backus, the Druggist, "when laboring in their

vocation, have acknowledged the refreshing qualities both to the mind and body" of an Aromatic Snuff, a "Stimulus for the Nose," — a Cordial for the Olfactory Nerves, — a Sternatory fashionable and fragrant, which may be had at said Backus' Druggist Store, together with a Superior Corn Salve, and Toothache Drop.

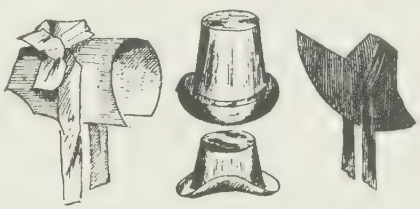
The post-rider is out with another notice, this time in plain prose. He must be paid, "or my occupation is gone. All who have taken the 'Gazette,' and are indebted, must pay at once."

We begin to comment upon the prevalent disposition of the cows of the country to stray or suffer themselves to be stolen, thus insuring to every issue of the paper one notice at least of bovine itineracy. * * * Stephen Charles opens "A New Store," and his catalogue of tempting wares reaches from Cogniac and Spanish Brandy to "Fifty Boxes assorted Window Glass." * * * Jacob Gould receives 200 prs. cowhide boots. * * * William Pitkin has Crockery and Glass Ware as well as Drugs. * * * Charles Lalliet and Madam Lalliet open a School for Dancing and the French Language. * * * Under the head of married, we find "Jonathan Jacket, youngest son of the celebrated chief Red Jacket, to Yee-hah-wee, at the Buffalo Reservation." * * * There is an editorial leader devoted to the celebration of Christmas at St. Luke's. * * * A Republican meeting is called of those "friendly to the administration of the General Government, and opposed to most of the measures of Governor Clinton." Signed N. Rochester, S. Melanchton Smith, Joel Wheeler, Jonathan Parish, Jr. * * * And here comes the first advertisement of the old Museum. "Stowell and Bishop . . . at the Eagle Tavern. MUSEUM . . . 34 Wax Figures as large as life. Two elegant organs, one playing a variety of music and accompanied by a chime of bells; the other a new patent organ accompanied with a drum and a triangle. . . . Grand mechanical Panorama, — 36 moving figures, — 20 Elegant Views. N. B. They have just added to their Museum a representation of the late *Duel* between Commodore Barron

and Decatur, and their seconds. Admission, 25 cents. Children, half price." * * * A responsible person is wanted to carry the Oswego mail on horseback. * * * Burrell Reed, "Tonsor and Frisseur," has unlocked his *barber*-ous instruments . . . and will seize "the fair occasion to attend the commands of the ladies at their respective residences." * * * At Silas O. Smith's Cash Store, the highest price is paid for Pot and Pearl Ashes. * * * Among the new school-books "just published" is "The Brief Remarker on the Ways of Man," dissipating our faith in the brevity of its remarks by the length of its explanatory title-page. "The Brief Remarker" had a score of valuable recommendations, and was for sale by J. D. Bemis & Co. * * * H. Hooker will exchange Salt for Flax Seed. * * * "Hard Times in Missouri, Dull Sale of Negroes." * * * "Mr. Henry Bullard of this village has been out *Fox Hunting*, and has received a dangerous wound from the accidental discharge of his gun." * * * "Fire! The Cooper Shop of Mr. James is burned!" but the citizens furnish material for the new shop that the joiners put up the very next day. How much there is in that item accounting for the marvelous prosperity of Rochesterville.

And here is a wide gap in the Athenæum files. From the "Gazette" of February, 1821, we pass to the Rochester "Telegraph," No. 38, Vol. 5, Tuesday, March 18, 1823, missing the newspaper record of a little more than two years. We see at the first glance that Rochesterville has been making great strides of progress, and that a fierce competition is going on between the rival stage lines, the North and the South Roads, the Opposition and the Old Line. These North Road stages promise to leave Auburn at five in the morning, and reach Rochester at six in the afternoon. * * * Marshall has published a New Spelling Book whose 'intrinsick worth will promote the interest of education." * * * Bart-

lett, the post-rider, has at last sacrificed rhyme for terseness: "Those who have not paid me or Messrs. E. Peck & Co. and taken a receipt, are earnestly requested to pay me when I call; and those who live off the route will please to leave the money where the papers are left." * * * Apprentices and cows are still, in increasing numbers, straying about the country. The catalogue of "Books at Peck's" reads like the inventory of a country parson's library. * * * The price of Ashes has fallen ten pounds per ton in Liverpool. Advices so received in Albany. And here is a *House for sale* about three miles from the village, its desirability chiefly consisting in the fact that it is situated on the Erie Canal. Among the new Books at Marshall's we find "Memoirs of the Military and Political Life of Napoleon Bonaparte, from his origin to his death on the Rock of St. Helena." * * * D. D. & J. Swift offer everything in their wares from Mull and Book muslins to Connecticut Mess Shad. * * * A sick man in a delirium escapes to "the woods adjoining the village." * * * R. & H. L. Hall combine the attractions of a Porter House *and* a Reading Room. * * * Anna Knapp keeps "*Plain Bonnets* for *Friends* and METHODISTS." * * * July 4th, 1823, gave testimony to the patriotism of Rochesterville. The good people turned out and marched again in brave procession to the Court-House Square. "The Rev. Mr. Cumming opened with prayer;" F. Whittlesey read the Declaration of Independence; D. D. Barnard made an eloquent oration; and the Rev. Mr. Penney pronounced the benediction. A good dinner was next in order, and Dr. L. Ward, Jr., was the President of the same, assisted by Jesse Hawley, Elisha B. Strong, Elisha Ely, and A. Sampson. Colonel Rochester regretted he might not be present, "on account of age and infirmities," but he contributed the following toast: —



"The Grand Canal — wonderful work; ages to come will be grateful to the statesmen and patriots who planned and made provision for it, and to the agents who superintended and executed this stupendous monument of their and our glory." * * * New York city has 130,000 inhabitants. * * * Ira West's Potash Kettles are warranted to endure sixty days' actual use. * * * The Rev. Mr. Thomson, of the *Universalist Faith*, is expected to preach in the Charity School Room, Sunday, August 1st, 1823. * * *

J. Robinson, the Hair Cutter, whose pranks and stories did much for the promotion of good times at the Four Corners, illuminates the "Telegraph" with the accompanying cut, which, no doubt, resembles the distinguished wag as closely as crude wood-cuts usually do their subjects. * * * September 9th gives us the following news item: "The Aqueduct over the Genesee River will be completed at nine o'clock tomorrow morning, at which time the workmen employed on it will celebrate the event. An address will be delivered by one of the workmen. All persons who have been in any manner employed upon the Aqueduct are invited to attend." How eagerly we search the next week's issue for a report of that speech and the name of the orator, but the event is unnoted, crowded out by political harangues — the laudation of Adams and the bitter denunciation of Van Buren. * * * September 30. "It is expected that the water will be let in, and the first boat arrive next week" — a modest item at the foot of the editorial column. But the Aqueduct celebration came in good time, October, 1823, and among the toasts drank were the following: —

"By Colonel Rochester. *The Aqueduct across the Genesee River* — the most stupendous and strongest work in America, and an imperishable monument of the skill and industry of the agents who planned and superintended, and the mechanics who constructed it.

"By Myron Holley. *The Village of Rochester.* Great

in her natural advantages, may the towing-rope enable her to draw them out in all the forms of public and private prosperity."

And now the "Telegraph" breaks out with the advertising of the Packet Boat Companies, each rival line proclaiming its advantages over all others. The U. S. Mail Line assures its patrons that its captains are "all experienced and responsible men," reminding us of what we do not require to-day of the captains of ocean steamers. "The teams are perfectly broken to the Canal. The Boats leave Rochester every day at 7 A. M., and passengers will arrive at Albany the third day in time to take the steamboats for New York. When the Canal is navigable to Brockport, the route of the Erie Line will be extended to that place. All baggage at the risk of the owner." * * * "43 hours from Utica! The shortest trip that has been made between Rochester and Utica." We perceive the ville is dropping off. * * * There is an Anti-Slavery trend in public sentiment. * * * "Mr. Weed (Thurlow) having determined to continue a short time in the village, has offered his services to assist in the editorial department of the 'Telegraph.'"

"THE GREEK! THE GREEK!"

As the year 1823 draws to its close, Rochester, with the rest of the civilized world, is enlisted in the Emancipation of Greece from the Turk. The subject crowds out almost every other from the little weekly newspaper. There are sermons by all the leading clergy "in behalf of the Greeks," rousing orations, and fiery outbursts from the Press. A large meeting is held at Christopher's Mansion House, "for the purpose of adopting measures to afford aid to the Greeks," — James K. Guernsey in the Chair, Dr. Levi Ward, Secretary, — whereat it is resolved unanimously, with other strong resolutions, that subscriptions be received in aid of the Greeks, * * * that a Committee be appointed to collect and receive subscriptions, etc., and that N. Rochester, Daniel Penfield, James K. Guernsey, Matthew Brown, Jr., Timothy Barnard, Elisha B. Strong, Ashley Sampson,

E. S. Beach, John Mastick, Enos Pomeroy, Abelard Reynolds, and Levi Ward, be that Committee. A Ball is given for the Greeks, Gen. A. W. Riley, Treasurer for the same. General Riley, and his partner Colonel Bissell, sell a lot on the corner of what we now call New Main and Scio Streets, for $200, and give the proceeds to the inhabitants of the island of *Scio*, and the street is named in memory of the event. The township of Greece is also named at this time, as was Chili at another, to commemorate the Chilian strike for freedom. $1.500 was soon raised in Monroe County alone; and among the many devices for raising money at a time when Freeholders were calling for two or more fire engines, and for "*at least* two more lamps on Main Street Bridge," was the clever one of Daniel Penfield, Esq. He gave a very fine, fat ox to the Greek Fund. Said ox, it was proclaimed, would be slain for Freedom and sold by the pound. Garlanded with evergreens and decorated with ribbons, he was led through the streets, preceded by a band of music. Unfortunately for the reader of the old files today, the Reporter of that did not think it worth while to record what everybody knew by the gossip at Christopher's or John Robinson's, and so the interesting incidents pertaining to the carving of the illustrious ox, the quality of the meat, and just who paid twenty-seven cents a pound for the choicest portions, may not go down to posterity. I have even failed utterly in establishing the slightest relation between the Ox that died for Greece and the incarnation of defiance that used to grace our old Market House.

A STEPPING MILL!

We have heard of many kinds of mills in the city of mills, but what is the stepping mill pray tell? Is it run by the stones whereby "men rise from their dead selves to higher things?" February, 1824, a meeting was held "in this village, and a committee appointed to draft a petition to the Legislature for the passage of a law to erect a Stepping Mill in this County. Probably no place in the Union, of the size of Rochester, is so much infested with the

dregs and outcasts of society," — the editor going on to make plain this assertion, and the necessity of a change. "It is believed a stepping or tread-mill (ah, now we understand) will fully answer the purpose . . . offenders are seldom found a second time in a tread-mill. . . . Machinery can be attached to the wheel so that the occupants could be made to earn nearly all their expenses." The same paper contains the call of The Rochester Vigilant Society "for the suppression of crimes and misdemeanors." Not long after an advertisement of the society appears of the reclaimed stolen property in its possession, but we find no record of the carrying out of the Stepping Mill Project. * * * Proposals will be received for the building of a schoolhouse for the Female Charitable Society. * * * A new Waverley Novel is out! "St. Ronan's Well." Peck has it.

The first theatre bill found in the old files is that of March 16, 1824: —

* * * A Full Company . . . from the New York and Albany Theatres . . . at Mr. Christopher's. . . . The fashionable Comedy, "How to die for Love." With a great variety of comic songs. "The Exile of Buonaparte" besides. The whole to conclude with the farce, "The Village Lawyer." "Tickets fifty cents, to be had at the Bar. Doors open at six . . . front seats reserved for Ladies. Two tickets will admit one gentleman and two ladies." Who shall say that the histrionic profession of Rochester has not done its best to encourage a chivalrous attention to the fair sex? * * * "Have potash kettles," cries out some vexed villager, "a standing license to occupy the most conspicuous situations in this village?" Which, with the notice that cattle are roaming over the burying-ground, and the succession of advertisements of runaway boys, tempts the reader to surmise that there were possibly some disagreeable things to be met with in Rochester in those days as well as now. But what are the annoyances of potash kettles on the sidewalk, or even the growing lack of fire buckets and ladders, cows in the graveyard, or runaway boys, when it has been officially announced that La Fayette

is coming to America, and will sail over the grand canal, and so, of course will stop in Rochester. Every issue of the press is full of La Fayette and his doings, subdued by the particulars of the death of Lord Byron, and quotations from his writings and letters. * * * The basins and wharves of the canal are bustling with trade. "Last week a boat arrived here from Vermont, loaded with emigrants destined to the western forests, having navigated Lake Champlain and the Northern Canal, and entered the Western at Waterford. * * * The immense benefits resulting from this internal river are beginning to be realized." * * * "The fare from this place to Albany, either by the packet boats or in good post coaches, does not exceed $12, board and lodging included; making only $14 to New York. The whole expense from Philadelphia to Niagara Falls is less than twenty dollars." * * * Green-House plants from the Linnæan Garden, Long Island, can be had of S. M. & J. S. Smith, the head of our line of Florists, — including such names as Ellwanger & Barry, and James Vick.

New Spelling Books are rife, each boasting its superiority. * * * The value of the canal to Rochester is emphasized by the statement that a Rochester merchant has a contract in New York to furnish 250,000 feet of ship plank, and two others have contracts for staves for $25,000. Who dreamed of such things ten years before?

Three apple-trees are supposed to represent to all who

see them above the advertisement of The Summer Garden in Carroll Street, three doors below Christopher's, the bosky shade a summer garden is naturally supposed to furnish. The attractions held out by the proprietor no doubt insured him eminent success. "The garden will be lighted up in the best style when the weather is fair, with frequently a band of music. . . . No lady will be permitted to visit the garden except accompanied by a gentleman, or where there is a family of chil-

dren." . . . At the approach of cold weather the garden offered to its Patrons Mush, Samp and Milk, and "other relishes of all kinds."

The "Telegraph" flings out its flag for John Quincy Adams for President, and Andrew Jackson for Vice President, early in the fall of 1824. For Governor, De Witt Clinton. "The prospect of a complete political triumph is certain. * * * Van Buren is already convicted. . . . He must suffer what the people in justice shall inflict." * * * La Fayette's receptions are fully reported. * * * Thurlow Weed is on the Adams Ticket for Member of Assembly. * * * "The Albany Regency" is much talked about. "Our Splendid Museum" adds to its extensive collection a figure of General La Fayette. "Those who have seen the General will instantly discern a strong resemblance; and those who have not seen him are assured that they see in this figure all but life." Lord Byron and Lady have increased the enrichments of the Museum; also "Mrs. Smith, who was drowned in December (we are not told *where*), crossing the ferry holding her beautiful twin babes;" also *Blue Beard* murdering his wife (never telling us which one); also a scripture group representing King Saul and the Witch of Endor raising Samuel from the tomb; also an Indian Chief, Black Streak, in the act of scalping, and General Jackson in the act of shooting Black Streak." All this the children of Rochester could enjoy from 9 A. M. to 9 P. M. for an admittance fee of twelve and a half cents, and yet those advertisements of runaway apprentices — "one cent reward" — do not diminish. The descriptions of the Runaways are interesting. One is spoken of as "naturally a great talker and very active." That of course cost him his freedom.* * * "The venerable Mr. Monroe resigns the Presidential Chair to Mr. Adams." * * * The subject of "the formation of a canal along the valley of the Genesee and Caneseraga" is agitated. * * * June 7, 1825. The community is thrilled by the intelligence that *La Fayette* is approaching Rochester. "It is expected he will arrive at King's Basin, in Greece, at 9 o'clock this morning. * * *

A number of boats will convey a party of ladies and gentlemen to the Basin, where they expect to meet the General and give him *welcome*." . . . He will probably leave the village this afternoon. . . . Every one, therefore, man, woman, child, or anybody else who wishes to set eyes upon the benefactor of his country will be on the alert this morning in good season." * * * Lottery advertisements are significantly numerous. * * * Haywood has the La Fayette Hat. * * * The Pilot Mail Coach travels by daylight only, crossing the canal between Rochester and Albany 13 times." What more could the lover of the picturesque demand? * * * The lecturers on Phrenology are becoming processional. * * * We find the Brigade Orders for Training Day, Brig. Gen. Lewis Swift commanding, but never a report of the doings of those old Training Days. * * * Here is an interesting item, Aug. 30, 1825: "Addison Gardner, Esq., of this village, was admitted to the degree of Counselor at Law, at the late term of the Supreme Court at Utica."

THE MONROE REPUBLICAN,

August 2, 1825, Edwin Scrantom, editor, comes next of the old files, with a decided resemblance to the "Telegraph." La Fayette is preparing to leave the country, and too much space cannot be given to the order of his going, even if he does not go at once. * * * "Stray Sheep," seven in number, and one-eared sheep at that, wander into an inclosure on the farm of the late Rev. Comfort Williams. * * * The Thompsonians, with their lobelia and "sweats," are troubling the waters. * * * The Prize List of a Grand Lottery is conspicuous, with the name of A. Reynolds affixed. It is followed by a Post-office Notice signed A. Reynolds, P. M. "Letters to be forwarded in the depending mail must be delivered into the post-office at least half an hour before the time fixed for closing it, or they will lie over till the closing of the next mail."

THE RIVAL THEATRES.

In May, 1826, we discover symptoms that end in a feverish strife between the two theatres. Side by side their advertisements stand in the "Republican," and what with the flourish of capitals, and the unique attractions of both establishments, the Rochestrian of that day must have found deciding which to patronize a hard matter. Happily, they did not open the same evenings. One was on Exchange Street, the other opposite the Old Mansion House. If one brought out "The Bold Buccaneers," the other followed with "The Orphan of Geneva," or something as attractive. If one gave the Sailor's Horn Pipe, the other followed with a Highland Fling. If one offered a prize for the best ode to be spoken before the rising of the curtain, and our best poets competed for the same, Frederic Whittlesey carrying off the honors, the rival bill would soon announce something like this, found among the attractions for June, 1826: "'The Vale of the Genesee; or, the Big Chief,' with an original song, all written in this village." This, of course, made unparalleled demand upon the resources of the rival company, but they are equal to the emergency. "On Tuesday evening will be presented the play, never performed here before, of: 'La Fayette; or, The Castle of Olmutz,' and after it any number of frolicsome songs, and an Indian War Dance, and a broad-sword horn pipe, and the comedy of 'Sweethearts and Wives.'"

Now, as this same issue of the "Republican" contains no less than four flaming lottery advertisements, and as we know that the hand-organ of the Museum may be heard at all hours on the Four Corners beguiling our forefathers and foremothers into prolonged contemplation of its fascinating collection, and that the racing packets are running on Sundays and the racing stage-coaches as well, and a circulating library for novels and tales is in full blast, we are prepared to discover, following close in the wake of the theatre advertisement, the "Proposals by George G. Sill for publishing, in the village of Rochester, once in two weeks,

a Religious Paper, the publication of said paper to begin as soon as it has subscribers enough to insure the undertaking."

July 4, 1826, was a patriotic jubilee indeed in Rochesterville. Levi A. Ward and Geo. H. Mumford were the Committee of Arrangements, and Harvey Humphrey the Orator of the day. Here is the programme: —

"1. A gun at daybreak. 2. Federal salute at sunrise, and the bells to ring during the firing. 3. Religious services from 8 till 9 o'clock A. M. 4. Procession will form at 10 o'clock in front of the Mansion House, under Colonel Darrow, assisted by Adjutants Parsons and Meech, in the following order: —

"5. Martial musick. 6. Captain Everest's company of artillery. 7. Captain Smith's company of infantry. 8. Military officers in uniform. 9. Rochester Band. 10. Orator and Reader of the Declaration of Independence. 11. Reverend Clergy. 12. Revolutionary Patriots. 13. Village corporation. 14. Officers of the County Court. 15. Committee of Arrangements. 16. Fire companies. 17. Mechanicks' Society. 18. Citizens and strangers. ☞ The citizens of the County are invited to join in the celebration. ☞ Tickets for the dinner, with badges, can be had at Mr. Ensworth's: price 50 cents. ☞ Soldiers of the Revolution are invited to dine as guests. ☞ Military officers are invited to appear in uniform. *** Seats are reserved in the Meeting-House for ladies."

Volumes might be written on these Old Files. In May, 1827, there was "a great revival in all the churches, even the Episcopal." In October, 1827, there was a great stir at the Four Corners. A negress, a slave, was retaken by her master, a Southerner, who had brought her North for a short stay. June 28, 1828, the "Daily Telegraph" makes its appearance, Henry O'Reilly, editor, calling out the following from the New York "Evening Post": —

"We have received the first number of a daily paper, printed at Rochester, in this State, entitled the 'Rochester Daily Advertiser.' The editor speaks with confidence of

his success, and adverts to the unexpected extent of his advertising patronage. Nothing can show, in a more striking point of view, the rapid increase of our population and internal commerce, than the fact that this place, which, within a few years was a wilderness, is now enabled, by the number of its inhabitants and the activity of its trade, to support a daily paper."

Morgan has disappeared. No one knows how or where, but every one has a settled conviction. It is a stormy time on the sea of politics. Many a ship goes down. Men ride into position and office on the high tide of anti-masonry. Columns are given to the subject, and we, by accident, find the item telling how a woman was tried in Baltimore that year for witchcraft, and discharged for want of evidence. * * * We close the Old Files reluctantly. The glimpse of a call for an Anti-Slavery meeting December 1, 1828, makes us linger a moment longer. It is signed by Frederic Whittlesey, M. Chapin, E. Pomeroy, and E. F. Smith, and is addressed to those opposed to slavery, particularly in the District of Columbia.

Here is a glimpse of the costume of the young men of that period, and we smile, pathetic as were the circumstances that brought these two young men into the full light of the Monday morning's paper. They had gone out Sunday morning, ostensibly to go to church. They had not returned. It was feared they had fallen from the old "north bridge" just above the Falls. One wore a green cloak, the other a cloak of red plaid. Suffice it to say they came home all right Tuesday morning. * * * Red Jacket is lecturing with an interpreter. * * * Mrs. Hemans is indisposed. * * * Such persons as want a Unitarian church in Rochester are requested to meet at the Clinton Hotel. The New Year's editorial for 1829 tells us that in the year 1828 the Mumford Block, on S. St. Paul Street, was built—also the Arcade, five churches, Ely's mill, and the Bull's Head Tavern, not to mention other large enterprises. "Thirteen flour mills are going, each run producing 6,000 bbls. a year. There has

not been a single failure in Rochester for more than two years."

And here we close the Old Files. To turn over another page would be to find fresh topics of historical interest, each demanding more space than I have been permitted to give any preceding one.

XVI.

MOUNT HOPE.

THE changes the living have seen in their habitations since a row of shanties converted a Seneca trail into a village street are fully equaled by what has taken place in the burial places of our dead since that first white man's grave was dug near the river's edge, just below the high falls.

Our earliest settlers, before a common graveyard had been selected, would lay their dead in the woods near their thresholds, where they could guard them from the wolves. The increase of the settlement naturally led to the selection of a common burying-ground.

Schuyler Moses tells how one of the first burial grounds on the east side was located, — that on our present East Avenue, nearly opposite Gibbs Street. One of the men engaged in drawing away the stone thrown out of Johnson's race-way, and dumping it over the east bank into the river, in the neighborhood of our present South Water Street, went over with his wagon and team, and was instantly killed. "Like him," says Mr. Moses, "we were all strangers away from home. Before sundown we had made his coffin and a bier of poles, and falling into line we bore the body out to Enos Stone's woods, all on foot and in our working clothes of course." This graveyard was never

deeded to the village by Enos Stone. About 1820, Chester Bixby set apart two acres of his farm on the State Road, now Monroe Avenue, for a village burial ground. The deed was not executed until 1827, and recited a consideration of $100. The first lease found for a lot therein bears date 18th December, 1820, and is for a term of five hundred years. It is signed by Elisha Johnson, President of the Board of Trustees, and R. Beach, Clerk. The Rev. Comfort Williams was buried in this burying-ground. That on Enos Stone's land was given up soon after the dedication of the new ground, and the dead there buried were taken up and placed in a common pit in the new graveyard. In 1872, when the Monroe Street cemetery was appropriated for public school No. 15, the contents of the old pit were removed to Mount Hope, where it is to be hoped they may rest in peace. Mrs. William I. Hanford's reminiscence of the old Monroe Street burying-ground is as follows, and she has lived in its near neighborhood from the making of the first grave on Cobb's Hill to the present day.

"When they first began burying there, wolves howled in the woods to the southward, and wild foxes were plenty. The hill had not been cut through. That was done in 1835. Funerals did not cost much then. A neighbor would dig the grave, and possibly preach the sermon. Daddy Haskins dug many of the graves. Pine or cherry coffins were good enough for anybody, and many a time I have seen a purse made up by the new grave to pay the doctor's bill and other expenses. During the cholera times of 1832 we could hear them working in that old burying-ground at all times of night, and the graves were not very deep, as you can believe."

It was always a well behaved graveyard. Never a ghost prowled among its headstones, nor was a hanged man ever buried therein. It had a grave or two divided in the middle, telling the story of suicide, but in time it became a general playground for children, particularly in kite-flying time. Its complete removal, with that of several other old burying-grounds, makes even the permanency of Mount

Hope to be questioned. Railroad monopoly fifty years from now, or some monopoly that will have supplanted railroads, new statutes, new codes, and new burial customs may long before 1984 have made our perpetual leases in Mount Hope null and void. Names that to-day have a potent influence even on a gravestone may then be as meaningless as those on the old marbles we transferred to the public grounds.

Edwin Scrantom tells a story of the little burying-ground opposite Mount Hope, south of the residence of the late H. G. Warner. He says it was in 1818 that a young girl in the village was hopelessly ill with fever. We must conclude that her burial at public expense was anticipated, so a committee was appointed to select a burying-ground at once. John Russell, Ely Miller, and Chauncey Crittenden were this committee, and in their lack of time, for the poor girl died, they selected the site far to the southward, and where the three commissioners were in time buried.

The first graveyard on the west side was on our present Plymouth Avenue, a little south of Spring Street, one half acre, lots 103, 104, the gift of Rochester, Carroll, and Fitzhugh, for burial purposes, with right to sell and devote proceeds to the purchase of other grounds, or to exchange. The city kept this ground but a short time. In 1821 it was exchanged for three and a half acres belonging to Roswell Hart on Buffalo Street. The tenants of the Sophia Street ground were transferred to the new site, and when, in 1851, the city appropriated that for its hospital, they were again disinterred and borne to Mount Hope. The first burial in the Sophia Street ground was the young and beautiful wife of Dr. Gibbs, whose lonely grave was guarded for weeks against the wolves.

The old Frankford burying-ground on the corner of Frank and Smith streets gave up its dead long ago to give place to one of Aristarchus Champion's mission churches. The pinnacle graveyard of the Roman Catholics has been nearly deserted for their beautiful cemetery on the boulevard.

What prayer more seemingly fruitless than that the dust of the departed may rest in peace ?

A superfluity of burying-grounds, and those in thickly settled localities, was wisely considered an evil by our forefathers, who, in selecting the new cemetery, used careful thought for the future. The new grounds must be permanent and available, yet not too near the city, and with possibilities of superior improvement. It was no easy matter to select a site that would not be considered objectionable by many. Meetings were held, and the expression of citizens generally called out. A committee was appointed to choose a location for the approval of the Common Council. Some of our leading citizens advocated buying the grounds north of the city on the river bank, some presenting the claim of the west side, others the east. Timid folk objected to both ; there was danger of the banks falling in, etc. Wm. A. Reynolds was an enthusiastic supporter of the proposed purchase of the land lying between the Float Bridge and the lake, with the bay for an eastern boundary. The defeat of his wishes was his sore disappointment, in which he was not alone.

August 24, 1836, David Scoville, Alderman, offered a resolution in the Common Council that a committee be appointed to inquire into the expediency of purchasing Silas Andrews' lot on the east side of the river (a part of the present Mount Hope), or some other lot for a burial ground. David Scoville, Manly G. Woodbury, and Wareham Whitney were appointed as said committee, and December 27, 1836, the city of Rochester paid five thousand three hundred and eighty-six dollars for about fifty-four acres of land, the nucleus of our present cemetery, and loud was the outcry against municipal extravagance and folly from many now sleeping where they declared the dead could never have decent burial. Our late venerated citizen, Jacob Gould, was very tardy in giving his approval of the measure, and outspoken in his condemnation of paying one hundred dollars an acre for such acres as those, "all up hill and down dale," and a gully at their entrance at that. "That committee

deserve execration," broke out the good General to his friend Henry O'Reilly. "Why that ground is n't fit for pasturing rabbits?" "But we are not going to pasture rabbits," was the cheery response from one enthusiastic over the selection, because of its natural beauty, and who gladly spent time and money in making the cemetery what it is to-day, and in defending the old trees and natural slopes. The General's family vault, one of the most conspicuous features of the entrance, was selected even when he was unreconciled to the purchase. The story is told of Mrs. Joseph Strong, who, when she drove out to the woods where the new cemetery was to be, was ready to shed tears of disappointment. She had hoped it would be a place she could visit occasionally. No! she was decidedly opposed to the choice of the committee. The deep, almost unbroken woods, and what seemed inaccessible hill-tops and gullies, might do for a picnic, but never for a graveyard. The beauty of the wild-flowers, particularly the honeysuckles, still to be found in hidden nooks, the squirrels, the pigeons, and other game were, some declared, the attractions that would make the place the resort of pleasure-seekers and hunters. Confident of the wisdom of their choice, the committee having the improvements in hand worked zealously in making roads and grading, and soon all Rochester was eloquent with praises of beautiful Mount Hope.

In 1838, in accordance with the plans of John McConnell, approved by a committee composed of Elias Pond, Joseph Strong, Isaac F. Mack, the Mayor, Elisha Johnson, and the City Surveyor, Silas Cornell, the grounds were laid out and dedicated with appropriate services, October, 1838: Dr. Whitehouse, of St. Luke's, reading a consecration service; the choir of his church, Henry E. Rochester, leader, and Miss Jane Childs (Mrs. D. M. Dewey), soprano, singing the "Gloria in Excelsis" and appropriate anthems. The Rev. Pharcellus Church, of the First Baptist Church, made an address. The first burial was that of William Carter, August 18, 1838, aged 65 years, upon whose headstone it is recorded: "He was for more than 32 years an esteemed

member of the Baptist Church, and with great consistency of deportment fulfilled the duties of this relation. He died in hopes of a glorious immortality."

The first city sexton was John Thompson. That was the day of the common hearse, without plumes for the rich and seedy hangings for the poor. The church sextons afterwards became independent assistants, digging the graves even of the members of the congregations to which they were attached. This of course brought in confusion, and the appropriation of lots without payment. The undertakers, or, to use our new term, the Funeral Directors, came in time, and order was evolved. David W. Allen was the first regular undertaker and dealer in ready-made coffins. When he started his "Coffin Factory" in the dilapidated two-story wooden building upon the ledge of rocks that used to be where our High School building now is, there were good people who thought he was making them too familiar with coffins, and that passing the sign of his wares after nightfall was undesirable.

I wish we might know who gave our cemetery its appropriate name. The old Common Council records convey the impression that one William Wilson, who persisted in sending in his bills "for labor at Mount Hope," and that when a blank filled the place of a name on the official records, deserves the honor. December 12, 1837, a resolution to call the new cemetery —— was laid on the table. March 27, 1838, the City Treasurer was directed to give city notes as follows: "William Wilson for labor at Mount Hope Cemetery in full to 26 March, 1838, $29.63. To be charged to the Burial Fund. May 22, 1838: By Alderman Warner, Resolved, that the Committee on City Property be requested to report such ordinances as may be necessary to prohibit shooting game, and to prevent persons from committing trespass in Mount Hope Cemetery."

The matter seems settled by that entry, and these unsatisfactory records are the only history I have been able to find explaining the adoption of the name.

The sale of the lots soon reimbursed the city for the

original purchase, and from that day to this, Mount Hope has not cost the city a dollar. From fifty acres in 1838, it has grown to about one hundred and eighty-seven in 1884. It is a city of some thirty-six thousand inhabitants, and increases at the rate of from twenty to twenty-five per week. Over three thousand have been buried in its public grounds, which include some of the most valuable sections. Since 1865 a register of all interments has been carefully kept. The era of improvement came in with the late George D. Stillson, who from December, 1865, to the time of his death in 1881, performed the many and difficult duties of the office of Superintendent with rare success. He gave to Mount Hope the benefit of his eminent skill as a civil engineer and his experience in landscape gardening. Mr. Stillson was the engineer of the famous Portage Bridge. He declined a far more lucrative situation than that of Superintendent of Mount Hope, from love of the work he was so fitted to do. His memory will be associated with the grounds forever, not only in what he accomplished for the public at large, but in the kindly acts he was never slow to render for the lowliest mourner. The demands upon the genuine heroism of the keeper of Mount Hope are not infrequent, and there are few places where nerve, decision, and a clear eye are more indispensable, whether in hunting down the alleged ghost that occasionally terrifies the workmen, ejecting a troublesome trespasser, anticipating grave robbers, or in doing what Mr. Stillson is known to have done for those fearing their dead might be buried alive, visiting the coffin during the night in the warm chapel where it was permitted to remain. He was equal to any and every emergency, even that of the unexpected arrival at the gate of a picnic, some two hundred strong, from one of the neighboring townships not many years ago, headed by the good parson, and flanked by generous hampers. They had come, to be sure, to spend the day among our graves in prayer and praise, and the attractions of the lake and bay were as nothing in comparison. Mr. Stillson did not say them nay, as we might have justified his doing, but conducted them to an

unoccupied and unfrequented part of the grounds, reminding them of the regulations of the place, where they realized all the enjoyment they had anticipated, and much profit, it is to be hoped, from their reverential reading of gravestones. Mount Hope has been fortunate of late years in its management. Its Commissioners, as a rule, have been trusty men, with wide knowledge of public affairs, seeking, even with self-sacrifice, the permanent improvement of their trust. The available unoccupied grounds at present amount to about thirty-five acres, but it is a city whose increase of population keeps pace with that of the babel to the northward. It is believed that no more ground will be needed for some twenty years. Hemlock Water has been introduced, a long needed convenience for lot owners seeking to beautify their grounds by cultivating flowers. Few if any cemeteries in the country can compare with ours in natural beauty, picturesqueness, and correct taste in improvements. Its defect, if defect can be admitted, is the outcome of letting each lot owner carry out individual views of landscape gardening. That gives us the ugly fences and high hedges, trees planted in defiance of good taste, the narrow gravelly walks between the lots, the crowding together of what look like paddocks for the imprisonment of the graves, the fast-locked gates strengthening the impression. The overgrown old evergreens are slowly disappearing, and there is a marked tendency in lot owners to favor sunshine, and raise grass and flowers, rather than hide their dead in dense thickets of shade. If our marbles may not, on the whole, compare with the more ostentatious and costly display of other cities, they are as a rule characterized by solidity, correct taste, and pure ideal. Among the choicest specimens of true art may be mentioned the monuments of Aaron Erickson, Isaac Butts, John Allen, George Ellwanger, George H. Mumford, Freeman Clark, Dr. Carver, Frederick Goodrich, Wm. A. Reynolds, and that upon the Firemen's ground. There are many more as beautiful and costly as those here named. Some exquisite memorials are among the slabs and tablets. The headstone of Mrs.

With great respect and affection
yours
Aaron Burr

William F. Cogswell is exceptionally beautiful, and as faultless as any memorial in Mount Hope.

East of Indian Trail Avenue, crowning the height of Section G, is the grave of Myron Holley, — a grave that truly consecrates the soil. The inscription upon the marble obelisk, bearing his medallion portrait by Carew, tells the story of the man to whom Rochester is greatly indebted for the Erie Canal, and the Anti-Slavery cause for a stanch adherent when that adherence meant more than we can estimate to-day. It was estimated that six thousand persons witnessed the unveiling of this monument, June 13, 1844. Gerrit Smith made a characteristic address, and a hymn written for the occasion by John Pierpont was sung to the tune of "God Save the King."

"How glowed thy lips, thy pen,
And for thy fellow-men, —
For e'en the thrall;
Thy spirit dared to be
With God's own freemen free,
And publish his decree, —
Freedom for all."

The inscription upon the monument is as follows: —

MYRON HOLLEY,

BORN IN SALISBURY, CONNECTICUT, APRIL 29, 1779. DIED IN ROCHESTER, N. Y., MARCH 4, 1841. HE TRUSTED IN GOD AND LOVED HIS NEIGHBOR.

THE LIBERTY PARTY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA HAVE ERECTED THIS MONUMENT TO THE MEMORY OF MYRON HOLLEY, THE FRIEND OF THE SLAVE, AND THE MOST EFFECTIVE AS WELL AS ONE OF THE EARLIEST OF THE FOUNDERS OF THAT PARTY.

The cost of this monument was about $3,000, and was erected mainly through the efforts of Gerrit Smith. It is closely surrounded by the graves of our pioneer families, and standing beside it one may read on the neighboring marbles such names as John Allen, Luther Tucker, Aaron Erickson, Samuel J. Andrews, Micah Brooks, Silas O. Smith, L. B. Swan, S. Hamilton, Clarendon Morse, Wm. Kidd, Joseph Medbury, Ralph Lester, James Breck, W. H. Cheney, Amos Bronson, Joseph Strong, Isaac W. Congdon,

Jesse E. Congdon, John Sears, Wm. McKnight, Lyman B. Langworthy, Dr. Matthew Brown, — names once familiar enough at "the Corners" and not yet forgotten. The perpetuation of many an old tie is suggested in the comradeship of these tombstones.

The monument bearing the name of Ellwanger, the work of the Roman artist Papotti, and that in memory of Aaron Erickson, from the same studio, are perhaps the finest specimens of the sculptor's art to be found in Mount Hope. That of the Ellwanger monument represents St. John on the Isle of Patmos. The figure is above life size, in sitting posture, and cut in Italian marble. The words of the inscription, "I heard a voice from heaven," are wondrously idealized in the evangelist, who waits, pencil in hand, ready to record the apocalyptic message. At the base of this monument is the grave of Henry Brooks Ellwanger, author of "The Rose," an eminent rosarian, who attained before his death, at the age of 32 years, the rank of a leading authority upon the subject to which he had given loving and careful study. "His was a life of noble purpose, rich in promise, and disappointing the world only by its too sudden close."

The Erickson monument, the life-size figure of an aged man in a reclining attitude, is appropriately named and perfectly represents "The Pilgrim's Rest," of Sir Walter Raleigh's exquisite poem : —

"Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to walk upon ;
My scrip of joy (immortal diet),
My bottle of salvation ;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I take my pilgrimage.
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my everlasting fill,
Upon every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after that will thirst no more."

Autoglyph.—W. P. Allen, Gardner, Mass.

Photo. by Bowdish

THE ERICKSON MONUMENT AT MOUNT HOPE

In the Holy Sepulchre Cemetery there is another work of genuine art by Papotti, the monument upon the lot of Patrick Barry, representing Religion.

The Carver monument, in the southern part of the grounds, is as striking as any. A Corinthian column of granite, surmounted by a figure life sized. The inscription is as follows: "In memory of Hartwell Carver, M. D. Descendant of John Carver who came over in the May Flower A. D. 1620.

"He lived to see an achieved fact what forty years before was to him a vision of the future. Many years of his life were devoted to arouse the public mind to the great enterprise demonstrating its practicability.

"Dr. Carver was the Father of the Pacific Railroad. With him originated the thought of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Ocean by Railroad."

Dr Carver superintended the erection of this monument himself, and the funds were supplied by Californian capitalists.

The Firemen's Monument is exceptionally praiseworthy, and reflects great credit upon the organization. It stands upon the Firemen's ground, a lot 100 feet square, is fifty feet high, of St. Johnsbury granite, Egyptian-Doric in style, and cost $8,000. It is the work of H. S. Hibbard, who, by the way, is an ex-fireman. The figure of a fireman on its top, wearing his service hat, and his coat over his arm, is well-posed and symmetrical. He seems to have a vigilant outlook over the city, a keen vision for its safety, and ear attent for the alarm bell.

The first monument erected on Mount Hope was that of Mary Hall Brooks, wife of General Micah Brooks, whose history is interwoven with our pioneer days. It was the hatchet of Micah Brooks that blazed the trees on the site of Mount Hope when the Indian trail was the solitary track through its primeval forest, and several of the committee engaged in the first improvement of the grounds tried hard to preserve those old blazed trees of the pioneer road-maker, but in vain. Mrs. Brooks's antiquated monument is not

far from that of Myron Holley, and affords a study of the progress of monumental art, for that old-fashioned marble obelisk on a granite base was much admired in its day. Mrs. Brooks, it is said, was the first woman spoken of in our journalism as a pioneer. Pioneers had to make a beginning of the use of the term of course, and when applied to the deceased wife of General Brooks it was something like an innovation.

Some forty years ago, and later, long before the beach at Charlotte was a much frequented resort, save by wagon loads of pleasure seekers, who built their camp fires on the sand, Mount Hope was the chosen resort for the young people seeking a holiday, — the old folk, too, for that matter. Saturday morning of a fair summer day would see Sunday and day-schools marching in attempt at procession along South St. Paul Street, lunch baskets in hand, toward Mount Hope. Every child knew that to pick a flower there, or strew the sward with rubbish, would be an unpardonable offense. Up the steep pinnacle hill they panted, climbed to the top of the tower, elated beyond expression if they could get a faint glint of blue Ontario, and then to "the funnel" for dinner, "winding the clock" by racing down the circular path, — happy if in their meanderings they could peep into the half-open door of the city vault, or join some funeral train at an open grave. The Clover Lot, as it was called, was the extreme southern section of the cemetery in those days, and before sundown we (for let us acknowledge ourselves of the party) had rambled over the greater portion of the grounds, usually strolling homeward along the western woodland slopes, where we had liberty to pull the wild honeysuckles if they were in season, and where our path led to "Bear's Bones Monument." That was the name we children at least applied to the monumental wooden structure on what was called Patriot Hill, and whose inscription, if there was one, somehow failed in removing from our minds the impression that a bear had been there buried. It was one of the mysteries of Mount Hope to which we gave unquestioning assent. But after a few years the bay, the

lake, and the river became accessible, and the holiday ramblers were pulling oars upon the Genesee, landing sunfish at the Newport House, or bathing at Charlotte, and Bear's Bones Monument tumbled down with decay, but not until an investigating lad or two had secured a specimen of its contents, — for the investigating lads had not failed to discover that the monument and its urn held mouldering bones, and, to the great disappointment of said lads, the old landmark at last disappeared entirely, and the huckleberry bushes flourished in its place. Some time after, the site was purchased by Wm. A. Reynolds, and transformed into one of the most beautiful and highly cultivated sections of the cemetery.

Now it is probable that there are few among us to-day who have ever given a thought as to what became of the wooden memorial, and of Patriot Hill, — the ground solemnly appropriated in Mount Hope, nearly forty-three years ago, "for the mortal remains of Revolutionary soldiers who have died, or may hereafter die, in the valley of the Genesee."

THE STORY OF PATRIOT HILL — MOUNT HOPE.

The Rochester Athenæum and Young Men's Association, in those stirring years following our incorporation as a city, was the head source of many projects for the public good. Among these was the effort to establish the keeping of historical anniversaries, particularly those associated with Western New York ; and when it was suggested by this much respected body that a portion of the new cemetery be set apart for the burial of soldiers of the Revolution, and that the remains of those who fell in the massacre at Groveland, Livingston County, during Sullivan's campaign, 1779, be disinterred and committed to its soil with fitting honors, public sentiment gave hearty approval at once. Sixty-two years had elapsed since Sullivan's heroes marched into the heart of the Senecas' country, bearing fire and sword ; and through the revival of the topic in the local press, the thrilling story, nearly forgotten, of Lieuten-

ant Boyd and his little company of massacred heroes, was made familiar in every revolting detail. School-children were taught the story of how Lieutenant Boyd of Sullivan's army, 1779, and his little company of heroes, were surprised by the Indians under Brandt and Butler, about a mile and a half from the head of the Conesus Lake, and how the most of them were massacred on the battle-field of Groveland, where they were buried, while their leader and a soldier named Parker were carried prisoners to Little Beard's Town, near the site of the present village of Cuylerville, horribly tortured and killed, their headless remains found by a party of Sullivan's soldiers a few days after, identified, and buried with military honors under a clump of wild plum-trees, at the junction of two small streams, which form what was known as Beard's Creek. "A large mound still marks the spot," wrote the Livingston County correspondent, "close by the bridge across the creek, on the road from Cuylerville to Geneseo." The heroes of the Groveland battle-field lay in a grave well known to the old settlers of the locality. In 1807 their resting-place had been disturbed for the purpose, as was alleged, of carrying away their clothing for sacred relics, and in 1830 the spade had again gratified the curiosity of mound diggers, but it was affirmed that the rapidly decaying bones had been reburied. Four metallic buttons marked "U. S. A." had been found and appropriated, to be presented at this crisis as proof sufficient that the bones were those of Sullivan's soldiers.

In a very short time all Western New York was interested in the accounts filling the newspapers of Sullivan's campaign, and the story of Boyd and his little band. That he should be lying in an unmarked grave under a clump of old plum-trees, and several of his soldiers in so obscure a spot as Groveland, when Rochester had such a great, beautiful cemetery as Mount Hope, was a state of things the Rochester patriot, at least, could not tolerate. "Go to," said the Athenæum, the Young Men's Association, the newspapers, and the speech-makers, "and let our brave sol-

VIEW OF THE HILL OF THE REVOLUTIONARY PATRIOTS AT MOUNT HOPE WITH PROPOSED MONUMENT.

Copied from Notices of Sullivan's Campaign, etc., published by Wm. Allings, 1842.

diers bear those remains to a spot consecrated to their keeping forever more."

Stirring meetings were held in Geneseo, Scottsville, Mount Morris, etc. Livingston County responded to the unselfish patriotism of Monroe; and Livingston County, which had been thinking of setting up a Boyd monument herself, consented at last to the removal of its honored dead, for had not the enlarged views of the citizens of Rochester convinced all that their trust would be wisely bestowed?

August 20, 1841, was fixed upon as the day for bearing the dust of the heroes to Patriot Hill, Mount Hope. The military, the firemen, the civic societies and officers, every organization in the Genesee Valley, in fact, would be represented at least by delegates. The Senate assembled as a court for the correction of errors at Buffalo; the Governor, General Scott, and many a high dignitary besides, were invited to be present. A wooden monument, painted white to represent marble, had been fashioned, and a stone laid for its sure foundation, on the crest of Patriot Hill. This, of course, would be replaced by something better in time. The wooden urn containing the remains of Boyd and Parker, and what was persistently called "the sarcophagus," a wooden box in which the remains of the Groveland heroes had been placed, would be an impressive feature of the funeral procession. A flotilla of five boats with five military companies aboard, — the Williams Light Infantry, under Captain Gibbs; the Union Grays, under Captain Swan; the City Cadets, under Captain Tucker; the Rochester Artillery, under Captain Davis; and the German Grenadiers, under Captain Klein, — with invited guests and a large journalistic force, glided southward along the Valley Canal on the afternoon of August 19th, its progress watched by an enthusiastic crowd, who hung out bunting, and cheered until it was dark enough to light the big bonfires along the route. Who could say that the patriotism of America was on the wane, when the boats landed their crews for breakfast at Mount Morris, and the military

marched up and down the streets. Then all followed in grand procession by canal and roadway to Cuylerville, where there was a generous dinner spread under a bower for the military companies and citizens, while the survivors of the Revolution and the distinguished guests were most hospitably entertained by Colonel Cuyler in his beautiful residence in the grove on the hill. One of the newspaper reports of the day was as follows: —

"The procession was then formed and proceeded to the mound, some three quarters of a mile east of the canal. The bones of Boyd and Parker had been deposited in an urn, and after a dirge played with much effect by the band, on the very spot where sixty-two years ago the savage yells of Little Beard and his bloodthirsty rangers had been the only requiem, they were slowly borne away with the sarcophagus containing the ashes of their comrades, followed by the thousands collected from Geneseo, and the eastern extremes of the county. [The citizens of Geneseo, etc., had brought with them to that spot the relics of Boyd's soldiers who fell in Groveland, which were thus united with the ashes of their gallant officer in the honors paid to their heroism by the people of another age, who are enjoying the blessings of that freedom for which those soldiers fell.] On reaching the large grove of stately oaks near Colonel Cuyler's house, where a platform and seats had been erected, the vast concourse was called to order, and prayer offered by the Rev. Mr. Gillett, of Moscow. Major Moses Van Campen, aged 85, and Mr. Sanburn, aged 79, sat on the platform by the side of Captain Perry, all of whom had been actively employed in Sullivan's expedition. Mr. Sanburn was the man who first discovered the mangled remains of Boyd and Parker. . . . After another dirge, Mr. Samuel Treat, Principal of the Geneseo Seminary, addressed the audience."

A few extracts from what was particularly addressed to our Rochester military must here be given, if for no other reason than the proving how destitute was the speaker of the gift of seership, in common with the five thousand and more

witnesses of the salvation of those resurrected bones from their obscure graves under the old plum-trees. There was eloquent comment, of course, upon the proud office of our military that day, and classical allusion to Marathon and Thermopylæ, and the daring of the soldiers of Athens and Sparta. "If hereafter our soil should be invaded by a foreign foe, look on the hill which overhangs your noble city, and remember there lies a soldier bold and fearless as even Leonidas. . . . From the hands of those who periled all for freedom, receive the sacred trust now committed to your charge." Thereupon Major Van Campen, president of the day, in the name of the committee of the County of Livingston, did surrender the sacred relics for honorable interment in Mount Hope. The Mayor of Rochester, the Hon. E. F. Smith, responding that not merely the citizens of Rochester, but of the whole Genesee Valley, would through long ages guard with filial care their resting-place. Henry O'Reilly offered a resolution, which was unanimously approved, "That the streams at whose junction was buried the mangled bodies of Boyd and Parker, one of which streams has hitherto been nameless, and the other named after the savage chief whose ferocity was signalized by the shocking tortures of the gallant Boyd, shall hereafter be named in honor of those fallen soldiers, — the latter Boyd's Creek, and the former Parker's Creek; that those streams, and the mound at their junction, may commemorate the names and services of those martyrs through all time, 'while grass grows and water runs.'"

With the sinking sun, the flotilla bearing the urn and "sarcophagus" glided northward to dirge like strains of music, arriving in Rochester at sunrise the next morning, when a national salute was fired. At ten o'clock the bells the city over tolled their mournfullest, and, —

> "With drooping flag and muffled drum,
> And slow and measured tread,
> Behold! on their proud march they come,
> The bearers of the dead," —

as one of our home poets wrote "impromptu, while the

procession was moving to Mount Hope." The escort was arranged as follows, but in reversed order: —

Governor Seward, Chancellor Whittlesey, Adjutant General Rufus King, Surgeon General McNaughton, Major General John A. Granger, Colonel George W. Bemis, of Ontario County; Major General Hestor L. Stevens, Brigadier General Joseph Wood, Brigadier General W. E. Lathrop, Colonel John Allen, Colonel E. Darwin Smith, Colonel Jason Bassett and staff, Lieutenant Colonel Goodhue, Major Amon Bronson, Major Samuel Richardson, Major William Churchill; C. H. Bryan, chairman, S. Treat, orator, and W. H. Kelsey, Livingston County Committee; Chairman and Members Rochester Committee, Mayor and Aldermen, the Rev. Messrs. Tucker, Carlton, and Tooker; Revolutionary soldiers, pall-bearers, the hearse, urn, etc.

Williams Light Infantry. — Major John Williams, Captain George A. Gibbs, 1st Lieut. James Miller, 2d Lieut. J. C. Campbell.

Rochester Union Grays. — Captain L. B. Swan, 1st Lieut. W. H. Cheney, 2d Lieut. H. P. Daniels, 3d Lieut. N. R. Child, Ensign George W. Fisher.

Rochester City Cadets. — Captain Hiram A. Tucker, 1st Lieut, J. L. Elwood, 2d Lieut. D. M. Dewey.

German Grenadiers. — Captain Peter Klein, 1st. Lieut. George Ellwanger, 2d Lieut. A. Kiefer.

Rochester Artillery Corps. — Captain Hiram Davis, 1st Lieut. N. B. Ellison, 2d Lieut. G. S. Jennings.

Fire Department. — "Number 4." — Josiah Bissell, Foreman; H. Haight, 1st Assistant Foreman; E. Brown, 2d Assistant Foreman; H. F. Smith, Secretary; Thomas Hawks, Standard bearer.

"Number 6." — John I. Reilly, Foreman; John Cowles, Assistant Foreman: L. B. Langworthy, Secretary.

The march of this long procession from the entrance gate of Mount Hope to Section R, Lot 85, was something different from what it would be to-day, as the roads had been but little improved.

The military formed a line around the base of the hill.

The Rev. Elisha Tucker dedicated the ground by a short impressive address, and then, in the absence of an Episcopal clergyman, read the burial service.

"These ceremonies," said Governor Seward in his address, "are of public interest to the State; its whole people must contemplate them with satisfaction." And again Rochester felt the eyes of the world fixed upon her. But it is a quotation from the impassioned address of the Rev. Mr. Tucker that interests us most to-day: "The repose of these heroes has not been idly disturbed. . . . When our children shall visit this spot . . . it will remind them of the patriotism of their forefathers; . . . it will impress them with the conviction, that as piety and patriotism were united in the Revolutionary struggle . . . so every attempt to separate them has an inevitable tendency to irretrievable ruin."

He closed by saying: "This beautiful spot in Mount Hope has been generously presented to your Committee of Arrangements as a cemetery for the mortal remains of Revolutionary soldiers who have died or may hereafter die in the valley of the Genesee. And we do, therefore, on behalf of the citizens of Rochester and of this valley, and in the name of our country, and of our country's God, most solemnly appropriate this ground to that sacred purpose."

The committee from Livingston County might well return to their homes believing that the dust of the heroes they had committed to Mount Hope would be sacredly guarded. Some will read the names of that credulous committee with interest, — Calvin H. Bryan, Allen Ayrault, William T. Cuyler, Daniel H. Bissell, Reuben Sleeper, J. Henderson, Horatio Jones, John R. Murray, Jr., Samuel Treat, E. R. Hammatt, W. W. Weed, W. H. Stanley, D. P. Bissell.

But alas for the ambitious display of a patriotism so easily pricked to collapse by journalistic quills!

The Whigs had appropriated this popular movement, and the Loco-focos looked on suspiciously, perhaps jealously. It would never do to let the Whigs enjoy the popu-

larity of such a movement unmolested. T. Hart Hyatt, and Major Bumphrey of the "Advertiser," dipped their pens, possibly while the dirge notes and the tolling bells broke the serenity of their sanctum, and wrote the editorials that awoke the cry of "Bears' Bones!" and, in spite of the asseverations of those who saw the graves opened, a fickle populace gave ear to the accusation. It was all a political move, a concerted scheme for opening the next political campaign. Verily the bones were those of bears. How much could be found of human remains buried sixty-two years ago, forsooth, by a public road, and that when the graves had been opened several times? T. Hart Hyatt was dubbed T. Hyena Hyatt, and Bears' Bones Hyatt, by the Whigs, who denied and re-denied every accusation of duplicity; but the thing was done, the enthusiasm expended, and possibly if the participants and enthusiasts of the movement, who were by no means confined at the first to the Whig party, had visited Patriot Hill more frequently during those years when the temporary monument was falling to decay, mayhap the bones they had sworn to guard with filial care had not fallen all unnoted to the ground with urn and "sarcophagus" when nature whispered "dust to dust" with no patriot to sigh amen.

When Chauncey Parsons became keeper of the cemetery in 1863, there were some half dozen graves on the top of the hill said to belong to Revolutionary patriots, and two or three more with less distinguished occupants buried there by special permission. "No signs of Lieutenant Boyd's remains were ever shown me on that hill, or any other spot on Mount Hope," writes Mr. Parsons. "I never saw the wooden monument, nor heard it spoken of by officials or prominent citizens. As I lived in Geneseo previous to 1858, I was conversant with the rumored discovery of Lieutenant Boyd's remains; . . . but I got the impression that there was very little evidence that the bones of Lieutenant Boyd had been discovered, and that the military parade and the building of the mound were in the interest of certain parties in the Genesee Valley. . . . I heard nothing

more of the bones until I went to Mount Hope. . . . Something had to be done to furnish land for lots, as we had very few that were salable. . . . The Commissioners suggested moving Patriot Hill ; . . . there had been no Revolutionary soldiers buried there for some time, and there was no grave that was said to contain the remains of Lieutenant Boyd. As this Patriot Hill had been set apart by the Common Council to be used for a certain purpose, the Commissioners went to that body to get the authority for moving the dead. . . . We then cut down the hill on a grade suitable for burying purposes, and cleared away the dense forest on the west side. . . . The ground sold for some two or three thousand dollars, and the grading was finished when William A. Reynolds negotiated for his family lot. His purchase had nothing to do with the removal of Patriot Hill, nor had any other influence than one seeking the public good."

Over and above the remains in the graves were a few bones actually found on the surface of the ground near the site of the wooden monument. These a workman scooped into his hat, and bore as reverently, no doubt, to their new resting-place, as if he had been a procession two miles long, with muffled drums, and the Governor. He deposited them in one of the newly dug graves devoted to the patriots. It is barely possible that hat might yet be found.

Yes, Patriot Hill is a thing of the past, unless we give that name to the spot in the public grounds in section Y, where the remains of the few Revolutionary soldiers, whose friends had proudly intrusted their dust to our patriotism, lie in the long tiers of graves close together, four or five graves, and only one with a headstone. But headstones are not the rule in that locality, but simple crosses of wood, or clumsily fashioned tablets with homely lettering of obscure names. There is evidently no deposit in the Repair Fund for keeping these overgrown hillocks in order. Many of the wooden head-boards are lying flat upon the ground, few stand upright, and in truth, beautiful as is the scenery from the northwesterly slope across the ravine, it

is hardly the place the grand procession of 1841 saw in the future when they bore the urn and "sarcophagus" from Cuylerville.

Only one grave of the five said to contain Revolutionary soldiers has a headstone. There were perhaps twice as many patriots buried here, but their friends removed them for reasons not hard to understand. On the mossy and antiquated headstone you may read: —

REV. EBENEZER VINING.

BORN OCTOBER 5TH, 1754. DIED IN ROCHESTER, AUGUST 24TH, 1843. AGED 89.

HE SERVED HIS COUNTRY IN THE REVOLUTIONARY STRUGGLE AS A PRIVATE SOLDIER UNDER THE IMMEDIATE COMMAND OF GENERAL WASHINGTON; AFTER WHICH HE UNITED WITH THE BAPTIST CHURCH IN LEYDEN, MASS., AND ENTERED THE WORK OF THE MINISTRY, THE DUTIES OF WHICH HE DISCHARGED UNTIL THE 89TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

On Decoration Day these graves are not forgotten, and the little flags flutter from one May to another. When our heroes of the Rebellion have a monument worthy of their cause and heroism, possibly these graves will disappear, to be quickly replaced by others identical in appearance, unmarked, and perhaps uncared for.

It is a fitting place for meditation. . . . Well, we have the four buttons preserved among the relics of our Athenæum Library. No one can deny that. The stone that supported the monument may be seen any day under a flower vase north of the entrance gate at Mount Hope. Then there are two streams in Livingston County, one named Boyd's Creek, the other Parker's. That is something. There is a picture, moreover, of the Patriot Hill as its founders saw it in their near future. How those words of the Geneseo school-master come back derisively when we look upon it: "If hereafter our soil should be invaded by a foreign foe, look on the hill which overhangs your noble city, and remember there lies a soldier bold and fearless as even Leonidas."

XVII.

THE ISMS CHARGE.

1. The Patriot War (Patriot-ism). — 2. Millerism. — 3. Abolitionism. — 4. Woman's Rights-ism. — 5. Spiritualism (Rochester Knockings).

"ROCHESTER — that hot-bed of isms," the New York "World" was pleased to say of us some twenty years ago, and the appellative proved popular at once. Since then we have only to pirouette in the slightest way before the public, and the old isms charge is reiterated as if in some way accounting for anything we may happen to do.

A study of our isms will prove that they are, on the whole, rather to our credit than the contrary. Our fanaticisms, so called, have often proved world-agitating movements of reform. If not indigenous, they found here the necessary conditions for growth and speedy development. The New York journal, however, might have improved its metaphor in calling us a bulletin board instead of a hot-bed, for the success of our isms has been rather in their publication with our exceptional facilities, than in any forcing process of the germs. The letter received at our post-office a few years ago explains our accepted characteristic in giving everything a good start, from a new star before the footlights to a scheme for the reformation of the politics of the moon. The letter was addressed: "P. T. Barnum, Rochester, N. Y. Please foller up his menagriee."

Our early revivals of religion will not pass unnoted in cataloguing the grounds for this accusation. There was our much talked of opposition to the Sabbath stages, and canal boats besides, and the ultra phase of that Sabbath reform movement which the preponderating voice of our

conservatives finally shaped to the compromise needed. The development of the true idea was the result of healthy antagonism, proved again in the result of the Morgan excitement. He who makes no mistakes makes no advance, and so we may look back to our transient partiality for Lancastrianism, Grahamism, and even Blue Glass-ism with real satisfaction.

The important movements distinctly identified with Rochester as their birthplace or hot-bed, and which the student of their history, if not the world at large, associates with our city's name, are Spiritualism, Millerism, Abolitionism, and Woman Suffrageism. There are many minor movements that might be noted by brief allusion at least.

Foremost among our isms let us acknowledge Patriot-ism and its decided manifestation in the Patriot War (1837–38), when Rochester was the headquarters for Canadian refugees and a rendezvous for enlistments and stores. The patriotism of our conservatives, who would preserve the neutrality of the United States at any cost, was hardly surpassed by the daring exploits of our radicals, who were fierce for an invasion of Canada. Those stormy times along the border are almost unknown to the children of the very men who joined the rebel camp on Navy Island, and were ready to die, if needs be, for the Patriot cause, whose doctrines were most obnoxious to the Canadian government, and whose failure was precipitated by the lamentable incompetency of its leaders as well as by the terrible retaliation of the power assailed. The ill-planned invasions of the Patriots, aided often by Americans, resulted in wholesale hangings of the leaders, prisoners starving in dungeons, and transportations to Van Diemen Land. The outbreak was the result of English interference with local legislation, and the existence of a Tory tyranny in connection with the government offices. The leader of the movement was Wm. L. Mackenzie, the head of the most influential press in the province. He organized nearly two thousand societies against the government, instigated the unsuccessful attack upon Toronto, and fleeing to Rochester

at last, where he had an enthusiastic following, lay many weeks in our county jail, because of his disregard of our laws of neutrality. The orders of the Federal government for the repression of every movement violating our neutrality were little regarded here as elsewhere along the line, so intense was the indignation called out by the brutal tyranny of the Canadian military. Our market house was stacked full of arms for the Patriots, provisions poured in from the country, and old inhabitants on the Ridge Road tell us how the heavy wagons could be heard hurrying westward all night long; for Colonel Van Rensselaer, the hero of Queenstown Heights, had taken possession of Navy Island, in the Niagara River, and his force was increasing. Deer Hunts and Red Fox Hunts and Exploring Expeditions had become suddenly the rage even with law-abiding citizens of Rochester. There was no lack of provisions. "How well I remember the big onions that filled Child's warehouse one day when I rambled in there boy fashion, — 'all going to the Patriots,' I was told, and every onion doubled in importance straightway." Neutrality meetings were not popular, and the annexation of Canada was confidently prophesied, even by some who held aloof from bringing it about.

Now the Patriots at Navy Island had in their service a small steamboat called the Caroline, and one Friday, December 29, 1837, it had been running as a ferry-boat between the island and the shore, on the private account of the owners, one of whom, by the way, was Hamlet Scrantom, of Rochester. Evening found the Caroline moored at Fort Schlosser, a landing-place on the American side, and as the taverns were overcrowded, it was full as it could hold. At ten o'clock at night five boats, containing forty-five British soldiers, pushed off from the Canadian side, under cover of the darkness, boarded the Caroline, drove its unarmed men ashore, killed six, and wounded several more. Then towing the boat out into the stream it was set on fire and left to drift with the current. Wrapt in flame, it swept by the horrified force on Navy Island, who believed it freighted with their co-patriots.

The news spread over the country that the Canadians had invaded the United States and set fire to a passenger-boat, leaving it to drift over Niagara Falls with its helpless inmates. Public excitement and indignation was intense. It is said that among the volunteers who rushed to the aid of the Patriots was George Dawson, editor of the Rochester "Democrat," whose enthusiasm was equal to his riding to Buffalo on a cannon. A former resident of our city writes as follows: —

"A public meeting of all who sympathized with the rebellion was called at once. The Court House was packed long before the hour named. Colonel George W. Pratt was chairman. Rochester had at that time several brilliant speakers, all young, able, and ambitious. Watts, Chase, Chumasero, Doolittle, on that night fired the public heart. The excitement was great. An amusing episode occurred as Lawyer Doolittle (afterwards senator) finished an animated and stirring speech. With his slow, deep voice he said, 'I understand there is now in the room a young gentleman just arrived from the seat of war who could' — but that was enough. He was not allowed to finish. Instantly a yell arose for the latest arrival. 'Pass him over in a plate!' 'Hand him over in a spoon!' 'Trot him out quick!' were the welcomes which came to the ears of a timid lad of 18, named James D. Reid, who stood amazed in the margin of that wild multitude, having just arrived from Toronto. He was at once lifted over the heads of the crowd, placed on a table in front of the president, and kindly told to speak loud and make himself at home! He never knew what he said that night, but the 'Democrat' gave him half a column on the following morning. After the meeting was over, a well-known citizen, Christopher H. Graham, illustrated Rochester's characteristic hospitality by inviting the young stranger to his house, and offering him his best room as his permanent home."

A special message from the governor recommended the Legislature to make provision for a military force for the protection of exposed citizens and the maintenance of peace

upon the border. The President ordered General Scott to the frontier for the preservation of peace. Requisition was made upon the governors of New York and Vermont for a sufficient militia to assist the Commander-in-chief. The President exhorted all persons who had engaged in a project dangerous to their own country, and fatal to those they would relieve, to disperse at once, with the solemn assurance that should their conduct place them in the power of Canada, they would receive no countenance or aid from their own government. Not a few among us remember warrants requiring them to appear armed and equipped by a certain day to go to the frontier, and that when their sympathies were with the Patriots, which gave the campaign an unattractive aspect. "Colonel Joseph Wood commanded our regiment, the 25th Artillery," is the record in F. X. Beckwith's Journal. "—— Williams was our Lieutenant Colonel; Jason Bassett, Adjutant; and Amos Soper, Evan Evans, Franklin Robb, and F. X. Beckwith were Captains. My Lieutenants were John Hammond and James Beckwith; Samuel Welch and James Wells, Orderly Sergeants; Chester Keyes, Fifer; Theodore Wilbur, John Wilbur, Drummers. Among my privates were Hugh McVean, Samuel Wood, James Salter, W. H. Rogers, —— Stewart, —— French, Henry Vosburg, John Whitney, Gilbert Whitney, and G. W. Goodhue. One James Cox deserted." The troops traveled by railroad as far as Batavia. From there they marched on foot, and were hissed at and derided by every one along the route. Food was once refused them at a country tavern, when they planted their guns before the house and gave the host five minutes to come to their terms, which it is needless to add he did with profound hospitality. A few days of roughing it in camp; of hurried marching from one point to another, — and home they came, to rest on their well-earned laurels, for by the middle of January, 1838, the Patriots had broken up camp, and the British jack was flying on Navy Island. Doctor Mackensie and General Van Rensselaer had been arrested by United States officers for organizing a hostile expedition within the

territory of the United States against a friendly nation, and in time the State of New York indicted some of the persons concerned in taking and burning the Caroline for willful murder. The fever in the public mind, however, was not quickly allayed, and expeditions were planned from different points along the line for the invasion of Canada, and many a great scheme exploded, leaving its supporters stranded in poverty or pining in prison.

The Patriot War gave us one of our most honored and valuable citizens. John G. Parker, a merchant of Hamilton, Canada, was suspected of being in league with the Patriots, although no stronger evidence could be brought against him than certain expressions he had used in a letter to a friend. He was thrown into prison, sentenced to Van Diemen Land for life, and his property confiscated. We read in the "Advertiser," Dec. 3, 1838: "Mrs. Parker, the wife of the unfortunate John G. Parker, has taken up her residence in this city. She has suffered severely from the cruel tyranny of the Canadian government, and it is hoped that her unfortunate husband" (then a prisoner bound for Van Diemen Land) "may soon know that she is among friends," etc. December 11th we read: "It gives us pleasure to state that efforts to secure the release of John G. Parker have been made. Petitions and documents in his favor have been sent to England, and will reach there about the time he does."

The efforts were successful, and he was released from the vessel where he had undergone cruel privations, to say nothing of mental torture, and was soon with his family again. He found staunch friends here in Rochester, and in a few years had established the well-known grocery house that was an old landmark where the Union Clothing Store now stands. The great elm on South Clinton Street is associated with his hospitable home; and in his successor in business, George G. Maurer, we have one who entered into his employ as a boy apprentice, and who perpetuates the peculiar methods and characteristics of the old store. There is a marked resemblance between Maurer's grocery house

of to-day and John G. Parker's in the Forties. The old resident can easily fancy himself among the wares of the Canadian refugee, — the whiffs of tarred rope, foreign cheese, and rare spices, and the great bundles of skein yarn aiding the pleasing illusion.

Dr. Mackensie wrote many of his incendiary pamphlets here. Dr. Rolph, another notorious Patriot and refugee, dwelt for some time among us. In fact we had a colony of patriots, and they were by no means neglected even by professed neutrals. If their cause had proved a successful one, we should have had without doubt a glorious place in the history of their struggle, for notwithstanding our seeming good behavior as a frontier city, we were watched with no little concern by those in authority; and the burning of another Caroline, particularly if at the mouth of the Genesee, would have developed our patriot-ism into such resistance to invasion, that it would not have answered to emphasize the last syllable as we are perhaps permitted to do in reciting the stormy events of the last trouble on our northern border.

MILLERISM.

1843–44.

There were two head centres of this fanaticism, whose converts soon numbered more than fifty thousand: Boston and Rochester. Boston sent forth the "Advent Herald," and Joshua Vaughn Himes, the brilliant and gifted young preacher of the sect called Christians, was the leader of the movement in the East. Joseph Marsh, who, before his conversion to the teachings of Father Miller, was an animating spirit of the same sect, editing its paper, and in charge of its Book Concern, — writing the beginnings of its distinctive theological school, and pastor of a church in Fulton County, — came to Rochester in the spring of 1844, and opened in the Arcade the headquarters for the Millerite movement in the West, publishing large editions of his weekly paper, the "Voice of Truth," which were sown broadcast over this section of country, with a tide of leaf-

lets, charts, admonitory messages, everything that zeal and printers' ink could furnish for the salvation of sinners whose time of probation was to end October 25, 1844, as could be proved by the simplest mathematical calculation. There were many believers in the speedy coming who had urged a focalization of effort in this locality, and who brought their gifts into the store-house, No. 17 Arcade, even all that they had, lest any should be lost in the impending conflagration for the lack of a simple tract or a monitory wafer. The money poured in, and the literature and the preachers with charts went forth in an increasing tide. There were daily meetings in old Talman Hall, now Wilder's Arcade, during that summer, and hundreds were baptized in the river or race-way. As the time drew near, the excitement increased, a mob of scoffers frequently making the street almost impassable outside the hall. The Millerite was hooted at on the street, caricatured in the public prints by those whose hearts quaked with fear when the terrible storm came up on the eve of the appointed last day, and, besides making wild havoc with chimneys and things generally, snapped off the big Whig pole that stood on the Four Corners.

The converts were by no means confined to the lowly and illiterate. Elder Elon Galusha, a pillar of the Baptist faith, went up out of Babylon, as withdrawing from the old church was called, and preached his new faith with wondrous power. George A. Avery, Carlos Dutton, John Hayes, Wm. E. Arnold, Miss E. C. Clemens, a gifted teacher at the Institute, E. C. Williams, and many more of equal prominence, were among the despised sect, who gave up all things in testimony of their certain hope. The Baptists, before any other Christian denomination, had the largest representation in Millerism.

"Will I ever forget those meetings in old Talman Hall," writes one who as a child was kept from school that she might in the end be plucked as a brand from the burning. "How terrible it was, that believing, as we children did, that every day brought us inevitably nearer to the horrible fire. I could repeat this minute Nebuchadnezzar's dream

and the Apocalyptic visions, and all that mathematical computation showing how 1843 Jewish time was 1844 Roman time, and that as true as there was a sun in the heavens — and I grew fairly to hate the sun — the trumpet would sound and the dead would rise on the tenth day of the seventh month, when the world would come to an end and sinners with it. And then the brothers and sisters would shout amen, and I was so glad my father was so good a man, for hanging on to him was my last hope."

"This is our last issue," you may read in the "Voice of Truth" that October publication day believed to have been its last. "Before another week shall have gone by, the feet of our Lord shall stand upon Zion, and the wicked shall have been cut off."

They did not go to Mount Hope, as has been stated, all clad in their ascension robes, to sit on the pinnacle height waiting for the trumpet to sound. They gathered in Talman Hall, and the rabble gathered outside, and the police finally dispersed the meeting for the city's peace. When the day went by, and not only the day but the month, they turned to their well worn Bibles and found great consolation in missing links in the chain of prophecy, in chronological chasms, mistaken renderings of Greek text, etc. Hundreds were penniless, even homeless. They had staked all, left harvests ungarnered, given their goods to feed a scoffing world with tracts. "When are you going up?" shouted the gamins on the street corner. Let us try to judge them, if we are equal to the effort, independent of their casualty of disappointment. They had given the world an illustration of faith in the literal interpretation of the unfulfilled prophecies, and Millerism was the logical outcome of the theological teaching of centuries.

The believers in the literal speedy coming soon lost their name of Millerite in that of Adventist and Christadelphian. There are two or three congregations in our city to-day, vigorous societies of intelligent Bible students, who are by no means ashamed to date the latter-day revival of their faith to "the '43 movement," and who reverence the names

of William Miller, Joshua Vaughn Himes,[1] and Joseph Marsh.

ABOLITIONISM.

The fact that Myron Holley, the founder, organizer, and inspiration of the old Liberty Party, — the independent political party whose platform had but one plank, and that the abolition of slavery, — lived in Rochester from 1837 to the time of his death in 1841, during those eventful years of his life when he gave his best and his all for the gospel of freedom; and that Frederick Douglass followed in his footsteps, and made his home among us in 1847, editing and publishing the "North Star," lecturing incessantly in our public halls, or inviting those of his cause to do so, giving us a series of notable conventions, familiarizing us with the faces of eminent reformers, and developing our superior advantages as an underground railroad depot, — all this has justified the world in associating us with the old Abolition movement, even if it was not generally known that John Brown, of Ossawattomie, planned his raid upon Harper's Ferry on our southern hills. Myron Holley, Frederick Douglass, John Brown's raid, and our Underground Railroad officials, to say nothing of the Opposition which was often a preponderating constituency, provokes study of the subject in its wide relations, and which as a part of our history should not be neglected.

We have had great men among our citizens, but none greater than Myron Holley, — statesman, politician in the highest sense of the word, humanitarian, and true gentleman. He had retired from public life and its calumnies when he bought his farm of 120 acres in Carthage, 1837, which he named Rose Ridge, and where he raised choice fruits and vegetables. His customers were among our best citizens, and one bright woman used to say that Mr. Holley sold his peas and asparagus in the morning as gracefully as he delivered his lyceum lectures in the afternoon. Another

[1] Joshua Vaughn Himes, now in his eightieth year, has been for several years one of the most useful of the clergy on the missionary staff of the Bishop of Nebraska (Episcopal).

story is told of the wife of Dr. Whitehouse, who, when she first came to Rochester, thinking that she had been sent among barbarians, amused her husband by running into his study one morning and saying: "I have seen a true gentleman! He came to the basement door with vegetables!" "Oh yes," mused the Doctor. "That was Myron Holley."

It is pleasant to think of him, in that the happiest time of his life, wandering along the river bank with his grandchildren, or letting them "make garden" with him after their own plans. "Grandpa, why don't 'oo sow hair seed on your head?" was a story he loved to remember, as did many of the young people of that day his outburst against a sermon upon the sin of dancing: "It 's as natural for young people to dance as for the apple-trees to blossom in the spring." He hated bigotry. He preached against the revival system in the Court House. When the studies of his children in school were interrupted by praying bands he made vigorous protest. He went about the country lecturing on Anti-Slavery, and finally sold Rose Ridge, put the money into a printing-press, started the "Freeman," an Abolition paper, and moved into the city. He died March 4, 1841, at 8 o'clock in the morning, when the bells were ringing and the cannon firing in honor of the inauguration of President Harrison. The house where he died is still to be seen on Johnson's Park, the present residence of George W. Harrold.

Grace Greenwood, then living in Rochester, was an enthusiastic admirer of Myron Holley, and she wrote in after years how well she remembered "his grand and stately presence coming down the street, when the people would part in reverence and admiration on either side," and yet he was so simple, so kind. "When he lived at Rose Ridge," writes Elizur Wright in his "Life of Myron Holley," "his custom was to hold Sunday meetings in the district schoolhouse. What a curious, odd audience used to gather to listen and look at him. Every rank in society was represented. There was the elegant and courtly Judge Strong, with occasionally the ladies of his household, and the

Hookers, on rainy Sundays, . . . where they met the poorest day laborers. Even drunkards and outcasts did not feel themselves excluded from the all-embracing humanity of these ministrations."

"It was not an uncommon thing for families," wrote his daughter, "too degraded by intemperance and vice to venture to ask a clergyman, to send for my father to officiate at their funerals. They saw, in their daily intercourse with him, that his divine tenderness took them all in."

Myron Holley's Liberty Party called out a poem, very popular with those who cast their presidential votes for James Gillespie Birney in 1840.

"Will ye despise the streamlet
Upon the mountain side,
Ye broad and mighty rivers
On sweeping to the tide?
. . . . . .
"And so shall wax the party,
Now feeble in its birth,
Till liberty shall cover
This tyrant-ridden earth."

Frederick Douglass, in speaking of his locating in Rochester in 1847, after his return from England, where the price of his freedom had been raised in British gold, £150 sterling, says: "The ground had been prepared for me by the labors of others, notably by Hon. Myron Holley. I know of no place in the Union where I could have located with less resistance, or received a larger measure of sympathy and coöperation." The New York "Herald" advised us, we remember, to throw the Nigger printing-press into Lake Ontario, and banish Douglass to Canada. But, on the contrary, the little band of Abolitionists, one can almost count them on their fingers, flocked to the standard. There was Lindley Murray Moore, Isaac and Amy Post, Wm. Hallowell, Wm. S. Falls, Samuel D. Porter, Wm. C. Bloss, Benj. Fish, Asa Anthony, Grove S. Gilbert, Nelson Bostwick, Joseph Marsh, E. C. Williams, George A. Avery, John Kedzie, Thomas James, Isaac Gibbs, and some others. William A. Reynolds permitted Corinthian Hall to be used

for Anti-Slavery lectures every Sunday evening for an entire winter; the ladies held fairs in Minerva Hall, had sewing societies, oyster suppers, etc., and even those who held frigidly aloof from such radical reformers were not displeased when noted foreigners, like Frederika Bremer, went out of their way to visit Frederick Douglass, of Rochester. It is something to remember that we had him here when the Fugitive Slave Bill was passed, and that the fullness of his indignation, his contempt of compromising legislation, the highest attainment of his eloquence, was listened to by those who packed the hall where he was to speak. Shall we ever forget one scene in Corinthian Hall, — a breathless crowd, for Douglass was hurling out anathema against the Bill. "Is there a man here who dares to say he has the right to sell his brother?" A voice clearly responded, "I do." In an instant every eye saw the speaker, — the finger of Douglass pointing him out as he stood, one of the outermost tier against the white background. "Turn your face to the wall then!" in withering tones, that must have made its owner wish he had kept silent.

It was well known that Rochester was doing a great business at underground railroading in those years, but the officials were too circumspect for detection. We never had a disturbance on the street, growing out of the aid given to fugitives, nor was a fugitive ever retaken from Rochester, although the adventures of the agents, considering the penalties for harboring or aiding a runaway slave, were never without risk and daring that would make a very entertaining volume of itself.

Frederick Douglass, who was in secret communication with the leading Anti-Slavery people in all parts of the country, was the superintendent of this terminus of the road, but careful watching failed in discovering the same. "It was like attempting to bale out the ocean with a teaspoon," he writes, "but the thought that there was one slave less, and one freeman more, was unspeakable joy." He knew where to hide the fugitives, and who would get them off safely. There was the sail-loft of E. C. Williams; Dr.

Clark's quiet home on Monroe Street; the farm-houses of the Anthonys and the De Garmos; and Isaac Post's barn, — parlor, for that matter, if it was not full already. "The most we ever had at any one time was twelve," said Amy Post, whose house on North Sophia Street has ever been the hottest place in our reputed "hot-house for isms" — so many reforms, agitations, and new questions have been furthered in its parlors. "They were brought to me without a word of warning one Saturday, and they stayed over Sunday. They were so happy to think they were so far north, so near Canada, we had hard work to keep them out of sight. . . . Many a time I have crept out to the barn after dark with a basket of food, and seen a black man or woman creep out from the hay, so frightened, to take it." Wm. S. Falls, in an interesting disclosure of what used to be done here for fugitives by persons unsuspected of Anti-Slavery proclivities, says: "The poor creatures were usually penniless. . . . I used to solicit donations in the Arcade, and our citizens would give freely. Uncle Dave Richardson, of Henrietta, never refused. Once E. C. Williams and myself, while passing on our way to dinner on the east side of the river, each taking a side of Main Street, collected all we needed. The railroad fare only of the refugees was paid by the agents in the several States from funds raised in England."

"I remember," says an old neighbor of Frederick Douglass, "that sometimes father and the horse and wagon would drive away early in the evening and be gone all night. We never asked any questions, nor saw him go if we could avoid it, but he would be remarkably cheery at breakfast, and possibly let out something if we pressed him hard, but that was against the rule. The excitement was like that of living on a smuggling coast."

Frederick Douglass had removed from Alexander Street, near East Avenue, to his suburban home on the hill-side, south of the city, when John Brown became his guest, and confided to him the plans for the famous raid upon Harper's Ferry. "His whole time and thought was given to the sub-

ject," says Douglass. "It was the first thing in the morning and the last thing at night, till I confess it began to be something of a bore. . . . Soon after coming to me, he asked me to get for him two smoothly planed boards upon which he could illustrate with a pair of dividers, by a drawing, the plan of fortification which he meant to adopt in the mountains. . . . I was less interested in these drawings than my children were." He wrote many letters to Anti-Slavery leaders during this memorable visit, and a constitution for the government of the Mountain Refuge, — a constitution which each man who joined him should be sworn to honor and support. Some of the ramblers over those hills between Mount Hope and the pinnacle at that time may have met the grizzly-bearded, rather seedy old man, who had much of the vigor of youth apparently, and possibly they queried idly what he could be thinking so deeply about, little dreaming his was a spirit that should go marching on through the ages, — a name that should resound from sea to sea.

When Rochester, with every city and hamlet in the land, was stunned and overwhelmed by the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, Frederick Douglass, perhaps before all others, gave utterance to the fullness of our sorrow. Many of us can remember how all eyes followed him as he passed down the Main Street, that funeral day, for unconsciously we gave him the place of chief mourner. He had no word of greeting, — only a hand pressure for his nearest friends.

"Our citizens," he wrote in his autobiography, "not knowing what else to do in the agony of the hour, betook themselves to the City Hall. Though all hearts ached for utterance, few felt like speaking. . . . No speech could rise to the level of feeling. Doctor Robinson, then of Rochester University, but now of Brown University, Providence, R. I., was prevailed upon to take the stand, and made one of the most touching and eloquent speeches I ever heard. At the close of his address I was called upon, and spoke out of the fullness of my heart, and happily I gave expression to so much of the soul of the people present, that my voice

was several times utterly silenced by the sympathetic tumult of the great audience. I had resided long in Rochester, and had made many speeches there which had more or less touched the hearts of my hearers, but never till this day was I brought into such close accord with them. We shared in common a terrible calamity, and this touch of nature made us more than countrymen, — it made us kin."

In the summer of 1872 the house on the hill-side where John Brown planned his raid, and where the valuable papers of its owner were treasured, was destroyed by fire. Thereupon Mr. Douglass removed his family to Washington, D. C., where he had been engaged in public life, more or less, for several years.

A bust of Frederick Douglass, the work of our eminent artist, Johnson M. Mundy, and considered a superior likeness and work of art, was the gift of the citizens of Rochester to its University, and holds an honored place in Sibley Hall. "Frederick Douglass," said the "Democrat and Chronicle," upon the occasion of its unveiling, "can hardly be said to have risen to greatness on account of the opportunities which the Republic offers to self-made men. . . . For him it builded no school-house, and for him it erected no church. . . . Rochester is proud to remember that Frederick Douglass was for many years one of her citizens. . . . Douglass must rank among the greatest men, not only of this city, but of the nation as well: great in gifts, greater in utilizing them; great in his inspiration, greater in his efforts for humanity; great in the persuasion of his speech, greater in the purpose that informed it."

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Whenever the veterans of Woman's Rights Reform shall proclaim unto what cities in the land the palm of precedence for battling for universal suffrage shall be given, Rochester will be accorded only an average palm, and she might lose that, only for her association with the movement in the active part she has taken in the Anti-Slavery, Temperance, and other reforms, in which women have been the

Susan B. Anthony

inspiration and chief workers. Her approval of the radical features of the movement has been reserved, and her conservatism has oftener chilled than inspired the heroic band who brought the second Woman's Rights Convention held in the State to our Unitarian Church in the summer of 1848, who appeared on our streets in the Bloomer dress, and who marched to the polls in 1872 and voted, or tried to vote. The mere fact that Susan B. Anthony lives in Rochester has gone a great way towards making us prominent in the movement. Her popularity in her old home, even among those not committed to her cause, has accomplished what a series of radical conventions might have defeated. Our charitable institutions are almost entirely managed by women. The preponderating majority of our public school teachers are women, and the question of having women on the school board has been agitated. That women should be represented among the managers of the House of Refuge has also been publicly advised with favorable hearing. Almost every religious denomination has its missionary society where women preside, make addresses, do excellent committee work, and even open the services without calling in a man to offer prayer. And yet a little more than thirty years ago, when Rochester gave cold hospitality to its first Woman's Rights Convention, and Susan B. Anthony, then a teacher in the Academy of Canajoharie, laughed heartily at the novelty and presumption, the popular sentiment was in full accord with what the press, as a rule, said of "the insurrection among the women." . . . "It was a regular *emeute* of a congregation of females gathered from various quarters," said the Rochester "Democrat," "who seem to be really in earnest in their aim at revolution, and who evince entire confidence that the day of their deliverance is at hand." . . . "Let the women keep the ball moving," said the "Daily Advertiser," "so bravely started by those who have become tired of the restraints imposed upon them by the antediluvian notions of a Paul or the tyranny of man," quotations proving to us to-day the capriciousness in the teachings of our leading journals.

Susan B. Anthony has been called the Napoleon of the Woman's Rights Movement. Her coadjutor, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, if not a Rochester woman, has a former Rochester man for a husband. To Susan B. Anthony the women of the State of New York are largely indebted for the passage of the property bill, and the concession of other civil rights, to gain which she traveled for years in stage-coaches, open wagons, and sleighs, in all seasons, and even on foot from door to door, lecturing wherever she could find hearing, "doing her uttermost," according to Mrs. Stanton, "to rouse women to some sense of their natural rights as human beings, and to their civil and political rights as citizens of a republic. . . . It was only through petitions that women could as a disfranchised class be heard in the national councils;" and to impress them with the disadvantages of their disenfranchisement she has lectured incessantly, counting ridicule, weariness, and discouragement as naught if the object of her labor might be won at last. Her Rochester home for many years was on a little farm on Genesee Street. For the last twenty years or more she has lived in the unostentatious but roomy house on Madison Street, with her sister, Miss Mary Anthony, who has been for many years a principal in our public schools. Miss Anthony's religious associations are with the Unitarian society. She has ever been a prompt assistant in every good work, and particularly efficient in the temperance cause. Through her energy the Red Cross Society was founded here in 1881, and so well organized that it has been the banner society of the country, in quick and generous response; leading the president of the national society, Clara Barton, to say of it in her paper before the American Social Science Association, 1882: "The Red Cross Society of Rochester, within less than a year of its organization, has contributed over fourteen thousand dollars in material and money to the relief of sufferers by calamity. It should be said that the incipient movement towards the formation of this magnificent society, as well as that of Syracuse, was made by Rev. Dr. Gracey, the noted missionary to India,

now Presiding Elder of the Methodist Diocese of the District of Rochester, and one of the earliest and most efficient friends of the Red Cross. . . . It is a fact worthy of mention that the munificent contribution of one eminent citizen, through the Rochester society, of ten thousand dollars in seeds for planting the desolated district, was rendered doubly, trebly valuable, by the rapidity and precision with which it was distributed through the organized societies of the Red Cross. The slow decline of water having delayed the planting, great haste was necessary in order to secure any return from the land the present year; . . . within three days the seed was on its way to the Red Cross Society of Memphis; . . . within twenty-four hours after its arrival in Memphis, it was re-sorted and re-shipped to the proper points in five different States. . . . Thousands of acres were enriched, and thousands of persons fed, as the result of that one act of well arranged generosity." It is hardly necessary to add that the giver of the seed was Hiram Sibley, and that its transportation was attended to by him individually.

When Miss Anthony, after long years of hard and ill requited labor, as far as pecuniary accumulation was concerned, was induced to take a bit of an outing in Europe, her Rochester friends sent the following testimonial to the public meeting held in her honor in Philadelphia on the eve of her departure.

TESTIMONIAL TO SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

Rochester, New York, the home of Susan B. Anthony, by this open letter, signed by old friends and neighbors, adherents to her cause — and those who are not — would unite with all who honor the birthday of its "true citizen," and express the sincere wish that Miss Anthony, in her sojourn in strange lands, may find what she has in full measure at home, — a genuine appreciation of her true womanliness, her sturdy adherence to honest conviction, and her heroic stand against all opposition to her untiring efforts for the enfranchisement and the higher education of woman.

Wishing her God speed and safe return, we, the undersigned, do not need to assure her that neither the triumphs nor defeats

of her future public life will change our estimate of her, for to us she will ever remain what her life among us has proved her to be, a good, true woman, self-consecrated to the cause of woman in every land. [Signed.]

H. R. Selden, M. B. Anderson, A. C. Kendrick, E. M. Moore, N. M. Mann, Myron Adams, Charles E. Fitch, S. H. Lowe, Herman C. Riggs, James L. Angle, C. Fred Farlin, Willet E. Post, Asa Saxe, P. H. Curtis, J. A. Hinds, Samuel Wilder, John H. Rochester, F. S. Rew, C. S. Dolley, M. D., Ezra B. Bork, C. H. True, J. A. Stull, G. T. Parker, John S. Morgan, D. W. Shuart, C. R. Parsons, Daniel T. Hunt, D. M. Dewey, D. W. Powers, William N. Emerson, Eliza J. Hinds, Mary J. Chace, C. A. Brace, Melissa Farrar, Mary M. Heard, Mrs. J. S. Ellis, H. M. Miller, F. B. Allen, Elizabeth P. Hall, Sarah L. Willis, Mary H. Hallowell, Mrs. James Sargeant, Jenny Marsh Parker, Sarah R. A. Dolley, M. D., Anna H. Searing, M. D., Amy Post, E. C. Angle, Josie E. Post, A. L. Chappell, F. C. Marsh, M. L. Leydon, Laura Farley, E. D. Porter, L. Ramsdall, L. C. Smith, C. H. Saxe, S. H. Fish, M. D. Fenner, S. Vandenbeck, Elizabeth Mott, P. K. Hallowell, C. M. Curtis, Mrs. N. M. Mann, Mrs. William Streeter, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Allen, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Harris, Sarah Blackall, M. K. Boyd, Caroline Haskell, Jessie Post, Huldah Anthony, Belle H. Hooker, Mrs. M. A. Harrington, Mrs. L. C. Hough, M. J. Ballentine, E. Lathrop, Augusta B. Gould, Mary Reid.

Many of Miss Anthony's friends were denied the pleasure of signing this testimonial, as but a single day, and a stormy one at that, was given for obtaining the signatures. Her first vacation was spent among her co-workers in England and on the Continent; meetings were held in her honor, and there was no end of receptions and compliments for our distinguished townswoman, who, since her return last fall (1883), has been engaged with Mrs. Stanton in writing a History of Woman's Suffrage.

"The growing good of the world," says George Eliot, "is partly dependent on un-historic acts; . . . that things are not so ill with you and me as they might have been is half owing to the number who lived faithfully a hidden life." . . . This truth finds illustration in what has been

attained for the advancement of woman by the quiet innovators, women who never spoke from a suffrage platform, and are shy of suffrage conventions, but who believe that the world belongs to those who take it; and that if their rightful portion is in following any profession or calling for which they are fitted, it matters little what Mrs. Grundy may say, or if their rate of progress is not reported in the papers. Such a woman, Emma Sellew Roberts, passed through our University, and graduated one of the best Greek scholars the institution has sent forth, and the foundations of the earth were not removed. Others have engaged in business, and been eminently successful. We have had no women aspirants for legal honors, nor has a single one permitted Reverend to be written before her name, unless it be the truly Reverend Mother Hieronymo, who may wear the title as fittingly as any one upon whom it was ever bestowed, — the founder of St. Mary's Hospital, the Mother Superior for many years of St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, and the present venerable head and inspiration of the Home of Industry, another institution of her founding.

It is in the medical profession that Rochester women have taken an honored place.

Thirty-three years ago, when Sarah R. Adamson received her degree of doctor of medicine from the Central Medical College domiciled in Minerva Hall and adjoining rooms, she was one of the first women upon whom such honor had been conferred, Elizabeth Blackwell having graduated from the Geneva College in 1849 after an ordeal that made Miss Adamson's decision to follow in her footsteps a heroic crusade against prejudice and established custom. The first application made by the brave Quaker girl for collegiate advantages was to the Philadelphia College of Medicine. Refused. The Jefferson Medical College hears her firm knock upon its door. No admittance. One after another of the medical schools listened to her sensible plea for admission, only to say her nay. That women should be taught the science of medicine was not denied, but the propriety of their attending lectures, — that was the lion in

the way. A private tutor was obtained, and Miss Adamson was progressing when the Central Medical College of New York, at Syracuse, sent out the remarkable advertisement that women would be received as students. This college was removed to Rochester in the spring of 1850. Among the ladies who studied with Miss Adamson were Rachel Gleason, well known by her long connection with the Elmira Water Cure, and her valuable book, "Talks with my Patients," and Mrs. L. N. Fowler, of New York. The young physician spent a year in Blockley Hospital, Philadelphia, the only woman ever accorded the privilege of studying in its wards as a physician. Her marriage with Dr. L. C. Dolley, in 1852, and the choosing of Rochester for their home gave us a leading physician among women, — one who has ever been an honor to the profession she has chosen, more than realizing the expectations of her friends. In one of her vacations in Europe she gave several months to Clinics in the *Hospital des Enfans Malades*, Paris, the only woman in a class of students, who felt honored by her presence and testified their respect in many ways. As a lecturer before classes of medical students of her own sex she is much in demand, but is not easily persuaded to deviate from her rule of life, which makes the regular duties of her practice the limitations of her professional calling. Many of her numerous students are filling posts of usefulness and honor. Sensitively averse to conspicuousness, she has been the quiet, almost unseen, leader of an important advance movement for woman, and that not only in medicine, but in other departments. She is President of the Society of Natural Sciences, "The Fortnightly," a Woman's Club, a Missionary Society, and is one of the Executive Board of the Red Cross. Her home on East Avenue is headquarters for scientific classes and committee meetings. Her associate, Dr. Anna H. Searing, an accomplished physician and a skillful microscopist, is the author of several papers upon scientific subjects, showing deep research and study.

There are now at least eight women in Rochester prac-

ticing medicine, with fairly earned diplomas from colleges of good standing. We have also a School for the Training of Nurses at the City Hospital, of which Dr. Wm. S. Ely said in his commencement address: "The establishment of the Training School has proved an inestimable advantage to the Hospital. It has given us tact, refinement, and skill in the care of public and private patients. For the training in question we have thus far admitted only women. It has been universally conceded that women are especially fitted for the duties of the sick-room. While the advisability of their undertaking the work of doctors, lawyers, and preachers is not fully settled, there has never been any doubt as to their superiority in ministering to the sick, suffering, and dying."

Perhaps it may be settled beyond dispute that the women of Rochester, as a whole, have conservative ideas regarding their enfranchisement, and that any discontent with their political limitations will be manifest in a quiet, steady advance into fields of usefulness where superior service will prove their fitness in aiding in the management of municipal and political affairs, as well as educational and reformatory. If the memorial endowment of the Hon. Lewis H. Morgan should in time add a college for women to our University, there will be no lack of students in its halls, — women who believe that their true advancement is through the education that fits them for any sphere of usefulness.

"THE KNOCKINGS."

It was a haunted house in Hydesville, Wayne County, where they began. Rap — rap — rap, first in one room, then in another. Searching did not solve the mystery. Family after family moved out. There was a story of a murdered peddler, — of a grave in the cellar, — and the wonder is how John D. Fox, of Rochester, ever moved into the old house at all that December day, 1847, with his wife and two daughters, Margaretta and Kate. Not until March, 1848, did they hear the mysterious noises, the cause of which they bravely sought to discover, it is affirmed by good

witnesses. At last Katie, hardly more than a child, began questioning the rappings, and having opened what seemed intelligent communication, suggested the use of the alphabet, which was readily accepted by an approving rap, and that was the beginning of what the believers in Spiritualism call the science of materialization, — the fulfillment of the prophecies of the seers among the Shakers and clairvoyants, that communion between the seen and the unseen world would soon be accomplished.

The report of the strange noises soon spread abroad. The house was filled day and night with the credulous and the incredulous. A daughter of Mr. Fox, Mrs. Fish, living in Rochester, hurried to Hydesville. The world was making fun of her poor old father. She would put a stop to it. She returned bringing the family with her, and the rappings as well. Family and rappings settled in a house on Troup Street, between Eagle and Washington. Mr. Fox, a poor man, was distressed rather than elated by the publicity given to his family, who were beset by a crowd of visitors in season and out of season, and could attend to nothing else. Amy Post was the first to urge upon Mrs. Fox the asking of a fee from those seeking communications, which Mrs. Fox and her daughters were most unwilling to do, anticipating the accusation that would be made. Finally, five persons decided to give the subject candid and thorough examination, and to expose the fraud if it was one. They would meet at the house of Mrs. Fox one evening each week, insisting on paying fifty cents each. The names of the five may be considered as representing the nucleus of Modern Spiritualism. They are Isaac and Amy Post, R. D. Jones, John E. Robinson, George Willetts. The communications received through the alphabet soon convinced the five that they were in direct communication with the departed. A message from the mother of Isaac Post to her son may be interesting as one of the first that shaped the organization: "Isaac, my son, thy feeling is not exactly right towards low spirits, as thee calls them. A reformation is going on in the spirit world, and these spirits seek

Kate Foss

the company of honest men like you. It will do them great good and thee no harm."

Among the early converts to the faith that the rappings were spiritual communications, the first signs of the dawn of a new dispensation, were, besides those above named, Lyman Granger, Henry Bush, Benjamin and Angelina Fish, John Kedzie, Edward Jones, Lewis Burtis, Nathaniel Draper, Rev. Charles Hammond, Schuyler Moses, and Dr. J. Gates. Regular meetings were held, investigation challenged, and manifestations, quite beyond the credulity of the average public, were reported, surpassing anything the world had heard of before. The public exhibitions in Corinthian Hall where such men as Dr. H. H. Langworthy, Hon. Frederic Whittlesey, D. C. McCallum, William Fisher, Daniel Marsh, A. Judson, Nathaniel Clark, etc., acted as committees of investigation only to report, after experiments and severe tests, that they were unable to explain the mystery, made many converts to Spiritualism, although there was no lack of opposing theories, claiming that the sounds were produced by electricity, a cunning manipulation of the toe joints, or mechanical appliances, while one sage is reported to have accounted for the mystery in the vibrations of the Genesee Falls. A pamphlet "History of the Mysterious Noises heard at Rochester and other places, supposed to be Spiritual Communications, together with many Psychological Facts and New Developments," published by D. M. Dewey, had the enormous sale of some thirty thousand copies in a few months, and the closing sentence of its fair treatment of the subject cannot yet be gainsaid: "Those who put down the knockings as a shallow humbug had better try the depths of their brains in exposing them. Humbug it very possibly is, but it will stand severer tests than will many things which pass for sober realities."

To comprehend the outcome of "Katie Fox's daring to question a spook," as Spiritualists still speak of the little girl's first half-frightened venture at a conversation, one has only to look at any recent issue of their most widely circulated journal, "The Banner of Light: An Exponent

of the Spiritual Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century," whose readers are counted by thousands in every State of the Union. It is all an evolution of the Rochester rappings: these inspirational lectures from Thomas Paine and others, through mediums; these reports of séances in which the departed chat with their friends, and even play upon the piano; this column of spiritualist lecturers, and a page or more of spirit messages. Among the advertisements of magnetic remedies, the Writing Planchette, and Mediums, Medical and Trance; inspirational songs, and such headings as "Soul-Reading;" "Predictive and Medical Astrology;" "Rules to be observed when forming Spiritual Circles;" "Bible Myths," and "My Affinity and other Stories," etc., etc., we find a modest advertisement, which reads:—

"Mrs. Margaret Fox Kane, after a long period of disabling illness, now resumes the exercise of her mediumship, begun in Hydesville, on the 31st of March, 1848. Séances held at 231 East 13th Street, New York," etc.

The Fox family moved to New York soon after the organization in Rochester of a society of believers in the science of materialization, and "the Fox girls," as they are universally called, have seen much of the world they have so deeply agitated. Catherine is living in England, the wife of an English barrister. Margaretta's little book, "The Love Life of Dr. Kane," was written to establish the fact of her marriage with that famous explorer, the assertion of his family to the contrary. Spiritualists the world over commemorate with perfect accord the anniversary of March 31, 1848, when in Rochester, "*the Bethlehem of the new dispensation*," the possibility of intelligent communication with the unseen world was demonstrated. At the celebration of the last anniversary in Boston, where Margaret Fox Kane was believed to be the medium of Benjamin Franklin, the knockings are reported to have been precisely similar to those heard in Rochester thirty-six years before.

. . . . . .

Now, admitting with this review of our relation to Mil-

lerism, Abolitionism, Spiritualism, and other radical movements, that Rochester has been favorable soil for the germs of agitation, it is surely not to our discredit, considering what the ultimation of these movements has been. If "everything is its opposite," as Hegel would teach, and if we estimate our influence in the world not only by our tide of isms but by their contradictions, why should we resent the charge, "the hot-bed of isms," or make defense against it?

Rochester has been the mirror of Boston in many things, in its earlier days particularly. Whatever Boston essayed as the east, Rochester attempted for the west. Because William Lloyd Garrison was publishing the "Liberator" in Boston, Frederick Douglass decided to carry his English printing-press to Rochester. And so of several other movements. In one we have been noticeably amiss in following the example of our seeming pattern. Swedenborgianism has never been preached here, unless it was in the declining days of one of its chief apostles, the Rev. George Bush, the distinguished commentator, and author of many standard theological, historical, and scientific works, who came to Rochester to die, in 1859, and whose grave is on the western slope of the pinnacle at Mount Hope. Abelard Reynolds and Joseph Field were, for many years before their death, readers at least of New Church doctrine; but the Church of the New Jerusalem, so large and influential in Boston and other cities, has never had visible root in Rochester. Nor may explanation be found in the occupancy of the ground by Spiritualism; for has it not been said that Spiritualism is the materializing of spiritual things, while Swedenborgianism is the spiritualizing of material things?

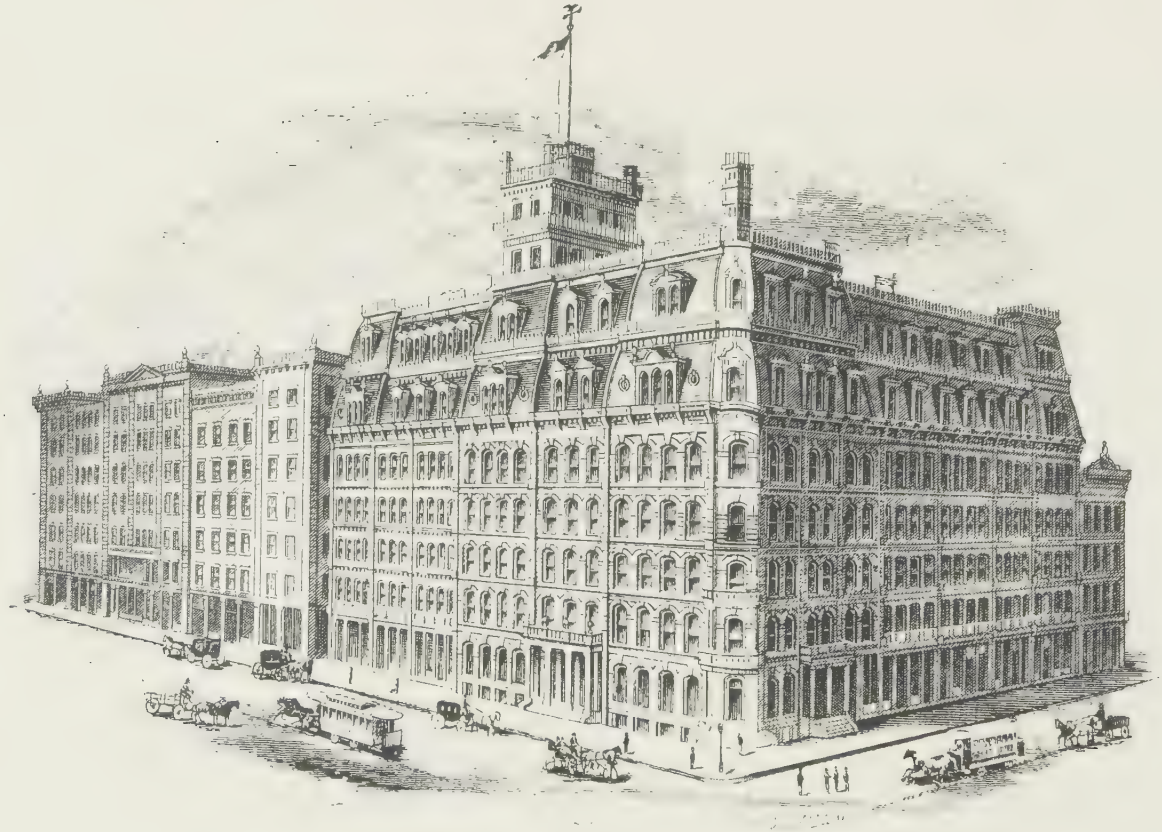
XVIII.

MEN AND THINGS NOTABLE.

1. Powers Buildings. — 2. Comets and Nebulæ. — 3. Museums made to Order. — 4. Outlying Honors. — 5. Specialties. — 6. Monumental. — 7. Hebrew Reformers. — 8. Honorary Roll. — 9. Pundits and Jurists. — 10. Fish Culture. — 11. Promontories. — 12. Mutes and Delinquents. — 13. A. D. 1883. — 14. Unwritten Chapters.

GRADGRIND'S stern rule of life, "Facts, sir; we want nothing but facts," is never more inadequate than when applied to a building like that on our Four Corners to-day, — the site of Hamlet Scrantom's log-cabin in 1812. Too many of us are like Sissy Jupe, and can get no idea of a horse whatever from the bare facts alone that he is a "quadruped, graminivorous, has forty teeth, twenty-four grinders, four eye-teeth, twelve incisive, sheds his teeth and his coat, and must be shod with iron." The statistics of Powers Buildings, — the tons of marble, iron, and glass used in their construction, the exact height to an inch from sidewalk to top of flag-staff; an accurate description of the wonderful basement, where there is machinery enough to run a steam-ship; the three elevators, the electric lights, nine acres of flooring and a mile of marble wainscoting, the cost of the buildings and keeping of them in order and repair, — to leave unmentioned the Art Gallery whose statistics alone are a little volume, — leaves the most interested reader who has never seen Powers Block much in the condition Sissy Jupe had been in pondering over that definition of a horse, if her father had not belonged "to the horse riding, if you please, sir."

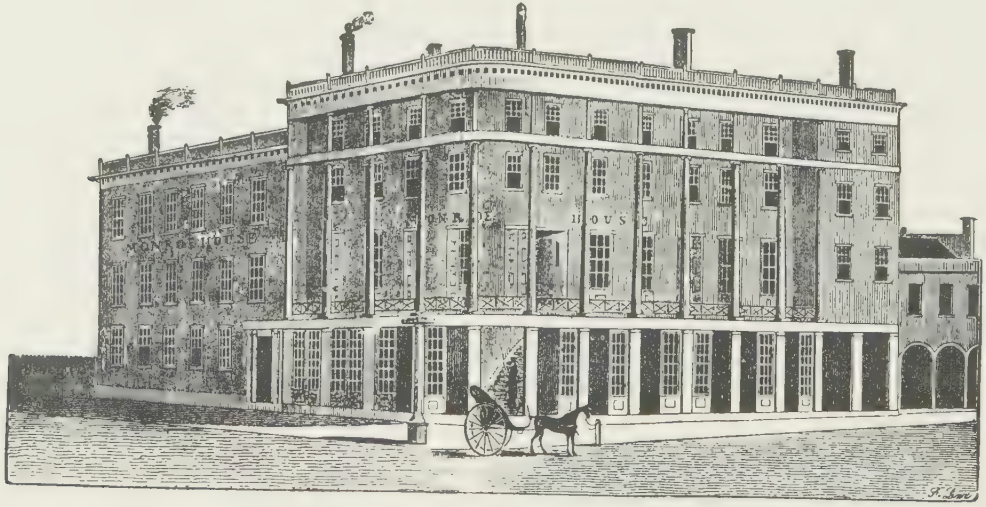
A good guide-book is a most valuable contribution to literature, but it cannot fully take the place of a trip to Eu-



POWERS COMMERCIAL BUILDINGS AND THE POWERS HOTEL. (FIREPROOF.)

rope. So any description of Powers Buildings — and no better one can be given than the entertaining and accurate one by A. A. Hopkins' "The Powers Fire-Proof Commercial and Fine Art Buildings," something more than mere fact, with no lack of painstaking statistics and intelligent detail — must fail to convey the impression the visitor receives from actual sight of their magnitude, elegance of structure and finish, grand staircases, broad corridors, the view from the tower, the rare and costly art treasures, and system of government, — for of many a historical potentate less executive ability, foresight, and practical wisdom, to say nothing of financial engineering, was demanded, than is required of Daniel W. Powers. And when it is remembered that the buildings and all their belongings are the evolution of his industry and business enterprise, the interest in the buildings becomes secondary to that in the man; an interest heightened by the fact that he is, without exception, the most popular and influential man on our streets, the best known to rich and poor, — every child can point him out and gain his cheery greeting, — and not only the life of the great buildings that are the focal centre of our city, but also of our leading public institutions, civic projects, and best social life, — the man from whom outflows a strong tide of blessing, finding its way into many an otherwise dry channel. "How could you give up your beautiful grounds to be trampled over by such a crowd?" expostulated one whose park-like domain will never be thrown open for a Fête Champêtre for Hospital or Home for the Friendless, on one of those evenings when East Avenue was almost impassable with the crowd flocking to see, from the outside at least, the gay booths, the lanterns, the fireworks, and all the fine folk on the Powers lawn, the happy host himself the busiest, most approachable man in the crowd. "Don't you see what the damage will be?" "This is just what they are made for," was the response. "This is my way of getting the most out of them." What was a litter on the morrow, a few square feet of fresh sodding, and the loss even of valuable shrubbery, to all that enjoyment of which

he, perhaps, was receiving the fullest share after all. Possession alone gives him little satisfaction. He must put his possessions to their best use; and that, he believes, is in making them of use to others. That idea gave us the Art Gallery, — those suites of magnificent salons, large, exquisitely furnished and decorated, their walls hung with the best copies of the Old Masters and the works of the most famous modern artists, and the largest collection of stereoscopic views, — the privilege of enjoying the very best our city's generous benefactor could buy of sculptor or painter, — and that for the pittance of a fee that would be dispensed with entirely, so incommensurate is it to meet the expense even of the lighting on reception evenings, only that a certain barrier must be maintained against those in every community who would never pay a quarter to see what they could not handle, if not carry away. But the idea that gives the Art Gallery and the semi-weekly evening receptions, and a reception surpassing everything of the kind whenever a distinguished stranger is the city's guest, finds its characteristic expression in the Free Art Gallery in the public corridors and rotunda, — the corridor lined with stuffed birds, some two hundred cases; magnificent specimens, two hundred from Monroe County alone, — an exhibition surpassing in extent and the quality of its paintings and engravings that of many hidden in a rich man's private collection and highly rated for exceptional superiority. There are comfortable, even luxurious seats provided for those who would sit in the rotunda, where they can distinctly hear the music of the wonderful orchestrion, — flute, viol, bassoon, violin, triangle, and cornets, all playing together by subtle autonomy, and standard compositions at that, — for Mr. Powers gives the people high art in music as in everything else, — and gaze at "Adam and Eve reluctantly leaving Paradise," or Hubner's "Betrayal of Christ," "Cleopatra drinking her Pearl," water-scenes by Delacroix, Cole's "Voyage of Life," or what never escapes much study from the uncultured, although there is an endless variety of works of genuine art in its neighbor-



MONROE HOUSE.

Afterwards National Hotel, and taken down for part of the Site of Powers Hotel, 1882.
Corner Buffalo and Fitzhugh Streets.

From O'Reilly, 1838.

hood, "The Massacre of the Innocents," an exhibition of realism at least illustrating its school.

Drop into the Art Gallery any pleasant afternoon, and seat yourself in the reception room and study the visitors, if you would form an idea of what the munificence of its founder is doing for the public, and those whose art education has been largely confined to reading about art and artists; who may never go to Europe, but who, in the gallery, soon become adepts in calling the pictures by the artists' names, in pointing out their good qualities as well as defects, and in using the technical terms of artists. "I believe I know as much about famous places in Europe," said a lady who frequents the Art Gallery, and "goes across," without seasickness or trouble with luggage, once or twice a month, by merely looking into the stereoscopes, "as many persons who tire themselves to death and spend a fortune for what Mr. Powers makes possible for twenty-five cents a trip. I have been in Italy the livelong afternoon, stared at the Pope and his cardinals until I knew what each one of them thought about the dogma of Infallibility, — wandered through the ruins of Pompeii, sailed over the Bay of Naples, climbed up Mount Vesuvius, and have seen nearly everything worth seeing in the Vatican, and all to the music of master composers. Next week I am going to India, unless I put off the trip for a close study of the etchings and water-colors, for you must know that Mr. Powers has given us a famous collection, — four salons of water-colors alone, — many of them by our own artist, Lockhart."

The growth of our Art Gallery — the continual accession of new salons, each distinguished not only for works of art but some marked feature of tapestry or decoration — has long since made the general survey of a single visit a serious matter of several hours, while months may be spent in the careful study of the various art treasures, the statuary, the rare vases, the etchings, the water-colors, the hand-painted decorations of Mr. Miller, and the best copies this country can give of many of the Old Masters. The third real copy ever made of the Sistine "Madonna" hangs in

the Green Room, with copies of Raphael's "Madonna," several Murillos, Titian's "Magdalene," Carlo Dolci's "Madonna," Michael Angelo's "Three Fates," and other famous pictures. Artists are no longer allowed to copy the Sistine "Madonna," and Mr. Hopkins tells the story of Mr. Powers' success in getting this one as follows: —

"I had great difficulty in securing this," said Mr. Powers to me once, as I sat admiring it in the strong afternoon light so necessary to full revelation. "I had seen copies throughout Europe, and supposed it an easy matter to secure one; but when I went to Dresden I found no one was allowed to copy the original. Theodore Schmidt, the director of the gallery, and an artist not surpassed in all Germany, had this, painted in front of the original itself, in brief snatches daily, after the gallery was closed to visitors. I was two weeks in daily intercourse with him, trying to buy it. He did n't want to sell. 'I made it solely to leave my family,' he said; 'I am too old ever to make another, for this has taken all the time I could have a chance to copy from the original for five years.' At last, however, I won him over, and here it is. All the copies in Europe, but two, were made from engravings and photographs of engravings, and this is the only one in America made from the original itself. It cost me a great deal of money, and it would take a great deal of money to buy it." . . . "To get the finest possible duplicates of famous paintings," says Mr. Hopkins, "is with Mr. Powers an ambition nearly sacred." When we remember that his chief enjoyment of his treasures is in making them accessible, — in sharing with us all what no one could blame him for reserving for the privileged few, — the idea of the man's life is revealed, and the meaning of those endless salons, that makes of them something far beyond a mere collection of rare originals and superior copies.

A glimpse, at least, of our best social life is afforded to the attendant upon the evening receptions at the Art Gallery, when the simple item of lighting not only the interior, but the row of globe lamps on the cornice outside, is

by no means met by the trifling admission fee, which, while serving as a necessary guard, makes the possibility of a charming and profitable evening available to those of limited advantages. But, as a rule, those who attend the Art Gallery evening receptions have no lack of social life. Their appreciation of what Mr. Powers offers, and the charm of meeting the best people in the most delightful of places, has established the custom with many of our society leaders of dropping into the grand salon for a half hour at least, shaking hands with Mr. Powers, and seeing the last new pictures.

No one enjoys these receptions more thoroughly than Mr. Powers himself; but to see him in his moment of superlative pleasure one must look into the dancing-school some Saturday afternoon, when he is waltzing with the children, — the truest boy in the crowd, — the frolic lasting until he has "run the elevator" for them all, with a zest that makes our little folk believe that the block and Mr. Powers belong to them, like fairy land and Santa Claus.

What a wonderful dream Hamlet Scrantom ought to have had that first Christmas Eve, in the log-cabin on the Four Corners. If we only might tell our children a story like this: —

"Well, he lay in bed, the children all asleep, the fire out on the hearth, the stockings hanging rather limp from the mantel, — for the mother had nothing but a few doughnuts to give them, — the roar of the Falls making him lonesome and homesick. It was bright moonlight outside, and by and by he heard the snow creak under a footstep. Was it a bear? He had crept softly out of bed so as not to waken the tired mother, when somebody looked in at the window, — a boy, — he could see him plain enough, in the moonlight; a chubby-faced, sturdy-built boy, short and stout, — what did he want looking in at folks' windows that time Christmas Eve? Hamlet Scrantom went outside, and as he was dreaming, — that must be understood to begin with, of course, — he sat down on the woodpile with the unexpected boy, for a little conversation. The boy had a string

of rattles in his hand, and a fox brush for a cap. He was barefooted, and Hamlet Scrantom was too, for that matter, but little regard for the weather is demanded of dreams. The boy had pale blue eyes, and he fixed them upon Hamlet Scrantom and said: —

"'In less than sixty years, — write it down:' and Hamlet Scrantom began writing on the door, — 'in the year 1870, the spot where this house stands will be the centre of a great city.' This is great nonsense for me to be writing on my door, thought Hamlet Scrantom, but a spell was upon him and he wrote on. 'On this very spot a building will stand — a mountain of stone, iron, and glass, cheap at a million of dollars; why, the roof alone will cost over one hundred thousand, and the windows more than fifty thousand. From the tower one will see Lake Ontario.' Hamlet Scrantom tried to stop writing, to tell the boy to have done with falsehoods, but his fingers moved on: 'The floors of that building will cover more than nine acres. A hundred thousand people may be sheltered within it. In forty seconds one will mount from the bottom floor to the top. Down in its basement all the light and heat needed in any and every part will be made; no stoves, no candles, no winter, no night, and more than that, — believe me now, write it plainly, — there will be an observatory on its top, where they will measure the force and velocity of the wind and report to Washington three times a day, and be just no time at all in reporting, for in less than sixty years, you know, talking with New York just as I am talking to you will be an every-day matter, and as for traveling:' —

"And then Hamlet Scrantom woke up and found that his boys had come down the ladder leading up to the loft and were eating the doughnuts found in their stockings. He told them his dream, and they laughed merrily to be sure; and one of them at least lived to see it come to pass every word."

But there is a truer story Rochester boys will remember and profit by.

About fifty years ago, when one Robert Haney taught the

district school in Batavia, a sturdy little fellow called Dan Powers was among his pupils, a fatherless boy, who had his own way to make in the world, — and who was about as well qualified at the outset to make that way as a boy could be, for he had common sense ideas of independence and industry. Willingness to work was his first stepping-stone upward, and persistence at work the second. Life had few playdays for him. It was work on the farm all summer, with the privilege of going to school in the winter, with "the chores" at night and morning, and these chores the most of our city boys of leisure would think enough for any day's whole employment. "I remember the first money I ever earned," and it may be doubted if the recalling of any other financial transaction gives Mr. Powers so much pleasure. "I used to build the fires in the schoolhouse for the ashes, and carry them nearly half a mile for sale. It was n't much I got for my first lot, but it looked very big in my eyes."

When the boy would start out in the world he went to Somerset, Niagara County, but was disappointed in finding employment. What Somerset had been to-day if that boy had not decided to try Rochester, where he did not know a soul and had little to build expectation upon, and what Rochester's present physiognomy had been had somebody "wanted a boy" in Somerset that summer, is good material for speculation.

And now we see the plucky lad, a little fellow for his advanced teens, entering first one and then another of our leading business houses, asking with a courage that grew less and less for hearing nothing but "No," — "Can you give me something to do? I want work." Daniel Powers has seen at least one very homesick day in Rochester. He knows what it is to stand outside the barred door of Fortune knocking seemingly in vain. Such a great world, such a great city, and never a place for a boy who was willing to work.

Ebenezer Watts sat reading his paper in his hardware store on Exchange Street the following morning. It was

early, but Ebenezer Watts knew the value of time. "Do you want a boy?" piped in a voice that had no whine in it, hard as it may have been to keep it from faltering. The old gentleman looked up over his spectacles and took in the early applicant. We can believe that his shrewd eyes read in that boy's face the something — the "that" — as Gilbert says, which made him say: "Yes, I want somebody: but you are too small; you cannot do the work I must have done here — heavy work, hard lifting; you are not strong enough."

"I wish you would try me, sir. I have done hard work on a farm. I am not afraid of work, sir."

I think the old gentleman must have rubbed his glasses at that, and given the boy a searching inspection, for he said: "Have you run away from home?" The boy's denial of such imputation was stoutly maintained. Would he work for his board? Cheerfully. Then he must go home and get papers from his guardian testifying approval of the contract between Ebenezer Watts and Daniel W. Powers. The next train to Batavia had at least one elated passenger aboard, and a few nights after Ebenezer Watts led the bashful boy into Mrs. Watts' presence.

"Here 's the boy. He 's to live with us, you know," and another inspection took place. The good woman opened her home and her heart as well, and the twelve years Daniel Powers spent under her roof shaped his character in the right direction. It was careful oversight of something more than the fulfillment of his prescribed duties as apprentice, or store-boy. His innate moral sense was quickened and developed. The restrictions placed upon his expenditures and inborn conviviality developed the balanced generosity, which makes the benefactions of D. W. Powers advantageous in every instance to the recipient, public or private. His quick sympathy was schooled by discipline in wise frugality, and he learned to be his own counselor in making investments, acting independent of opposition, whether those investments were in government bonds when repudiation was demanded in high quarters, building a

block that capitalists said was like building a well in the air, or in encouraging some poor soul broken on Fortune's wheel to be up and doing once more.

And how did he make his money, that boy looking for work in our streets, and never a recommendation but his honest face and steady eye? The answering of that question is the old story, found in the life of the most successful men in the country, and repeated in the story of George Ellwanger, Patrick Barry, Hiram Sibley, Burke, Fitz Simmons, Hone & Co., Isaac Butts, Aaron Erickson, William Purcell, James Cunningham, and others, — a long catalogue embracing the names of our most honored citizens, men who started in life looking for work, and were not afraid of the same when they found it.

The money saved by the clerk of Ebenezer Watts, who thought himself making great strides towards a competency when he received eight dollars a month and was "found," was of course the beginning of the future fortune. March 1, 1850, you might have read the following in your morning's paper: —

NEW EXCHANGE OFFICE.

The subscriber has located himself in the Eagle Block, Rochester, one door west of the Monroe Bank, in Buffalo Street, for the purpose of doing the Exchange business in all its branches. Undercurrent moneys bought and sold. Exchange on New York and the Eastern cities bought and sold. Certificates of deposits in banks, and notes payable at distant points collected. Canada and Western bank-notes discounted at the lowest rates. Drafts on Buffalo can be had at all times. Foreign and American gold and silver coins bought and sold. Deposits received and interest allowed. Moneys remitted to England, Ireland, and Scotland, and other portions of the Old World. By prompt attention to business, I hope to merit a share of public patronage. I am authorized to refer to Ebenezer Watts, Esq.; George R. Clark, Esq., Cashier; Ralph Lester, Esq., Cashier; Thomas H. Rochester, Esq., President; C. T. Amsden, Cashier; Everard Peck, Esq., President; Isaac Hills, Esq.

DANIEL W. POWERS.

ROCHESTER, MONROE COUNTY, N. Y.,
March 1, 1850.

During the war, when the faith of many in government bonds waxed low, D. W. Powers was making extraordinary investment in the same. With the true gift of seership he knew what the end of the struggle would be. In his faith in the United States government, his unshaken confidence in her principles, and the leadership of the Republican party, was the secret of his wonderful success. Had there been a repudiation of government bonds, the present Powers Buildings and the Art Gallery had possibly been as lost to us as they are to Somerset, Niagara County.

Mr. Powers is naturally interrogated concerning the Art Gallery by those who would learn his plans for the future. "I think we have a very fair nucleus to start with," is the nature of his usual response, perhaps pointing out the first picture he bought for the collection, now numbering upwards of one thousand oil-paintings, and four salons filled with superior water-colors. That first picture is significant. He picked it up in Florence before the thought of an Art Gallery was distinctly defined in his plans for the future, — a picture of Justice, a good painting, creditable to the collection, and cheap at $300. That is one nucleus. The whole gallery he considers another, and his reticence upon the subject will disclose no more. Nor is he willing to answer another question rather trite in his ears, — the approximate cost of the collection, of which it may be truthfully asserted there is not another private enterprise like it in the world. Its daily visitors exceed those of any other gallery. "I have seen every Art Gallery worth seeing," is the tenor of the expression of many visitors, "but nothing like this."

Subtract the Gallery from the Block, and leave it devoted to its more than a thousand tenants with their multiform occupations, and it is still a subject that may not be briefly dispatched. Even "facts, nothing but facts," would give a neat volume of statistics. What it will be to the Rochester of 1934 is a question for our prophets. Will the Rochesterian of that day smile at our enthusiastic praise of our majestic pile, as we now do when we read in

PHOTO. BY E. WELSH.

THE WARNER COMMERCIAL BUILDING. FIREPROOF.

"The Fashionable Tour" of 1828, that "among the sights making a stop in Rochester desirable is the Globe Buildings,[1] a majestic pile, built of the most durable materials, and rising from the water's edge five stories, exclusive of attics, with between 130 and 140 apartments suitable for workshops (having a sufficient water power for each), and several stores," with the additional item, that the traveler will find it worth while to visit Carthage and see the ruins of its wonderful bridge?

The most noteworthy thing of the many to be said of Powers Fire-Proof Hotel, connected on all floors above the first with Powers Commercial Buildings, is that it was built in one year, and was opened as a hotel on the anniversary of the beginning to remove from a part of its present site the old National Hotel, — the Monroe House of our early history.

COMETS AND NEBULÆ.

"Professor Swift, of Rochester, has discovered another comet," is one of the familiar items of the Press that the general reader counts upon as confidently as an insurrection in Hayti or a sea serpent off the coast of Maine. "Rochester's peculiar responsibility for comets," some one is pleased to observe, "makes it fitting that she should be looking after those in the heavens."

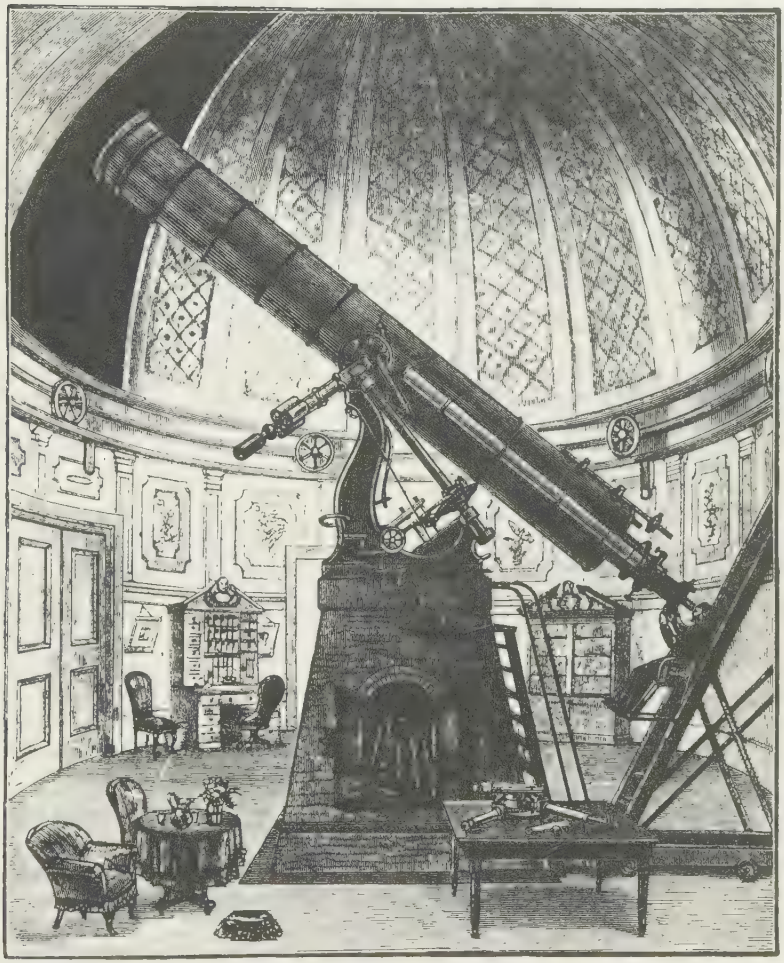
Dr. Swift, as the abundance of his high honorary titles decrees he shall be called, by his persistent star-gazing from the top of the Duffy Cider-Mill, with a little telescope "no larger than the finder on some telescopes of the present day," has made the whole cometary system, in an important sense, an extension of the Rochester domain. All undiscovered comets and unclassified nebulæ are expected to report here.

Dr. Swift's record since 1862 — when, after four years of searching for comets and finding none, he was first to discover the most important comet in one respect ever dis-

[1] The Globe Buildings stood on the corner north of Main and west of Water streets. They were torn down about 1860.

covered — gives him the honor of discovering eight comets, at last accounts, from his different observatories, and a large number of nebulæ, his cataloguing and study of the latter being a work for which he is eminently fitted, and in which he is doing a work long needed. As the early discoverers uniformly took possession of new lands in the name of their king, so Dr. Swift is increasing our municipal jurisdiction to an extent the already grumbling tax-payer has not dreamed of, and when the next total solar eclipse shall take place in Africa, if his discovery in 1878 of the two intra-Mercurial planets shall be confirmed, why, Dr. Lewis Swift, of Rochester, N. Y., will be the astronomer in whom the world will then be most interested.

His first comet, so patiently sought for, was an important discovery, "because its elements were found to be identical with those of the meteoric ring, which produces the star-shower of August 10th. It proved a new theory in astronomy, — the identity of comets and star-showers." This comet, with its tail of 25° in length, was not seen at Harvard Observatory until two days after. Dudley Observatory was a half hour behind Harvard, and the European astronomers at least ten days. That was a grand success for a beginning in comet finding, but it had been well earned, as have all his subsequent discoveries. "One cannot discover comets lying in bed," says Dr. Swift; and it may well be doubted if there are many enthusiasts in astronomy even who would turn out of bed in winter by an alarm clock, walk half a mile, snow shovel in hand, climb to their little telescope on a cider-mill roof, and watch for comets in the piercing cold, as Dr. Swift used to do, until the generous benefaction of H. H. Warner, furnished him the most complete private observatory in the world, at a cost of $100,000, the citizens of Rochester contributing the telescope, fourth in size in America, its object-glass sixteen inches across, and its highest magnifying power 1,600 diameters. The object-glass alone cost $8,000, and the micrometer — a piece of delicate mechanism chiefly used in determining the distance of double stars, their relation, revolution, and orbit —



THE WARNER OBSERVATORY. INTERIOR.

$300 more. The instrument, one of the best of Alvan Clark and Sons, of Cambridge, Mass., cost about $13,000. The beautiful stone building, which is also the home of Dr. Swift, and located in the most desirable part of the city, was built by H. H. Warner, who has made our famous astronomer's devotion to his telescope not only a possibility, but free from the interruptions of any other calling, and as convenient and comfortable as comet and nebulæ seeking can be made. Upon Dr. Swift's discovery of his second comet in 1880, Mr. Warner gave him a prize of $500. This was the second periodic comet discovered in America. Twice has Dr. Swift won Mr. Warner's prize of $200 for an unexpected comet. The magnificent new telescope has by no means supplanted the little old one in Dr. Swift's affections. When he would bring down a comet he goes out on his accessible roof, — his delightful studio close at hand, no wading a half mile with a snow shovel, — and levels that trusty old comet piece at the cover where he thinks a prize is in hiding. The big telescope will do for everything but comets, and possibly it would be all sufficient for those, some of the Doctor's friends are guilty of suspecting, believing he finds its luxurious conveniences incompatible with his confirmed habits in comet seeking, — that the heroism of the nights on the old cider-mill roof will have its survival in spite of a driving-clock, a step ladder, indicators, register, and comfortable revolving chair on wheels before the object-glass.

The spectroscope was the gift of Hiram Sibley, and cost $1,000. The sidereal clock, ticking out seconds so clearly that even Dr. Swift, whose hearing has been impaired by exposure, can catch its sound, was contributed by Don Alonzo Watson, of this city. It is superior in every respect, and cost $500. "It pays no regard to earthly divisions of days and hours," says a correspondent in "The Rural Home." "It is concerned only with heavenly things. Still it does not wear an exceptionally sober face." I cannot do better than quote further from the account given by this writer of a visit to the Warner Observatory: "From

the great telescope we passed out on the roof contiguous to the tower. 'Here,' said Dr. Swift, 'is where I do much of my comet seeking, with my old small telescope. With the new large one I have been hunting mostly for new nebulæ, and have found one hundred and twenty of them, too, — fourteen in one night.'

"'But how do you know they are new?' asked we.

"Then he led us to the reception room. There in one immense flat volume, entitled, 'Atlas des Nördlichen Gestirnten Himmels' we saw — what?

"'Millions of fly specks,' said Dr. Swift. Such indeed they seemed to be, — page after page. 'Yes, there are millions of them, millions; and here in these different books they are each recorded.'"

Eight comets and great numbers of hitherto undiscovered and uncatalogued nebulæ; the finest private observatory in the world, and a telescope fourth in size and power of any in America; with a society of citizens fully appreciating Dr. Swift's contributions to scientific discovery, and his claim upon their coöperation in making those discoveries possible, — why with all this should we be modest in naming Rochester as one focal point at least for astronomical discovery and knowledge, the terminus for direct communication with other worlds than ours?

The following are the names of the contributors to the telescope in the Warner Observatory: —

Garry Brooks, Lemuel Brooks, Royal C. Knapp, $1,000 each. Aaron Erickson, Henry S. Potter, James Vick, George H. Thompson, Frederick Cook, Henry Bartholomay, M. W. Kirby, Burke, Fitz Simmons, Hone & Co., Freeman Clark, Wolcott Brothers, Alfred Bell, Samuel Wilder, Mrs. James McDonald, $200 each. Heirs of Isaac Butts, $150. Lewis Chace, Smith & Perkins, James Andrews, A. S. Mann, Mortimer F. Reynolds, Bausch & Lomb, A. M. Hastings, H. S. Greenleaf, Edward Harris, A. M. Lindsay, D. K. Robinson, S. L. Brewster, H. Austin Brewster, E. R. Parsons, F. Delano, Joseph Medbury, George A. Stone, P. Will, W. B. Douglass, G. E. Mumford, E. P. Willis, A. T. Soule, A. C. Yates, E. A. Chace, Douglas Hovey, W. S. Kimball, Don-

ald Gordon, Charles C. Morse, Junius Judson, Duffy Cider Company, George C. Buell & Co., Hamilton & Mathews, John A. Reynolds, Joseph Curtis, $100 each. W. S. McMillan, John Fahy, James Cunningham, Peter Pitkin, J. Nelson Tubbs, J. C. Hart, William Halsey, J. W. Whitney, Henry M. Ellsworth, William H. Gorsline, H. N. Hemingway, F. Gorton, L. P. Ross, D. Copeland, Jr., Wm. A. Oothout, J. H. Martindale, Wm. Corning, J. B. Southworth, Whitmore, Rauber & Co., Daniel Leary, E. R. Andrews, Charles E. Upton, Mosley & Motley, L. S. Graves & Son, John E. Morey, F. A. Macomber, M. A. Culver, Alfred Wright, David Cory, C. F. Paine, $50 each.

The following persons and firms have contributed less than $50 each : —

D. A. Woodbury, George Loverage, J. A. Hinds, Louis Ernst & Son, B. H. Clark & Son, Theodore Bacon, John H. Hill, C. E. Furman, Woodbury Morse & Co., E. Griffin, Samuel Sloan, J. S. Graham & Co., J. H. Rochester, E. Peshine Smith, A. Luetchford, M. Whittlesey, J. C. Barnard, Lewis Alling, J. A. Stull, S. F. Hess, Oscar Craig, E. B. Chace, John Smith, Nathaniel Foot, Addison Gardiner, S. J. Arnold, W. D. Shuart, Farley Ferguson & Co., Geo. B. Smith, H. C. Roberts, Williams & Hoyt, Chase & Otis, Roby & Co., G. Mannel, Emery Jones, E. T. Woodbury, Henry A. Strong, M. Briggs & Son, James Frye, C. M. Everest, Patrick Cox, Dr. Whitbeck, M. W. Cooke, Wm. Cox, E. T. Miller, G. A. Hollister, Seth Greene, G. Maurer, H. H. Craig, H. H. Edgerton, G. W. Cronch, R. A. Lansing, W. S. Little, F. W. Little, Weaver & Goss, Wm. Gleason, B. S. Osgood, A. H. Nirdlinger, De L. Crittenden, John H. Kent, Charles V. Jeffreys, Newell A. Stone, A Friend, Stephen Remington, Frank Upton, Henry S. Hebard, W. Moore, John Cornwall, J. E. Pierpont, N. P. Pond, E. K. Warren, A. Johnson, Frederick Goetzman, D. M. Dewey, Geo. Arnold, Theron Parsons.

Dr. Swift's zeal in raising this money, and thereby bringing a superior telescope to our city, has hardly been less than that displayed in his search of the heavens for comets and nebulæ. The spring of 1884 finds him with nearly the amount required in his hands, and there is every reason for believing that the last dollar will soon be paid.

MUSEUMS MADE TO ORDER.

The stranger visiting Rochester, seeking to behold at least what it has of exceptional interest to offer the sight-seer, is very likely to miss what he would not find upon so large a scale in any other city in the Union or of the world, — Ward's "Natural Science Establishment," — the cluster of very plain, even unattractive, wooden buildings, in full range of the north windows of our University, from which our visitor may have gazed with the remark that the near environment of the grounds in that direction were hardly in keeping with their uniform beauty. If the jaw-bones of the great whale arched above the gateway did not provoke further inquiry, the probability is that the unscientific rambler would go the grand rounds of our sight-seers and lose our most unique exhibition. Not that our citizens are forgetful of the Institution, — those who know what it is doing and what it contains; but as it is not a museum, and takes pains to guard its workshops against the intrusion of the merely curious, besides conducting its immense business without local advertising or parade, it is by no means surprising that comparatively few of our citizens have visited it, while fewer still, perhaps, can say definitely what Ward & Howells are doing with "Rerum cognoscere causas" over their office door.

The ordinary mail of a business house is the best indicator of its transactions. Here are a few specimens of the orders received in Ward & Howells' daily mail: —

"CHRIST CHURCH, NEW ZEALAND.

. . . "Our Museum Trustees authorize us to order the following: —

The mounted skeleton of Mastodon . . .	$2,800
The mounted skeleton of great Irish Elk . . .	800
The relief map of the Grand Canon of the Colorado	125
Relief map of the Henry Mts.	50
Relief map of High Plateaus of Utah . . .	60
Also the series of eleven models of the Cliff Houses made by the U. S. government	450

"Please add $100 worth of American stone implements.

AUTOGLYPH —W. P. ALLEN, GARDNER, MASS. PHOTO BY BOWDISH

RESIDENCE OF H. H. WARNER

EAST W[illegible]

"If your geological survey should model some of the interesting mining regions of Nevada or Colorado, we want them."

Here is one from a world-renowned University, — an order for, —

"The college collection of minerals, including crystal models, $250; and the following Physical and Structural Series: 8 spec. illustrating Lustre. 5 Diaphaneity. 6 Fusibility. 40 Specific gravity. 10 Scale of Hardness. 6 State of Aggregation. 4 varieties of Fracture. 9 of Structure. 8 Form. Also the stratigraphical collection of rocks with chart of Geological Time and the New York Slate Rocks." Another: "Please ship at once, as our classes open on the 15th, Skeletons — Horse, Cow, Cat, Crow, Dog, Orang-outang, Beaver, Kangaroo, Water Snake, Owl, Parrot, Hawk, Heron. Also, mounted Chimpanzee, Dog-faced Monkey, Wild Cat, Fur Seal, Kangaroo, Porcupine, Lyre-Bird, Bird of Paradise, . . . and Hammer-headed Shark." Another: "Send the Cave Bear skull, and the mounted Sea Lion."

What kind of place can it be that is filling such orders continually, — orders by no means confined to North America and Europe? To study the natural sciences without specimens would be like studying geography without maps or globes. An extended study of Archæology and Fossil Remains was impossible to the American student who might not visit the great museums of the Old World, until Professor Ward, more than any other enthusiast for science, helped to bring about the fulfillment of the prophecy of Agassiz in 1860, that European students would yet be forced to come to America for opportunities for the study of Natural Science, and that because of our ample type collections. The idea of founding an institution where skillful workmen should turn out by hundreds exact types of the single rare specimens that make the wealth of foreign museums — casts of the rarest fossils, fac-similes of unpurchasable originals, full geological series of originals, everything that taxidermy can achieve for zoölogy or scientific handicraft for osteology, everything, anything, in short,

that a complete Museum of Natural Science would demand — was a magnificent idea in theory, but the last scheme in the world, the most of us would say, for a man whose investment in it at the outset must be largely the faith begotten of his love for science. The encouragement of leading naturalists, their unanimous agreement that such an enterprise was called for, would not count for much in meeting the immense expense that the first foundation stones of such a venture would cost. Casts of rare specimens are not furnished for a song, — plaster copies of the Rosetta Stone, plaster casts of the skulls and brains of the various races of mankind, the skeleton of a mastodon or a mammoth, that of the colossal antelope of the Himalayas, or the glyptodon of South America; and the matter of making not one collection, but founding what should be the headquarters for the obtaining of such collections, to say nothing of the time and money required, made up an aggregate of obstacles at the very beginning of the work that almost any one but Henry A. Ward would have thought insurmountable. His hill of difficulty was about as steep and painful to climb as any in our local range; but he climbed it, and to-day the great museums the world over draw upon Rochester for their wonders; his casts are to be found in the leading scientific cabinets, and his fossil mammoths or life-like restorations are an indispensable feature wherever natural science would have pronounced illustration. His workmen build mammoths in sections. There is frequently to be seen, in one of the shed-like buildings on the grounds, what to the uninitiated visitor might pass for a pile of rubbish, unless informed it was a mammoth, soon to be packed and shipped to some college, the guide exhibiting one of the lesser sections, possibly the perfectly simulated foot.

A mammoth can be built in two months with twelve good workmen, but as a rule it takes longer. The average price of such luxuries is about three thousand dollars, — a restriction upon their universal adoption for lawn decorations.

And what can be seen by the visitor privileged with ad-

mission to the buildings? If the institution were a museum and not a workshop, that question might be more definitely answered. No two days give the same exhibit. Specimens are sent off as soon as possible, but the stock on hand is always wonderful, and may not be profitably seen in a single visit. The antiquities alone are a museum by themselves, as well as the imitations of celebrated diamonds and precious stones. Every order in the animal kingdom will claim your special attention in some wonderful specimen, —

Elephas primagenus.

reptiles, birds, corals, shells, — and not the least interesting are the workmen themselves, several of them from the Jardin des Plantes of Paris.

The antiquities represent the extent of the changing collection. You will undoubtedly see several Peruvian mummies, — not so hideous as the box of mummy-heads (Egyptian), — price fifteen dollars each; idols from every land where idols are a specialty; New Zealand war-clubs; Mexican pottery; Peruvian jars; a New Guinea tam-tam; a South Sea Islander's sword, made of shark's teeth; a ceremonial

axe from the Feejee Islands; a mummied crocodile; a box of needles taken from a Peruvian grave; and, what lightens up the exhibit somewhat, the short petticoat of a New Guinea woman, made of unwoven grass, — cheap to the scientific collector of such curiosities at ten dollars. The baby rattle, with its horrible grin and eyes, would no doubt be as joyfully received in our nurseries as in the wigwams of Alaska, from whence it came.

The visitor must not fail to see the lower jaw of the giant mastodon found at Hooperstown, Indiana, with its two tusks, for it is the only one in the country; and now Professor Ward has a whole mastodon in original fossils, also the original skeleton of an Irish Elk.

The cast of the skull of the Neanderthal man, — a duplicate of the most famous of human relics, — the cranium over which anthropologists have waged fierce debate, is just as good for speculating over as the thing itself; and theorizing is aided by an ideal bust of this Neanderthal man, which is ranged on a shelf with busts of Huxley and other eminent naturalists, and a sprinkling of gorillas to keep our Neanderthal man in company. In the surplus of absorbing subjects for special attention, one must not fail to note the cases prepared by Professor Ward for school collections, — a neat, convenient cabinet, containing the skeletons of a snake, bull-frog, cat, crow, and turtle, mounted with the superior skill of the establishment. Fifty dollars places this aid to the pupils in natural science within reach of schools.

The attempt to give a more detailed description of this institution is accomplished in the many catalogues of its many departments. Ward & Howells are the makers of museums. The collectors of their materials are in every part of the world. Celebrated trotters are sent here for mounting; rarest skins for preserving and making into beautiful rugs; and, as a correspondent in the New York "Observer" was pleased to announce, "Your own skeleton, with a suspension ring, will cost about fifty dollars; with a bronzed standard on black walnut pedestal, and a handsome ash case, and an extensible bracket, it will be worth more."

"While we were there," writes another visitor to the "American Naturalist," "they had just finished the preparation of a giraffe, thirteen feet in height, and were unpacking boxes containing a moose from Nova Scotia, a caribou from Maine, a bear from Pennsylvania, a huge basking-shark from the Atlantic coast; and, from Professor Agassiz, a walrus, a small whale, and the rare Rocky Mountain goat, to be mounted for the Cambridge museum."

Ward's "Natural Science Establishment," according to its founder, is yet in its infancy; an infancy suggesting queries akin to those arising when Mr. Powers calls the Art Gallery a nucleus. The two institutions give us a pair of twins, marvelously like and unlike each other. The idea of each is the same, — the making available to the people what has hitherto been the exclusive possession of the privileged classes, — an effort for communism, at least in higher education. With one benefactor bringing us the copies of the Old Masters and originals of modern artists, and another the types of the rarest treasures of science, why need our students of restricted means complain of limitations for development, and where is the American city more highly favored in superior advantages for the extended study of art and natural science?

The "Lewis Brooks Museum of Natural Science," of the University of Virginia, is decidedly a Rochester institution. In the spring of 1876, Lewis Brooks, a citizen of whom we may be justly proud, sent Professor Ward to the Trustees of the University of Virginia, offering them large cabinets of mineralogy, geology, and zoölogy, valued at thirty-five thousand dollars, if they would provide suitable rooms and cases for the same. This generous offer was soon followed by Mr. Brooks sending to the University the sum of thirty-four thousand dollars for a building for the cabinets. As these donations were made through Professor Ward, the friend of Lewis Brooks, and as a Rochester architect, J. R. Thomas, drew the plans for the building, we may justly consider the "Lewis Brooks Museum of Natural Science" one of our outlying honors, as well as the cabinets of Wash-

ington and Lee University, of Lexington, Virginia, which were also the gift of Mr. Brooks, and made through Professor Ward. The value of the Lexington collection was ten thousand dollars, with a further benefaction of fifteen thousand dollars. The Sibley College of Mechanic Art, of Cornell University, at Ithaca, founded by Hiram Sibley, with an endowment of one hundred thousand dollars, affording practical education to hundreds of students, is another of our outlying honors of the first magnitude. Also St. John's Episcopal Church, in North Adams, Mass., the native village of Mrs. Sibley, built by her at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars.

If Rochester has one characteristic transcending all others it is in the magnitude of her specialties, almost any one of which would save us from the nullity of many a larger city whose energies are less concentrated. Vick sows the land with flowers. There is hardly a posy-bed deep in the backwoods of Canada or far down among the Southern plantations, whose pinks and pansies and sweet peas and all the rest do not tell of Rochester to those whose fairest glimpse of beauty they often are. It was away up in the fishing-grounds of Nova Scotia that James Vick's old Indian guide discovered that his genial patron was from Rochester. "And do you know Mr. Vick?" "Oh yes, very well." Then followed the trite old story of the flower-beds, the wonderful blooms, and the old woman's partiality for Vick's seeds; no new experience for the listener, who drew in his speckled trout without making himself known. But when he came to go home there was a big fish for his carrying to Mr. Vick, if he would be so kind.

James Vick was ever, in some indefinable way, inseparable from his flowers. The sorrow his death brought to his townsmen was sincerely shared by thousands the country over, whose only intercourse with the man had, after all, been limited to what was a business correspondence. Vick's seed-packages scattered something more than what they were certified to contain. His immense seed-house radiated a personal influence not easily accounted for.

When it became necessary to revise the geographies that taught, "Rochester has the largest flour-mills in the world," we adopted the name of "Flower City," in lieu of the lost appellative, "Flour City." None could dispute our right to that title, with Ellwanger & Barry's largest nursery in the world fairly encircling the city; Vick's flower-seed farms bordering our most charming drives, and other famous and extensive nurseries and gardens flourishing on our outskirts. "Flower City" emphasizes only one of our several prominent specialties, however; but no one will complain that our lager, cigarettes, cider, clothing, shoe, and furniture manufactories, or our world-known patent medicines, are not proclaimed in our distinctive title, boastful as we may seem in preventing a world's forgetting the size of our breweries, — sending out their 250,475 barrels of beer and 34,570 of ale in a single year (1883); and does not the demand for Kimball's cigarettes come from Persia, China, all Europe, and the islands of the sea, and is he not making them at the rate of a million a day, with some twelve hundred employees, mostly women and girls, his pay-roll averaging seven thousand dollars a week? The Mercury on his high chimney may well go tripping in jubilant mood, ominous as are the prognostications of seers concerning a people making such demand upon the tobacco fields of Virginia and Turkey. The future historian who makes deep research for the exact locality of the famous cider-mill, from whose roof Dr. Swift discovered six comets, will be delighted to learn that "Duffy's" is the largest cider-mill in the world, having a frontage of eight hundred feet on the Erie Canal, and that it crushes into prime cider about a million bushels of apples in a season. The historic building — the veritable old cider-mill where the comet-seeker used to walk o' nights — is a thing of the past, as far as cider-making is concerned, but its site remains at Lake Avenue and White Street. Duffy's was the first American cider in demand across the Atlantic.

If our University is not the largest in the world, its

president, Martin B. Anderson, LL. D., has laid the foundations of an institution of learning which will be not only an enduring monument of his vigorous ideas of higher education, but of his zeal in establishing and securing endowments for the same within thirty years of its opening under rather unfavorable circumstances. Many of us remember the days of the University in the old hotel on Buffalo Street; the days when A. Kingman Nott and Manton Marble were among the students, and when Dr. O. W. Holmes' now rather trite story of planting a university in Rochester with an omnibus full of professors and students from Hamilton College early enough in the spring to have a crop of freshmen with the first green peas, was repeated with zest, none enjoying it more than the young president, whose apprenticeship in a Maine ship-yard possibly made for him the launching of a university secondary to sound timber and good workmanship. The contrast between the University belongings of the days of the old hotel, and the present brown stone structure, — the extensive park-like grounds, — Sibley Hall, the collections of natural science, and what we may call the prophecy of an observatory, — all on a sound financial basis with liberal endowment, — is the outcome of Dr. Anderson's clearly defined idea of what a university should be in its formative period, if its development is to be that of the oak rather than the mushroom, and if symmetry is to be cultivated before novelty.

Dr. Anderson has given of his best gifts to the foundation of our University. All that has yet been gained he calls its foundation only. That solid work has been laid by the hand that quarried and shaped each stone. His teachings, so familiar to his students, "bring things to pass," has best illustration in his own work.

Our University is something more than a collection of scholastic specimens, to be sent forth duly labeled for some sacred niche in passive scholarship. It is emphatically a training-school, not only in its curriculum, but in the far-reaching relations of the students' future life. "Living issues," to quote from the biography of Dr. Anderson in the

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

"Contemporary Biography of New York," "suggested by peculiar political and financial complications at home or abroad, are often taken up by him and treated philosophically and practically, . . . the duties of educated citizens are pointed out ; and the lessons which the history of the past may teach to the present are carefully unfolded. The precept and example of the President in these regards have had their influence throughout the college ; . . . it is hardly too much to say that no institution of equal age can point to a larger proportion of virile thinkers, and independent leaders of thought, among its graduates. The University of Rochester stands for this idea, — a practical education which bears directly upon the questions of to-day." Its outlook, through the vision of its president, whose capacity for anticipation has at times been well-nigh exhausted, is all the most ambitious of us can ask for our University in the future. Few men in the country have been more largely associated with leading reforms, his conservatism and sound knowledge of fundamentals making him the safest of leaders. For thirteen years he served upon the Board of Charities. His lectures and papers upon scientific, literary, political, and educational subjects, etc., would make many volumes of valuable knowledge, and it is sincerely hoped that his many duties in public life will not prevent their collection by his own painstaking hand.

A characteristic feature of our University, and maintained by Dr. Anderson not without some dissent, is the placing of the students in the homes of our citizens, thus obviating the evils of what has been called the barrack system for colleges, throwing upon the student, in a measure at least, the responsibility of a private citizen. Rochester has few if any college disorders to record, and compared with many a university town there is a remarkable absence of students' names in our police reports. The boys themselves, perhaps, give coldest approval to the system.

Our Theological Seminary, with its two buildings, — Trevor and Rockerfellar halls, — has no organic connection with

the University, but any student at the Seminary may enjoy without expense the benefit of the lectures in the University. The fact that both the University and the Seminary are largely under the patronage of the Baptist denomination, although the former is distinctively non-sectarian, and the latter open to students of all denominations, has conferred upon Rochester the name of "a Baptist College town," a distinction to be added to many others less gracefully worn. The Library of the University and that of the Seminary are each valuable acquisitions to a city which has as yet no free Public Library, excepting the Central Library of the public schools. The Seminary Library embraces the entire collection of Neander, as also in great part the exegetical apparatus of the late Dr. Hackett. The two libraries contain more than 25,000 volumes, and are free to the students. The reading-rooms are furnished with religious and secular newspapers, periodicals and reviews, both American and foreign. The Faculties of these two institutions are an appreciated gain to our educational and social life. Their valuable papers and lectures are by no means confined to class-rooms. Professor Lattimore's free course of lectures on scientific subjects to our working men in the City Hall drew large crowds, by no means confined to the class for which they were specially intended. Professor Gilmore's lectures upon English literature and kindred subjects have given him a wide circuit of hearers and classes; his charming conversational lectures being in demand by literary societies of high culture.

It appears, in fact, that our University fulfills all the requirements of its name in the work its Professors are doing in various ways,— each seeming to have an embryo college in his social, political, or club life.

It may not be known to all Rochesterians that the magnificent Elwood Block on the Four Corners is a monument to the memory of a man who could have no more fitting memorial, and that in the very heart of the city with whose early history he was associated. Isaac R. Elwood,

W. B. Hudson

a brother of Dr. Elwood of happy memory, came to Rochester in 1820, and soon took a place among our leading lawyers at a time when Vincent Mathews, the two Seldens, and Addison Gardiner were foremost in political as well as judicial affairs. The name of Isaac R. Elwood is a familiar one to the searcher among old municipal archives, — the last clerk of the village, alderman, school inspector, etc. But it is in his relations to telegraphy that his memory is chiefly perpetuated, in the series of undertakings ending in the Western Union Telegraph Company, of which he was the first secretary and treasurer after the consolidation was effected. And it is to his clear-headed superintendence of the great corporation, his rare foresight in providing for emergencies by contracts and leases that are still models of their kind, that much of the subsequent and stable prosperity of the company is due. The Elwood Memorial Building is the peer in elegance, beauty, and convenience of its famous neighbor over the way, and was built by Frank W. Elwood, at the cost of about $100,000, in memory of his father.

Among the decided promontories on the relief map of our reformers is Dr. Lansberg, the young but eminently learned Rabbi of the Berith Kodesh congregation, which represents in a marked degree the reform school of modern Judaism. The innovation into the worship of the Hebrews of the first prayer book in English has been effected here, the translation of the Hebrew ritual having been made by Dr. Lansberg, who is the foremost leader in this important change in the worship of the ancient people. Its adoption by the majority of his congregation — and that not without long deliberation — gives Rochester the distinction of having the most advanced and liberal Hebrew congregation in the United States, — the first in the country to render its service intelligible to its members. Dr. Lansberg's ritual, in tentative use as yet, has been warmly approved by not a few of his brother rabbies, and the universal adoption of an English ritual is considered, even by many orthodox He-

brews, as only a matter of time. At the meeting recently held for the consideration of the adoption of the new prayer-book, the following prominent members of the Berith Kodesh congregation spoke in favor of the change: Simon Stern, Levi Adler, Max Lowenthal, Max Brickner, Max Cauffman, J. Brunswick, Moses Hays, S. M. Benjamin, B. Rothchild, Simon Hays, H. Schwartz, M. Van Bergh, S. Abels, Sol Wile; while Gabriel Wile, Nathan Levi, Max Gutman, and I. Thalheimer urged its rejection. The ritual was adopted by a vote of 40 to 15. That an English ritual is indispensable has been for several years the key-note of modern Judaism. "If the Reform School of Judaism," says Raphael D. C. Lewin, "desires to continue the holy work of disseminating the true Judaic idea, and of bringing Jews and Gentiles to one common faith, vernacular preaching is indispensable."

The Rev. F. De W. Ward, D. D., in his valuable compendium of the "Churches of Rochester," gives a long list of "Literary and Ecclesiastical Preferments" from the Rochester clergy, — a range of promontories making special mention a serious affair. The "Life of Dr. Shaw," for forty-four years the beloved pastor of the "Old Brick Church," is a volume of itself. The story of the "Old Brick Church," another. "St. Patrick's Cathedral and its Bishop," another; and we must not forget in this connection the important constituency that would think the religious history of our city incomplete if it did not tell the story of "the house of Isaac and Amy Post." Of good preaching in Rochester there hath been no lack from the beginning; nor has our giving of a Bishop to Illinois, another to Iowa, and still another to Maine, — Whitehouse, Lee, and Neely, of the Episcopal church; three bishops to the Methodist; Dr. O'Reilly to a Roman Catholic See of Connecticut; presidents to colleges without stint, and beloved pastors to conspicuous pulpits of larger cities, — apparently lessened our stream of persuasive eloquence in behalf of the gospel.

Why we have never succeeded in founding a medical college it is hard to explain. With the most eminent surgeon in the State outside of New York city, Dr. Edward M. Moore, and a phalanx of skillful practitioners, representing established schools of medicine, we surely have every requirement for such a project; and yet our experiments have so far evolved failure rather than success. Our Central Medical College disbanded in 1852, — James H. Gregory, President of the Board of Trustees, and Erastus Darrow, Secretary. Dr. Charles S. Starr's efforts to establish a free medical dispensary with lectures on anatomy, the possible germ of a future college, have had little nourishment other than his zeal. The Chair of Surgery in the Medical College of Buffalo has for years been occupied by Dr. Moore, who, in addition to this considerable increase of duties, is President of the National Surgical Association. He visits St. Mary's Hospital, as a rule, every Sunday afternoon, the good sisters esteeming him, as well they may, the greatest benefactor of the institution. Dr. Moore is to Rochester an essential part of our individuality, — one of our foremost representative men. His enlistment in any public movement — and that enlistment is easily gained if the movement be in the direction of real improvement or genuine reform — is an assurance at least of its deserving success. The stand our Red Cross Society has taken and held, one far in advance of that of any other city, may be credited to the fact that Dr. Moore is its president. Five original ideas have been contributed by him to medical science, and stand enumerated as follows: A perfect dressing for fractured clavicle; a discovery of a dislocation, new to science, in connection with calles fracture; a method of reduction and dressing in epiphyseal fracture of the upper end of humerus; dressing of fractured nose, and a method of lithotrity, since perfected by Bigelow, of Boston. At the beginning of his professional career he excited attention among physiologists by a series of original experiments, through vivisection, on the physiological actions of the heart. It is needless to add that Dr. Moore is to be found on the side

of those who, in these days when the total prohibition of vivisection has been attempted by legal enactment, would protect animals *in* vivisection and not *from* it.

Archæologists and ethnologists the world over associate Rochester chiefly with the name of Lewis H. Morgan, for many years the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, the founder of the "Morgan School of Ethnology," and the voluminous author of what constitutes the standard literature of the subjects to whose research and elucidation he devoted his life. In the long list of his many papers and books, there are few so familiar to the general reader as "The League of the Iroquois," "Montezuma's Dinner," and "The American Beaver." In his magnificent library building, completed but a few years before his death in 1881, may be found the carefully selected books relating to his special studies, an extensive collection of Indian relics, the gorget of Joseph Brandt, mounted beavers, and, the rarest thing of all, a Spanish Dictionary published in the city of Mexico in 1576. This valuable collection, with the rest of his entire and considerable property, will, in event of his son's death without issue, pass to the University of the City of Rochester for a college for women.

Mr. Morgan was one of the founders of "the club" christened "The Pundit." "Some bright mischievous young ladies," writes Dr. Kendrick, explaining this christening, "of which Rochester possessed a larger proportion possibly than she does now, saw fit to speak of our members as 'Pundits,' and this 'nominis umbra,' as a half-bantering, half-serious sobriquet, has, through subsequent years, hung a slight drapery of ornament around the unadorned nakedness of our official designation." Mr. Morgan was one of the "Pundits." Its first meeting was at his house July 13, 1854. He was called the foster-father of "the club," — five at the first reading meeting, and nine actual members of the body. "The club proceeded gradually to enlarge the list of its members," writes Dr. Kendrick in a sketch of its

Autoglyph. — W. P. Allen, Gardner, Mass.

THE ROCHESTER SAVINGS BANK BUILDING

Photo. by E. Wood.

history for twenty-five years, "keeping in view the avoiding of unwieldy size, with regard not merely to the absolute merit of candidates for membership, but also their supposed clubable qualities, and such a balance of professions, pursuits, and attainments as should secure a fair representation of the different leading lines of thought and departments of scientific and general investigation." The members of the club at its first regular meeting, when Hon. E. Peshine Smith read a paper upon the "Gold Currency," were M. B. Anderson, Calvin Huson, Jr., Rev. Dr. J. H. McIlvaine, Lewis H. Morgan, John H. Raymond, Rev. Chester Dewey, Hon. Harvey Humphrey, and Rev. Dr. Asahel C. Kendrick.

As it was in the Pundit Club that Mr. Morgan read many of his writings before they appeared in print, discussing his theories with its members before considering them settled in his own mind, the work of that club, its far-reaching influence in the world, may be fitly considered as one of the important relations of his life. "It is difficult to say," writes Dr. Kendrick, "how many magazines have been enriched, and how many books constructed from essays prepared for, or read and criticised in, this club. Such essays alone would make many large volumes. One learned publication of the Smithsonian Institute, that on modes of reckoning consanguinity, was born in this club. Here were heard criticisms of the learned chapters in Mr. Morgan's work on Ancient Society. Here were presented the most thorough discussions which this country has produced on our aboriginal civilization. Here were forged the thunderbolts that awoke a startled community as they were launched upon the head of an established church. In short nobody can tell how many papers that have delighted and edified the public in legal journals and popular and scientific magazines, have found their inspiration and first hearing and intelligent criticism in this body; for the law of the club is criticism."

The first general discussion in the club at its second meeting was upon Ethnology. At the fourth regular meet-

ing Mr. Morgan read his first paper, "The Andes." We find the following subjects treated in his subsequent papers: "English Slavery;" "Animal Psychology;" "The Laws of the Descent of the Iroquois;" Agassiz's "Theory of the Origin of the Human Race;" "The Indo-European System of Consanguinity and Relationship," etc., etc.

In the obituary of Mr. Morgan, which appeared in the "Democrat and Chronicle" the morning after his death, is the following: "Science, for which he had labored efficiently and conspicuously, will mourn one of its brightest lights extinguished; for he was among the foremost investigators of his time, had definitely settled some of the most perplexing questions in archæology, and had achieved a world-wide reputation as a scholar,—a reputation perhaps more brilliant in Europe than in America."

The "Pundits" were the honorary pall-bearers at his funeral, the sons of the members of the club bearing his remains from the library, which he had built with pleasant anticipations of the meetings around its table, to its final resting-place in the Morgan tomb at Mount Hope.

The following are the names of the present members of "The Club": Martin B. Anderson, Theodore Bacon, Oscar Craig, George F. Danforth, Frederick L. Durand, William S. Ely, Asahel C. Kendrick, Samuel A. Lattimore, Albert H. Mixer, Edward M. Moore, William C. Morey, Howard Osgood, J. Breck Perkins, E. V. Stoddard, Augustus H. Strong, Frederick A. Whittlesey.

Not less conspicuous than Lewis H. Morgan in ethnology and archæology was Judge Addison Gardiner in a distinguished judiciary circle. He began the practice of law in Rochester in 1822, and was our first Justice of the Peace. The firm of Gardiner & Selden, including its law student, Henry R. Selden, was remarkably prolific in judicial and political honors. It gave us three Judges of the Court of Appeals and two Lieutenant Governors. Addison Gardiner was twice elected to the office of Lieutenant Governor, was appointed District Attorney of Monroe County, Judge of

the Eighth Circuit, and was ex-officio Vice Chancellor. On the organization of the Court of Appeals, in 1847, he was elected one of the judges of that court, served one term of eight years, and declined the renomination, equivalent to reëlection. Judge Gardiner retired from the Court of Appeals long before any diminution of his physical or intellectual vigor, and found the truest enjoyment of his life in superintending his farm just outside the western boundary of the city, in quiet study, and in a sufficiency of legal business in hearing references to occupy his active mind. Important cases were referred to and tried before him to the closing days of his tranquilly useful life. He died at his beautiful suburban home, June 5, 1883, one of the most eminent and honored representatives of the Rochester Bar.

The Hon. Samuel L. Selden, the early partner of Judge Gardiner, with whom he studied and began practice, was for several years a Justice of the Peace of the city, and in 1831 was elected first Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of Monroe. He was afterwards Clerk of the Eighth Chancery Circuit, and in 1847 was elected Judge of the Supreme Court, and in 1856 to the Court of Appeals. "It is a remarkable fact," says his biographer in the "Contemporary Biography of New York," "that he was elected to the Supreme Court and to the Court of Appeals before he had ever appeared at the bar of either of those courts." He resigned from the bench in 1862, very soon after the death of his wife, and the remaining years of his life, until his death in 1876, were spent in the seclusion of his library, from which he went forth chiefly to distribute his goods, both spiritual and material, to the poor and suffering, giving away with the utmost privacy a considerable fortune in benefactions large and small, — his chief charge that the recipient should tell no man. The great sorrow of his life was the drowning before his eyes of his only surviving child, a promising boy just entering his teens, and who had been easily rescued had the Judge been able to swim. What had been otherwise a joyless old age was illuminated by the happiness he created in joyless hearts.

The Hon. Henry R. Selden, the surviving member of this trio of eminent judges, Lieutenant Governor in 1857, was singularly favored in his environment as a student in the office of Gardiner & Selden, and that he made the most of his favoring conditions was amply proved in his subsequent career. The two brothers are largely associated with the early history of telegraphy. Their exceptional energy and quick discernment made them prominent in the introduction and organization of the first lines of telegraphs. It was in the pioneer days of telegraphy (1851) that Henry R. Selden was elected President of the New York and Mississippi Valley Telegraph Company, — its board of directors made up of Rochester capitalists. Hiram Sibley at that time was Sheriff of Monroe County, and it was through the influence of the Seldens that he was enlisted in the scheme of "operating in the vast regions west of Buffalo."

As Reporter of the Court of Appeals, and Editor of the "New York Reports," and author of "Selden's Notes of Cases in the Court of Appeals," Henry R. Selden has made permanent and valuable contribution to legal knowledge. When the cause of Woman Suffrage gains its object, and the canonizing of its early advocates is in order, Henry R. Selden, for his able and unanswerable defense of Susan B. Anthony in the United States District Court of Albany, 1873, for casting a vote at the presidential election of 1872, will not be forgotten, nor his plea that "women are citizens, and that, under the amendments of the Constitution, all citizens are entitled to the elective franchise."

Each of this trio of famous jurists retired from active life when the honors of high position would have made that retirement seemingly impossible to less quiet and home-loving natures.

"Ah, why
Should life all labor be?"

With the promotion of George F. Danforth to the Bench, we have four Rochester jurists eminent as Judges of the Court of Appeals of the State of New York. Including the late Hon. Sanford E. Church, Chief Judge of the Court of

Appeals, — a Monroe County man, and for a time a resident of our city and always interested in our public movements, — we have had five, and may surely claim for the Rochester Bar an influence and eminence second to none.

The name of Seth Green is one inseparable from Rochester, — his home from his school-boy days and earliest experiments in Fish Culture. All who have seen Seth Green speeding his fast horse on the Avenue, with the flyers in sleighing time, must have discovered the striking resemblance between his face and that of the Santa Claus represented in primer literature, — his long, white beard, merry eye, and conical sealskin cap heightening the illusion. His mission has made him his country's benefactor. The prevention of the wholesale and wanton destruction of fish, and the culture of the most desirable varieties, — and that chiefly for the benefit of the poor, — is emphatically the enlightened selfishness the promoters of many another scheme for the public good are seeking to teach. Seth Green's story is best told in a reported interview with him published in a recent New York "Evening Telegram": —

"The fishermen are opposed to our work because we advocate making laws to stop fishing during the spawning season of the different kinds of fish. They have been in the habit of taking them on these spawning beds, and do not like to quit. They would take the last fish if they could. They have got about all of them in some localities. I have often been told by fishermen that they did not want the fish made any more plenty. They said if fish were scarce they could make as much money and would not have to handle half as many fish. But, I said to them, it will be a great help to the mass of the people. They told me to 'let the mass take care of themselves — we have to.' When I went to Holyoke, on the Connecticut River, in the year 1867, and made the discovery of hatching shad artificially, shad was selling for forty dollars per hundred, wholesale, and retail from seventy-five cents to one dollar each. While I was there, many mechanics told me that they bought one shad

a year, just to say that they had had a shad that year; and many of the poor people told me that they had not tasted shad for years. I told the fishermen that I was going to make shad plenty and cheap. They told me they did not want fish any more plenty nor any cheaper, and did their level best to keep me from making a success. They broke my experimental boxes to pieces when they could find them, and one night they tore the net — they thought — so that it could not be used any more. But I took a needle and mended it in two hours, which astonished them very much, as they had told me there was but one man around there that could mend square mesh, and he would not be found. He left the town soon after the net was torn. But the net was mended, and we fished that night, and caught the fish that I took the spawn from that made the success that was the means of having shad plenty forever. The four New England States did not pay me as much money — $154.24 — as I had expended. There was one fish commissioner who told me that it would be a great honor to me, and would be the means of making me a great man. True, I do weigh about forty pounds more now than I did then, but it was not their money that paid the butcher's bills. Honor is all very well, if it is earned honestly, but I would not advise any man to undertake to pay his butcher bill at the same market more than one month in that way. It is sixteen years since I made the success; and if I had had to live on honor and promise, there would not be enough left of me to make a shad-ow. I visited the old fish-hatching ground again in the year 1874. It was soon noised about that I was there, and the men, women, and children came flocking down to shake hands, and say, 'God bless you!' That little group of poor people paid the debt with what was better than gold. I have no doubt I felt more elated while I was with that little party than General Grant ever did with all the receptions he received while he was in Europe."

While we are in a mood of boastful reminiscence, we

must not forget that Charlie Backus, of minstrel fame, was a Rochester boy; that Manton Marble, Judge Tourgée, and Rossiter Johnson were graduates of our University, — the latter a genuine Frankford boy, as his story, "Phæton Rogers," doth testify; that J. T. Trowbridge hailed from this section, and that Montgomery Schuyler was one of the boys at Christ Church Rectory. Dr. Graham, of Grahamite celebrity, first promulgated his theories from our midst. One of the first Water-Cures in the country was Dr. Hamilton's, on Exchange Street. As has been already noted, telegraphy received its first strong impulse for development here, and the word "telegram" was coined by our citizen, Hon. E. Peshine Smith; while the millionaires of the land for many years found their last rest in our glass caskets. The scientific world looks to the establishment of Bausch and Lomb for superior microscopes and optical instruments of all kinds; and did we not appreciate the honor of having two of our learned men, Dr. A. C. Kendrick and Dr. Howard Osgood, on the American Committee for the Revision of the Bible? and is not Patrick Barry's Catalogue of the American Pomological Society the standard authority of fruit-growers the world round? Bishop McQuaid, of the Diocese of Rochester, represents the thought of a large constituency, and is the vigorous advocate of important changes in the public school system, by no means confined to our special locality. His utterances command a wide hearing, and had much to do in abolishing religious instruction and Bible readings in the public schools.

Our Asylum for Deaf Mutes, one of fifty-five in the country, for an afflicted class constituting one in every two thousand of our population, is at the front in the advance movement for the education of mutes, maintaining that, by the method of articulation combined with the manual-alphabet, and the abolishing of the sign-language, the mute may be educated to speak intelligibly. The institution has about one hundred and fifty mutes, under the care of Professor and Mrs. Westervelt and their corps of capable teachers. It

was established here some seven years ago, mainly through the influence of Mr. Gilman H. Perkins, the State allowing about three hundred dollars a year for each pupil.

There seems no lack of charitable institutions in our city, so large and well managed are our two hospitals, industrial schools, and several orphan asylums, to leave unmentioned the special missions of individual congregations and organizations; but Dr. Moore's suggestion, only yesterday, that a Children's Hospital be built upon Lake Ontario Beach, meets cordial approval from every one, nebulous as are the plans for its foundation. Our Western House of Refuge and Girls' Reformatory have not yet attained all that their Superintendent, Levi S. Fulton, hopes to bring to pass in practical prison reform, if the coöperation of those upon whom the change in the system depends is not diverted by impracticable schemes and mistaken theories of philanthropy.

Since the House of Refuge for Boys was opened, in 1849, some 6,230 boys have been received as inmates, and a considerable percentage of those dismissed from the institution are living honest and useful lives. The Girls' Reformatory was opened in 1876, and since that time some three hundred and sixty-five girls have been sheltered within its walls. Mrs. M. K. Boyd has been the matron from the first, — a woman as unlike the average reformatory matron as can be imagined; a gentlewoman in the truest sense of the word. The high standard required of the women employed in the Reformatory insures the healthy social atmosphere permeating every department. When it is possible for Mr. Fulton to make the Refuge for boys all that the Reformatory is for girls, — and he has made the Reformatory what it is, — there will be no justification for criticism of what a more liberal appropriation would change for the better. When his plan for a graduating department is fully realized, and the present great unoccupied and unfurnished building *outside the wall* is a home for the boys who have merited promotion, or have served their time at the Refuge, but have no place awaiting them if dismissed, — a home

where they may be under the influence of the nearest approach to family life the State can give them, and from which they may graduate with a measure of preparedness for what they must encounter upon their final discharge, — we shall have an institution long needed, and the outcome of Mr. Fulton's recognition and understanding of that need. The Refuge is in a transition state, and it is believed that of the antagonism now existing between conflicting ideas regarding its system will come development and true reform, in which reason rather than sentimentalism will be the determining principle.

The years 1882 and 1883 were made memorable in the history of our city by the changes consequent upon the removal of the Central Railroad Depot from the west to the east side of the river, the building of the elevated tracks, and the new depot. State Street, and the west side generally, suffered a transient depression from the sudden diversion of the great stream of railroad travel, the depreciation of rents, and the subsidence of patronage particularly of the west side old railroad hotels. The high tide of prosperity, fairly overwhelming the hitherto quiet streets on the east side in the new depot quarters, was in striking contrast to what could be seen and heard in Mill Street, and at the northern base of the west side embankment. None could deny the benefit of the elevated tracks. It was emphatically a case where individual interest must be sacrificed for the public good. The opening of Central Avenue and the new bridge, with a street railroad direct to the new depot from the west side, soon helped to relieve what proved but a temporary disarrangement, unavoidable in so complete and important a change. North St. Paul Street underwent a magical transformation. From a street of substantial and old time mansions, it seemed at once to have assumed the importance of a grand business thoroughfare, and lo! old St. Paul's tower once thought so imposing is overtopped by Warner's magnificent building, and its site is already predestined for a grand hotel and unparalleled opera house.

The Warner Building, second only to the Powers Buildings, was built last year at a cost of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and it is largely owing to the indomitable enterprise of its builder that St. Paul Street has been widened ten feet, excepting in front of the Osburn and the Lamberton block, which improvement will come in time. Opposite the Warner Building is one approaching it in size and elegance, and, like it, a monument of one of our special industries, "Archer's Dental and Barber's Chairs," of world wide reputation. The old Rochesterian, uninformed of these recent changes, would lose his bearings entirely if suddenly transported to the top of Andrew Street hill, save for the Andrews homestead, which still is an oasis of the past, and the mansion of Darius Perrin, — the old home of Charles M. Lee, with its massive stone balustrade, an ancient landmark said to have been cut at the Auburn prison. Old St. Paul's, and all that is left of its former environment, will be gone to-morrow. The congregation are already discussing where the new church shall be built, and there is a disputed rumor of the union of the parish with that of Christ Church, East Avenue.

An idea of the growth of the city in 1883 has been so concisely and accurately given in the columns of the "Democrat and Chronicle," the record is best presented in a reprint of that article, published in the daily issue, January 1, 1884: —

If the year that has just drawn to a close has been one of misfortune and disaster to the world at large; if the terrible tornado, the awful earthquake, the devastating cyclone, and all the elements of flood and fire, have laid waste cities and villages in this and other countries, to the city of Rochester it has been a year of unparalleled prosperity and wonderful growth. The leap that Rochester has taken in the past twelve months has been something remarkable. People who traverse the leading thoroughfares daily, from one month to another, scarcely realize the average growth of a city; and buildings and railways and bridges are constructed without attracting their especial attention. It is the person who leaves the city and returns after a year or two

ST. PAUL S CHURCH IN RUINS.

Burned, Sunday, July, 1847.
Rev. John V. Van Ingen, D. D., Rector

that discovers changes and improvements. But the progress of Rochester in 1883 has been so extraordinary and so potent, that citizens have felt the growth and have realized its magnitude. It has been a growth, however, as solid and enduring as it has been important. Here will be found a list of a few of the improvements and prominent structures completed or begun in the city during the year 1883: —

Completion of the elevated tracks and erection of a new passenger station by the Central Hudson Railway at an expense of about	$2,000.000
Powers fire-proof hotel, completed and opened at an expense of about	630,000
The Warner Building, constructed and nearly completed at an expense of about	500,000
Church Street opened and improved at an expense of about	165,000
Warner Observatory, completed and opened at an expense of about	100,000
St. Paul Street straightened at an expense of about	165,000
Central Avenue Bridge constructed and opened at an expense of about	46,000
The introduction and general adoption by the municipality and citizens generally of the electric lights.	
Completion and opening of that portion of the Rochester and Ontario Belt Railway, running from Rochester to Lake Ontario.	
General extension of the different routes of the street railway company and the construction of new routes.	

OUR PROSPERITY.

Seated in his handsome private office, his honor, Mayor Parsons, last evening reviewed with a "Democrat and Chronicle" representative the remarkable prosperity of the city during the past year. "I think," said the mayor, "that our citizens have more than usual cause to rejoice at the record of the year, so far as our own beautiful city is concerned. It is perhaps needless to speak of the great improvements that have been made during the year, for they are familiar to us all. Our city has grown in wealth, importance, and in population, and it hardly seems possible for the sun to rise to-morrow upon a more prosperous, beauti-

ful, and progressive city on the face of the globe. We have been singularly free from the disasters of flood and fire and the elements; and the loss for the year from fire — the only disaster we have encountered — has been surprisingly small. There is one feature about the year that I would refer to, and that is the prosperous condition of our laboring and poor classes. No public official perhaps, unless it be the poor-master, has the opportunity to feel the effect of prosperity on these classes that I do, and the past year has been a noticeable one to me. In the eight years I have been mayor I have never received so few calls from the poor and the needy as in 1883. There has really been plenty of work for willing hands. The year has been a busy one in the municipal government — perhaps the busiest since our city charter was secured. All the officials have had their hands full, and some of the offices have been over-crowded with business. Yes," said the mayor in conclusion, "this has, I think, been the most prosperous and progressive year I have ever known in Rochester."

EXECUTIVE WORK OF THE YEAR.

The record of the year in the executive department of the government is a splendid illustration of the city's rapid growth and progress. The many public improvements — the fire and water works department, the street repairing and cleaning department — are all under the supervision of the executive board, and the work of the office has greatly increased. The street repairs during the year have been extensive. Lake Avenue has been repaired at an expense of $5,527.77; Caledonia Avenue, at an expense of $830.25; St. Joseph Street, at an expense of $369.95; North St. Paul Street, at an expense of $1,045.72; and a number of other streets have been repaired under the supervision of Superintendent Reynolds. During the year two new hose houses have been erected. A new Hayes truck has been purchased at an expense of $3,500, and a new hose cart at an expense of $700. Arrangements are now making for the enlargement of the fire department, and a new hose company will be placed in the new Lyell Avenue House. The extension of water mains is one of the improvements which gives the board considerable work, as applications are constantly coming in for water from different streets for which no provision has been made. Below will be found an approximate table of the amount of water mains laid during the year ending yesterday: —

Number of streets in which pipes have been laid	105
Number of hydrants set	90
Number of stop holes set	105
Approximate number of miles of pipe laid, all sizes	12.45
Number of lineal feet of pipe laid by contract during the year, all sizes	61,926
Number of feet of pipe laid, all sizes, by repair gang	3,847

THE STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

"Busy year? Well I should say so," said City Surveyor Peacock to the "Democrat and Chronicle" representative. "I like hard work, but I don't want too much of it. You can say that 1883 has been the busiest year I have seen since I have been city surveyor. In addition to the regular work of the office, such as attending to sewers, street grading, bridges, etc., I have had the work of renumbering the city. Big job, you say. Well, when I get it off my hands you will see a happy man. While I am devoting considerable time to this work, it is being carefully and thoroughly done, and the cost of the work completed to date is considerably within the amount appropriated for that work by the council. A great many streets have been definitely decided upon, but it is not deemed advisable to announce the same until the whole is completed, which will be about the first of April. Here is an approximation, in round numbers, of the regular work that has been done under my supervision during the year: —

Number of streets improved	11
Expense of streets improved	$110,000
Grading approaches to Lyell Avenue Bridge	1.200
Stone sewers constructed	8
Expense of stone sewers constructed	$27,000
Pipe sewers constructed	23
Expense of pipe sewers constructed	$29,000
Sewers cleaned	2
Expense of sewers cleaned	$1,000
Plank walks laid	19
Expense of laying plank walks	$5,400
Flag walks not included in street improvements	3
Expense of flag walks	$2,500
Central Avenue Bridge	46,000
Lyell Avenue Lift Bridge	13,000

THE RECORD IN THE COURTS.

It does not take a remarkably intelligent person to understand that, with the rapid growth of the city, with the widening and opening of streets, etc., the duties of the city attorney have greatly increased. The work in City Attorney Beckley's office has almost doubled within the last year, and he has been obliged to greatly increase his clerical force at his own expense. The office is now rushed with legal business, the numerous suits brought against the city by the Honeoye millers rendering the clerical work unusually heavy. Below will be found a brief table showing the work of the city attorney during the year: —

Number of actions pending in courts of record on January 1, 1883, in which the city is a party	57
Number of actions brought for and against the city in courts of record from January 1, 1883, to December 31, 1883	40
Number of actions in courts of record tried or otherwise disposed of from January 1, 1883, to December 31, 1883	51
Number of actions pending in courts of record December 31, 1883	46
Number of actions in which the city was unsuccessful on the trial	3
Verdicts or report in last mentioned cases as follows: —	
Hooker *v.* City of Rochester	$600
Dignin *v.* City of Rochester	500
The National Gas Light Co. *v.* City of Rochester	995
	$2,095
The aggregate amount claimed in above three cases	24,500

In all other cases tried the city has been successful.

The above does not include any actions or proceedings in the municipal court or police court.

Number of street opening cases pending January 1, 1883	1
Number since instituted in which commissioners have been appointed	9
Number pending on December 31, 1883	3

THE YEAR IN THE TREASURY.

The monthly reports of City Treasurer McGlachlin to the Common Council have enabled the people to keep well posted in regard to the condition of the funds of the treasury, and but lit-

tle could be added in this article. The work in the treasurer's office has increased somewhat during the year, but the clerical force has remained the same. The receipts during the year at the treasurer's office have been as follows : —

Receipts from January 1, 1883, to December 31, 1883, on account of general city tax . . .	$1,059,940.48
Expenditures for local improvements . .	498,384.00
Receipts on local improvements	300,353.73
Receipts for water rents during the year 1883 .	150,000.00

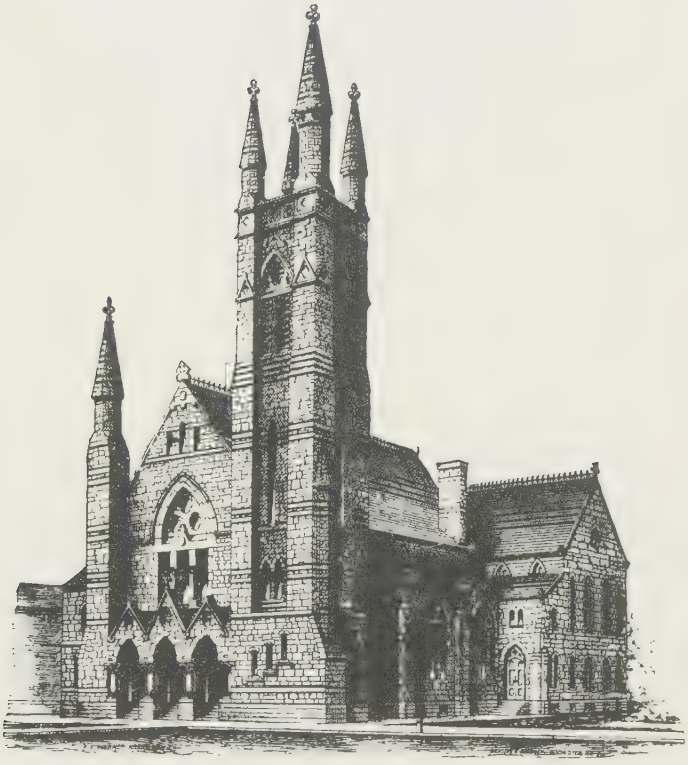
The Rochesterian of 1934 will appreciate this clipping from the file of the Rochester "Democrat and Chronicle," Charles E. Fitch editor in chief.

Some one has said that the story of our lives depends upon what is crowded out. The realization of all that must be crowded out from this closing résumé of the most notable persons and events in our history gives a new significance to what may be applied to the stories of cities as of individuals. The restrictions of a topical rather than a statistical narrative, a synthetical rather than an analytical sketch, will, it is to be hoped, excuse seeming inadvertence and neglect. In drawing to the limits assigned for this story historical, a comparison of the subjects noted with those deserving at least allusion, and which must remain unmentioned, tempts the writer to name at least the subjects of the unwritten chapters. That the thread of the narrative is broken by important omissions may be overlooked, if it is remembered that the extraordinary rather than the ordinary was given precedence. Rochester did gloriously in the War of the Rebellion, but it was just what every other city in the North was doing ; and the story of our sacrifices, enthusiasm, and devotion, varies very little from that of all the others — a story that in barest statistics fills a volume, and which words may never tell after all. And yet that chapter, "Rochester in the Rebellion," is the one that was laid aside most regretfully, — the reminiscences of the first enlistments, the first camp, the meetings of the women at the churches to sew for the volunteers, the presentation of banners, the return of the first

wounded soldier, Charles Buckley, from the front, and the cheering of the crowd all the way from the depot to his home; the effect of the news of brave ones fallen, the bringing home of the honored dead, the presidential election during the war, the work of the Soldiers' Aid Society, the fairs, the grand bazaar in Corinthian Hall, the Fourth of July dinner for soldiers at the Court-House, the startling news, one Sunday evening, of an expected invasion at the mouth of the river; the war meetings, the bounty jumpers, the hospital boxes, the arrival at our hospitals of wounded soldiers from the battle of the Wilderness, the Arcade on the night of the news from Richmond, "Lee has surrendered!" — a long catalogue of events opening a work for the historian, which, unless fully treated in its local exceptional features, would create more dissatisfaction than the recognition of the topic as a part of our history already told in that of the country at large.

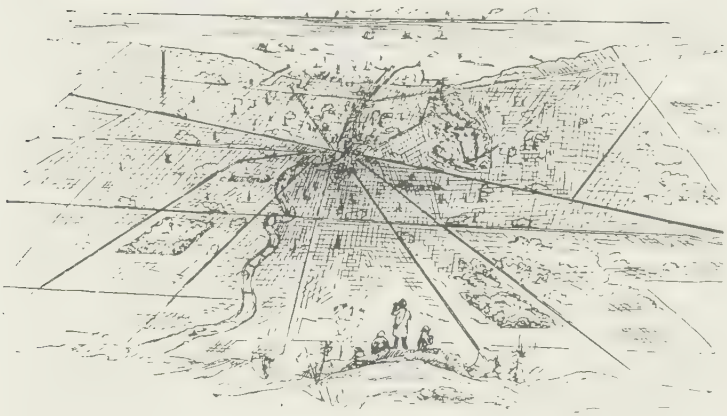
"A Few Failures" was the subject of another unwritten chapter, wherein was to be told, among many things, the story of Buell's Avenue, — if that may be called a failure, which, having served its original purpose, is left to inglorious ruin and decay. It was October 10, 1843, that Alderman Seward, in the Common Council, made a motion that the mayor be authorized to execute a contract with William Buell for the construction of a macadamized road to a steamboat landing on the west side of the Genesee River. This road was to be a gradual descent 75 feet wide for 900 feet at the southern terminus, and 100 feet wide the remainder of the distance, and its cost was not to exceed $5,000. It did cost Judge Buell, however, over $8,000, but the City Fathers held strictly to the terms of the contract. The picturesque road is to-day more picturesque than safe, and will in a few years, unless extensively repaired, be a thing of the past. It is a very fair sample, however, of some of the notable failures of Rochester.

Rochester: a story of to-day, is a volume of itself, and what it may possibly be in 1934, on the one hundredth anniversary of our City Charter, some of the prophets among us shall now declare.



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

Built 187-



XIX.

WHAT SHALL BE HEREAFTER.

Dedicated by Rochester, 1884, to Rochester, 1934.

"THE business centre of Rochester, fifty years from now," said Daniel W. Powers, to the music of the orchestrion in his Art Gallery, "will be just where it is to-day, — at the Four Corners. The city may push out to the eastward as a place for residences, but the business centre is fixed as long as Rochester and the sun and moon endureth. A change in the location of the railroad depot will not affect the business centre of any town. That is fixed where the public buildings concentrate. With the Post-Office and the government buildings on Church Street, the City Hall and the Court-House where they are, the Savings and other banks, — to say nothing of Powers Buildings, which are something of an anchor, — the business centre of Rochester is as fixed as the river. I do not say that the growth eastward will exceed that in other directions. The city at present is growing marvelously in the northwest. If you go up on the tower and look around, you will say you

are as near the centre of the city as you can be; and so it will be fifty years to come."

The prophet who has honor in his own country is our mayor, — five times elected.

We judge of the future by the past [says Mayor Parsons]. Fifty years ago Rochester stood, in point of population, twenty-first among the cities of the United States. Despite the almost miraculous growth of some western towns, then unknown, she has held her own, and still retains her former rank as to numbers, while in respect to the enterprise, and intelligence, and the mental, moral, patriotic, and business character of her citizens, no city in the land surpasses her.

It is my prediction that within the next fifty years Rochester will include Brighton village, and extend to Lake Ontario. It will also include half the town of Gates, and reach to Irondequoit Bay. She will outnumber Albany, Detroit, Providence, Washington, and Louisville, and will equal, if not surpass, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Newark, and Cleveland. Her educational institutions and business facilities will continue second to none in the country; she will remain a city of homes and beauty, the pride of her inhabitants, and the envy of her neighbors.

The Rev. Dr. Lansberg, of the Hebrew Congregation Berith Kodesh, contributes the following as his outlook of the future, — his hopes rather than prophecies, — his "reluctantly told dreams": —

The external aspect of religious denominations will be greatly changed fifty years hence; for in all that concerns religious form the progress of men is exceeding slow; but there will be a great progress concerning the substance of religion.

It will be practically recognized that soundness of doctrine and profession do not go far to atone for moral shortcomings. The working man will understand that his interests are identical with those of the capitalist, and the most religious people will acknowledge that science is not antagonistic to religion.

It will sound incredible that there was a time when government offices were filled, not with the most capable and honest men, but with those who were the best workers for a political party, regardless of their capacity and honesty.

It will be as little understood in 1934 how men could honestly

advocate that fifty million people should be heavily taxed for the protection of sixty thousand manufacturers, as we can understand to-day how religious people could, twenty-five years ago, call slavery a divine and moral institution.

The most imposing building in our city in 1934 will be the Reynolds Library, which will not only contain a complete collection of books from all departments of knowledge, but will be used by many hundreds of laborers and their families, particularly on Sunday. On that day crowds will visit the reading-rooms, and the valuable collections of objects of art and science exhibited for the instruction of the people.

Fine concerts and lectures on scientific subjects will attract large audiences on Sunday afternoons and evenings. The whiskey saloons will be closed, not by the enforcement of Sunday laws, but for lack of customers. Those who should still have the face to advocate the closing of libraries, art museums and galleries, on Sunday will be classified with those who, in the last year of the reign of Charles II., opposed the introduction of lanterns to light up the streets of London on moonless nights.

MAX LANSBERG.

Dr. J. H. Thomas, a prominent Christadelphian, and author of several works highly prized by literalists in biblical interpretation, gave answer as follows: —

What will be the condition of the world fifty years from now? From a Christadelphian point of view, it is possible, even probable, that the "dispensation of the fullness of times" will have been ushered in, and a theocracy established upon the mountains of Israel, in the person of Jesus Christ and those associated with him as kings and priests for the age. As a result of this theocracy, God's down-trodden people, Israel, will be reëstablished in their own land, after all the rebellious ones have been purged out. Jerusalem, rebuilt in splendor and glory, will be the metropolis of the world. All nations being subjugated, Gentile domination, political and ecclesiastical, in all its varied forms, will cease. . . . Monsters in crime and devisers of iniquity having perished during the work of subjugation, the world will be saved from scheming politicians, usurping demagogues, corrupt syndicates, grasping monopolies, and cruel oppressors, and lifted

into a happy condition of prosperity and peace, under the righteous rule of God's royal priesthood and holy nation. . . .

DR. J. H. THOMAS.

There are those who prophesy that in 1934 the present site of the old Brick Church will be covered with great commercial houses, or the iron tracks of railroads, — unless railroads are then a thing of the past. Be that as it may, the old Brick Church will always have an important place in our history, and this letter of greeting from him who for forty-four years has been the beloved pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church, and one of our foremost representative men, independent of his parochial relations, will be read with peculiar interest: —

To the Pastor of the Brick Church in the Year of Our Lord 1934.

DEAR BROTHER, — At this present writing you are the coming man. Not near enough yet for me to see your form, nor hear your voice, nor tell who you are. But you will be here by the time this reaches you. I send these few lines in advance for two reasons. I want to express the hope that the Brick Church is to you what it ever was to me, — as considerate in its demands, as charitable in its judgments, as earnest in its coöperation, and as true and loyal to all its duties, as faithful a people, as noble a church as God ever intrusted to the care of a frail and fallible man.

Then I want to congratulate you on living in the noontide splendor of the latter-day glory. The time so often foretold in the Scriptures and so clearly foreshadowed, — the time for which our Great High Priest so earnestly prayed and the whole creation impatiently waited, — has come at last. *You all are one.* There is but one church now on earth, — the Holy Apostolic Church of Christ, "without spot or wrinkle or any such thing," nothing to mar her beauty, nothing to waste her strength. You can all worship in the same temple, you can all sit down at the same table, and your hearts keep as good time as the harps of the heavenly world. You have gathered your differences and divisions and dissensions, you have gathered your party names and party banners and buried them out of sight, and you have taken down the walls that kept us apart and built a monument over them, and on that monument you have inscribed the epitaph of the infidel, — the only monument where it would not be out of

BRICK CHURCH, PRESBYTERIAN

Built 1860.

place, — "Death is an eternal sleep." No trump of God, no voice of archangel, will ever call bigotry out of its grave. I congratulate you, dear brother. We waited and watched for the day, — watched until our eyes were weary, waited until our hearts did ache, — but died without the sight. Dear brother, once more I congratulate you. You have two heavens, — a heaven here and a heaven hereafter; and by making the best of the one you make the most of the other. May God spare you still longer than He did me, and if any clouds have occasionally darkened your sky may they only add to the glories of your setting sun.

JAMES B. SHAW,
In the forty-fourth year of his pastorate.

The optimistic vision of Dr. Shaw finds its contrast in that of Dr. W. H. Platt, Rector of old St. Paul's, — the author of what has been called the most irrefutable answer to the Ingersoll Lectures yet published. Dr. Platt looks forward one hundred years and writes: —

"If causes now active produce their probable effects, civilization, in 1984, will have radically changed. The struggle for existence is intense, and to millions upon millions it is becoming more and more hopeless. Dishonesty and suicide are mournfully frequent. For self-preservation against overwhelming competition men combine; combination begets combination, and the struggle is transferred from individuals to organized masses of individuals. The unification of social units includes all classes and interests, — farmers, mechanics, employees, teachers, — in a word, all energies and employments, from bankers to bootblacks, are organized into associative power. The trades and professions are overcrowded; the relations of capital and labor are out of equilibrium; machinery displaces men both in shops and on farms; the individual man as man with a soul and a destiny is nothing. It is an age of corporations, and corporations have no religion, and corporate aims are all. With the loss of man as the social unit, there is lost all the moral and religious influence of man and his moral relations. The social problem is civil, not moral. The State governs by force, where man ought to govern himself by moral reason.

Unifications in the name of religion are for sociability in one direction, and for corporate power in another. The influence of religion upon personal character is less observable than it is as a means to associative or hierarchical aims. Unifications in religion will destroy religion, unless they produce in the human heart the fruit of love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, and temperance. With the exchange of true religion for the sentimental form, society and individuals lose its power upon the individual heart and character. In the Church the maximum of form is the minimum of religion, just as in the State the maximum of power is the minimum of liberty; the rhythmic alternations of civilizing force have shadowed undulations of right and wrong, of despotism and freedom, of progress and regress. In the reign of God there are eras of catastrophes. The cold, formal, dead religion of 1984 will afterward arise from the tomb of its own ashes, into which it is now descending. It will come back from Egypt, but through the wilderness, with its golden calf and deadly serpents, and the discipline of suffering experiences. Religion will die as a form, but revive as a worship. Iconoclastic science will unmask the false god and reveal the true one."

Mr. George H. Humphrey, a son of the late Judge Harvey Humphrey, and a member of the Rochester Bar, gives the following from his beacon-point: —

"The changes that half a century, with its varied progress, will make in the practice of the law, will be, —

"1st. The greatly diminished use of strong drink, by reducing crime to a *minimum*, will have done away with police courts, courts of sessions, and of oyer and terminer. A criminal case will be a rarity, and criminal justice will require for its administration no separate tribunal.

"2d. The judges will have grown more serene and patient, while the bar looking with well-deserved contempt upon the invective, the coarse repartee, and the excited passions of old-time trials, will unite with the judges in harmo-

nious endeavor to promote justice, and to attain to the very right of the case. It will then be recognized that right and justice promote the interests both of plaintiff and defendant; the asperities of litigation will cease, and adversaries will strive only to reach, in a spirit of charity, the truest equity.

"3d. The principles of commercial law will be so well settled and so easily determined, that litigation will be greatly diminished, while the grand old maxim of *suum cuique* will have its true signification, and be attained without the speedy resort to litigation which is now the rule, and ought to be the exception. The avenues to the bar will be better guarded; the elucidation of its principles require a higher order of mind, because confined to more difficult questions; its members, as the guardians of liberty and property, recognized as belonging to the 'honorable order of advocates,' will have more influence than now as makers and interpreters of the laws. Every lawyer will become in truth *amicus curiæ*, aiding by his learning, in the application of advanced legal science, to the facts of the case. May we not have to wait fifty years for it, *sed Deus diem festinet!*"

George T. Parker has his prophecy of the future of the Erie Canal: —

"In fifty years from now the Erie Canal will have been abandoned as a canal, and converted into an immense railroad with four or more tracks owned by the State, the rolling-stock owned and operated by individuals and transportation companies. . . . The centre or inner tracks will be reserved for through trains, the outer tracks for local freight.

"Any person or company will be at liberty to furnish and use rolling-stock, or supply motive power within certain restrictions as to time and place, upon paying toll to the State. The State to keep the track in repair, attend all switches, and regulate the running of trains," etc.

Mrs. Boyd, the Matron of the Reformatory for Girls, writes as follows of the future of her work: —

"There will *never* be any great success in reclaiming delinquent girls till the work is in the hands of thoroughly trained, completely organized, and entirely consecrated bands or orders of women! Every day and hour of my experience only strengthens this conviction.

"These women should be powerfully imbued with a broad humanitarianism, with no shadow of sectarianism to dim their perceptions or bias their judgment, but should move with one grand accord, — an irresistible force. No room in this scheme for maudlin sentiment born of uncultivated emotions; but wide scope for wise discrimination, calm judgment, and homely common sense."

Susan B. Anthony looks forth from her watch tower and confidently proclaims: —

"Fifty years from now, I see our National Constitution fairly interpreted and justly administered, in accordance with the spirit and letter of its solemn guaranties for personal liberty and political equality. I see the women of our Republic in full possession of their rightful crown of citizenship, — the ballot: voting and being voted for, making and unmaking laws and law-makers; side by side with men in caucus meetings, nominating conventions, at the polls, in legislative and executive councils, in courts of law; and, everywhere, I see them the peers of men, respected and respectful, self-poised, noble, womanly women, with all the powers and graces of womanhood developed and perfected in the atmosphere of freedom and equality.

"And in this good time coming when women's opinions shall be respected and her vote counted at the ballot-box, — that great gathering-place of public sentiment to crystallize into law, — I see no 'learned' men or 'sycophantic' women gravely discussing 'woman's intellectual inferiority,' or doggedly prescribing 'woman's proper sphere.' A just estimate of her mental abilities has settled the question of their equality, — not identity; and an abiding faith in her sagacity of instinct enables even the most timid and conservative to trust her to find her own proper sphere, and, perchance, aid man in keeping within his orbit."

Dr. Charles Sumner Dolley, having been transported in imagination to 1934, finds himself approaching Rochester on the Erie Railroad, — an old man, who has spent his days since 1883 in the South: —

"Roundpie Station! Why, yes! We will soon be in Avon — What! No station there? 'Burned down a second time and never rebuilt!' I find as I come nearer my old home everything is going to decay. The best blood of Rochester and vicinity seems to have left it in '83, the year the sun spots were so bad there. . . .

"Ah! those buildings ahead of me are new, the tender of the Swing Bridge will tell me what they are. 'Here, boy! Where is the Swing Bridge tender?' 'Never had any, sir!' 'What! don't they use the canal any more?' 'No sir!' sweeping his hand toward the ten or twelve massive edifices on both sides of the old ditch; 'only to drain the public buildings into, and for a skating rink in the winter. I have heard my father tell how steamboats used to pass here, but I never saw any. That building! why, that's the post-office and custom-house, and that's the fire department, those are the county buildings, and that is the opera house.' . . .

"Before me, occupying the entire street, is a huge turntable, sending cars north, south, east, and west, with four tracks on each street, and not a horse to be seen. A policeman tells me that the car company monopolized the street several years ago, all but a narrow strip for bicycles, and merchandise is transported by dispatch lines, run by air compressed at the Lower Falls, no horses being allowed within the city limits.

"Taking a Monroe Street car, I pass, at St. Paul Street, a curious structure resembling a huge mass of ice, at which people and dogs are drinking. It is, I learn, a fountain presented to the city by the 'Crystal Casket Works,' to exhibit the material from which they make their patent glass coffins. . . .

"I certainly miss something as I ride along Court Street, and the conductor tells me they formerly had a park or

square there, which I remember as Washington Square; but that a number of years since the executive board decided that city and country, like church and state, could not go together, and so sold the city squares, with the notice to residents that if they wished the country they could find it outside.

. . . "I must leave untold many things. How the residents of Rochester in 1934 must place all their income in the city treasury in lieu of taxes, out of which the city allows a limited percentage; how the city fathers hold office for life, and live in fine residences along the Boulevard or Irondequoit Bay. How one after another of the various public libraries and art galleries are stored away in unknown lofts. How Hemlock water is dealt out per capita, and any person wishing more than his share must get a prescription from his physician. How the old Flemish Guilds have been revived, and no man can carry on a trade outside a 'union,' and cannot even teach his own son his trade.

"I shall remain a few days to visit the incomplete Soldiers' Monument, and the ruins of my old Alma Mater, the University, and shall then hasten back to the South, where ever-increasing sun spots have, as yet, exerted none of their dire influence, and where municipalities are governed by the tax-payers and not by the tax-collectors.

"Your loving grandfather, C. S. DOLLEY."

"To E. P. J., Charleston, S. C."

From under the palm-tree of the Post Office Department comes the prophecy of W. Seward Whittlesey, a son of the late Hon. Frederic Whittlesey:—

"The advanced American of 1934 will enjoy quicker and better mail facilities than we. In 1834 it took from four to six days to receive mail from New York city. It now takes eleven hours. I believe that less than one hour will accomplish the same result in 1934, through a subterranean passage. What will be the motive power that will propel this new agency I cannot answer. Possibly we are now em-

ploying it in its infancy, or it may be power yet undiscovered. Railroads can never attain a much greater degree of speed than at present. Other modes for a more rapid transit for mails will have to be opened. The Erie Canal may be contracted and used for that purpose. Who knows?

"The post-office in 1934 will probably own and occupy a building as large as the present one of H. H. Warner. Stamps will be obtainable at drug, book, and cigar stores, as well as 'ye corner grocery,' a system which ought to be adopted at once. W. S. WHITTLESEY."

The following is from the Superintendent of the Brush Electric Light Company: —

Fifty years hence telegrams will be sent for one fifth of present rates, and one hundred different messages will be transmitted on a single wire, and at the same time, without interference.

Telephones will be in universal use, and we will be able to converse with friends in foreign lands; telephones will also have phonographic attachments, which will record all conversation.

By means of phonoscopes with selenium plates, we will be able to photograph objects from a distance.

Electric lighting will be used without stint, wires will be under ground, and electricity will be stored in large reservoirs, to be drawn therefrom at will. The lights will be perfectly steady and white, and the lamps will last a year without any attention.

Electricity will be our motive power in steamships, railroads, etc. GEORGE A. REDMAN.

Our famous photographer, J. H. Kent, has succeeded in photographing the following letter, written May 1, 1934: —

ROCHESTER, N. Y., *May* 1, 1934.

DEAR DON, — Bob has just left by the "Lightning Pneumatic" for New York, and goes direct to Havre by the "Dynamio Balloon," which leaves the Bridge at 2.13 this P. M. His bulletins will reach me every thirty minutes until he arrives out.

It takes three weary days to go by this line; but since the signaling communications have been completed we feel more reconciled to the "slow coach." They say a Hindoo overcame the last difficulty from some long-forgotten lore in the Sanskrit.

Bob left tomes of dear remembrances in the phonograph.

Ours is the latest, with all the improved attachments; talks fluently, with polished intonations, and is punctilious as to punctuation, more resonant than the clearest echo.

I could n't resist the temptation, just now, to leave you for a wink, to touch three keys at random.

What do you think Bob said to me? "Pansy," in ten shaded tints of tone. I fear I shall be a much wilted Pansy before the aerial ship returns. Ten long days!

Grimshaw came around with his mysterious pocket photographic arrangements and caught all Bob's fleeting emotions on the fly, especially the one when on his knees looking for a demoralized collar-button, and another just when he snapped his finger between the jaws of his portmanteau. Ten views in ten quick flashes, all to be transferred to my ten digitals, — my rosary.

The air is gay this morning with balloons experimenting with Mars. With all these mirrors and double duplicated reflectors, they say they have already discovered that the "Mars-in-law" are held in high esteem up there, — never traduced.

That may not be strictly authentic, but it shows science is pushing in the right direction.

I 'm screened by six impregnable umbrellas as I write. No one knows when she may be picked up for print by one of those wandering photographic batteries. These artistical balloonists are as unscrupulous as vultures. Bob was caught in a dog-fight he was innocently passing, the other day. . . .

Grimshaw is to photograph Bob with his electric camera as soon as the airy argosy touches terra firma on the other side.

P. S. — Just received the first impression, and am happy. The photograph was gotten six minutes after his arrival, and came, all finished, thirty-five minutes later! BOB'S WIFE.

If Henry O'Reilly had prophesied, in his history written nearly fifty years ago, that our public schools in 1884 would be what they are to-day, he would have been thought a falser prophet than our present superintendent can be, by the most pessimistic educator who reads the following: —

In 1934, educational methods of earlier days will be revived by educational enthusiasts, and described as the "New Education."

The cry will still be for broader culture and more thorough

training in the science of education, and in theory and practice, in those who follow the profession of teaching.

The teacher will be magnified at the expense of methods, and methods at the expense of the teacher.

The question of text-book or no text-book will still be discussed, and will be apparently no nearer a settlement than it is to-day.

Manual and training-schools and kindergartens will be generally established ; whether as a part of our public school system or not, does not yet appear.

Perfection in ventilation and other sanitary conditions will still be a desideratum for school buildings.

Teachers thoroughly trained for their profession will be urgently asking for larger salaries.

The public schools will be even more popular than they are to-day, and will then, as now, be overcrowded, while the Board of Education will be asking for more money with which to erect new buildings.

The school buildings of 1934 will be heated by steam.

Four high schools will crown our city system of schools, around which will be grouped one hundred and fifty primary, intermediate, and grammar schools.

Our public schools, as now, will be held responsible for all failures in home training.

The question will still be discussed whether it is possible to frame a law to compel a parent to give his child at least the elements of an education, that will be heartily supported by public opinion.

Ere then, the high school will have demonstrated its right to a place in our system of schools, and that right will be no more questioned than that of our grammar schools to the place they occupy.

Our public schools will be praised and blamed, will have their friends and foes, and will still be the hope of our city fifty years from now. S. A. Ellis, *Superintendent.*

D. M. Dewey, at the risk of being styled a Venner or a Wiggins, contributes the following, under the head of "Probabilities," from his art outlook : —

. . . "Most of the paintings now supposed to adorn our parlors will have been banished to the attic. The greatest

progress will be in historical and ecclesiastical art. Paintings will beautify the walls of the magnificent cathedrals and churches of the future. . . . Etchings and hand-wrought line engravings will take the place of the machine-work of the present. . . . There will be many public and private art galleries, and it will not be necessary to depend upon Italian sculptors for our finest monuments, busts, etc. In architecture there will be less improvement so far as external effect is concerned, but there will be a great advance in the methods of heating, ventilating, plumbing, and the general sanitary arrangements. The great progress will be in ecclesiastical architecture. There will be no more shot-towers, Chinese pagodas, or churches resembling bonded warehouses with restaurant attachment. The sacred character of the edifice will be its idea throughout, and sacred and secular music will be less confounded than at present. . . . The art of landscape gardening will be displayed in the Great City Park of Rochester of 1934, which will extend from East Rochester north to the Bay and Lake Ontario, with its Grand Boulevards. There must be an objective point for the pleasure-seeker. The Lake and the Bay will furnish this. The beautiful water scenery, the drives, the accessibility, render this the most desirable section of the city for a Grand City Park. The Boulevard will extend north on Culver Street to the Bay, and thence on the Lake front to the Genesee River, thence south on the river bank to Norton Street, thence east to a point on a line with Union Street, entering East Main at Union. The grounds will be laid out in streets and parks, and there will be found the future residences of our wealthy citizens."

"The rôle of the prophet," says G. T. Lanigan, of the "Post-Express," "is a perilous one, when the period of fulfillment is set at such a distant date, and the object of the prediction is journalism. Rochester in 1934 should be a city of nearly 250,000 souls. It will have, in all probability, seven important daily papers, two of them German. At least one of the English journals will be published inces-

santly — *i. e.* morning, noon, and evening of every day in the year. Most of them will be penny papers, but at least one, and probably two, will be of higher price, for long before half a century has elapsed newspapers will be divided into two classes: popular journals devoted mainly to news, and especially local news; and periodicals something akin to the 'Pall Mall Gazette,' and encroaching greatly upon the field now occupied by the weeklies, and the literary and scientific press. At least two of the Rochester dailies of 1934 will be devoted to the interests of Labor: one of these will certainly be conducted on the coöperative principle. There will be, of course, Sunday papers and minor journals of the evanescent sort, but the big dailies will have practically occupied the important and profitable fields. Rochester will have at least one great agricultural journal, and one widely-circulated literary weekly, of the 'Ledger' type, but of higher class. It is not likely to have any magazines of national importance, but this lack will be atoned for by the existence of three or four influential weeklies, devoted to religion, temperance, and social reform."

This from the Watch Tower of the Warner Observatory: —

"The condition of science in 1934 belongs to the region of speculation rather than to that of philosophical induction. . . . I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet, yet I have no hesitancy in predicting (judging wholly from the past), that before Rochester's Centennial is celebrated, the telescopes we now call mammoths will be considered mere toys, and that Lord Rosse's 6-foot reflector, and the 3-foot refractor of the Lick Observatory on Mount Hamilton, Cal., will be increased to 8 feet for the former and to 5 feet for the latter, and that by improved mechanical appliances they will be as easily manipulated as are those now in use.

"I predict, therefore, that the name and nature and source of the fuel which feeds the sun's mighty furnace, that lights and warms and fertilizes his family of circling planets, about which we now know nothing, will be at least

partially ascertained. Science demands that he yield up his long-kept secrets regarding the cause of his spots, the nature of his chromosphere, and the extent, and use of his glorious corona; and I predict that, to a considerable extent, her demands will be gratified, and that it will be proven that the sun is a great electric light, and the source of all the electric and magnetic effects we observe, such as lightning, the aurora borealis, and the electric storms that occasionally pass through the earth or its atmosphere, or both.

"With the great telescopes of the future more satellites will be discovered to Mars, three more to Saturn, and a few more to both Uranus and Neptune. The boundaries of the planetary system will be enlarged by the discovery of another planet beyond the now frontier planet Neptune.

"The rotation period of Uranus will be ascertained, and the question of the multiple division of Saturn's outer ring will be settled.

"The noblest problem in astronomy — the determination of the distance which separates us from the brighter stars — will yield to man's all-conquering energy, and the mighty chasm be bridged.

"These are only a few of the many laurels which shall form the chaplet of Astronomy A. D. 1934.

"LEWIS SWIFT.

"ROCHESTER, N. Y., *April* 28, 1884."

Henry E. Rochester, whose first acquaintance with the Genesee River dates back to 1815, and who has made a study of its floods, is our prophet as to its conduct in the future. He says: —

"The year 1884 will long be remembered as a year of extraordinary and unprecedent floods in our northern rivers. . . . The clearing off of our forests, the ditching of the low lands and swamps, cause a rapid flow of the water into the rivers. In the early years of the settlement of the country the rise and fall of the river floods embraced a period of from four to six weeks. Under the changed condition of the country, the same volume of water is now carried off in

about ten days, or, at most, two weeks. . . . The Genesee Valley and the Genesee River give illustration of this. Within the memory of the writer, the Genesee afforded, during the dryest season of the year, an abundant supply of water, more than enough for the requirements of the hydraulic machinery in Rochester. Now it is far from doing so. The flood of 1865 had a cause in the obstruction of the course of the water by the railroad embankment across the flats at Avon, piling up the water for a long distance above, and then, by a sudden giving way of such obstruction, discharging upon the lower river a good-sized lake. This is not likely to occur again, but may not other circumstances produce the same results? The Genesee has its rise in Potter County, Pa., and drains Alleghany, Livingston, Monroe, and a considerable portion of Wyoming, Genesee, and Ontario counties. It is only a question of time, and that not far distant, when we are to be visited with a flood in the Genesee more disastrous than that of 1865. After that flood public attention was aroused to the necessity of adopting measures to avert a like disaster. A law was passed, authorizing and enjoining the city authorities to prevent any further encroachments or obstructions that might diminish the capacity of the channel of the river. Surveys and reports were made as to the proper and necessary measures to be taken to *enlarge* the capacity of the channel, but none of such projected work was ever carried out; and, worse than that, the common council permitted the extension of the Main Street bridge piers upon which to erect a block of buildings on the south side of the bridge, in the face of the law and a judgment of the Supreme Court, on proceedings taken by Mayor Lutes, restraining by an injunction the projected extension of such piers.

"Many flatter themselves that because we escaped a disastrous flood this last spring, from the passing off of the great body of snow, we need have no fear for the future. This is a delusion. The thaw of this season began on the 31st day of January, and after continuing for a few days was checked by freezing, and so it continued until the 1st

of April, alternating between thawing and freezing for two months, affording all this time to dispose of the great body of snow and spring rains. Is this likely always to be the attending circumstances? I fear not, and anticipate a more disastrous flood in the Genesee than we have had in the past.

"HENRY E. ROCHESTER."

XX.

A FEW FIRST THINGS: SCRAP-BASKET HISTORICAL.

1763. First oxen in the Genesee Valley captured by the Senecas of the British, when conveying stores from Fort Niagara to Fort Schlosser, above the Falls. Ninety-two soldiers and teamsters were massacred; the oxen were driven to the Genesee Flats.

1789. First crop of buckwheat in the Genesee Country sown on Boughton Hill, Victor. This buckwheat was ground for Jared Boughton, at Ganson's Mill, in Avon.

THRESHING.

1790. "The early wheat crop was threshed upon a floor made of split bass-wood, and cleaned with an old fashioned corn fan, the rim of which was made from an oak-tree and the bottom from a pine board which had been a part of a sleigh-box." — *Glimpse at the Pioneer Days of the Boughtons of Victor.*

First lawyer admitted to practice in the Ontario County Court, then holding jurisdiction over this region, General Vincent Mathews.

The first religious exercises (Protestant) in the Genesee Country were the reading of the burial service from the "Book of Common Prayer," by a physician, at the first funeral in Canandaigua, — that of Caleb Walker.

1791. First path-master west of Cayuga Lake, James Wadsworth, of Geneseo.

1794. The first business letter from this locality was written by Christopher Dugan, a brother-in-law of Ebenezer Allan, and was addressed to Colonel Williamson, who had

bought Allan's Mill of Samuel B. Ogden. It ran as follows: —

FALLS OF GENESEE, *Aug.* 9, 1794.

The mill erected by Ebenezer Allan, which, I am informed, you have purchased, is in a sad situation, much out of repair, and unless attention is paid to it, will soon take its voyage to the lake. I have resided here for several years, and kept watch and ward without fee or recompense, and am pleased to hear that it has fallen into the hands of a gentleman who is able to repair it, and whose character is such that I firmly believe he will not allow an old man to suffer without reward for his exertions. I wish to have you come or send some one to take care of the mill, as my situation is such as makes it necessary soon to remove.

This Christopher Dugan, a British soldier, is not spoken of in complimentary terms by his contemporaries. His wife was said to be a woman of education and refinement, strangely devoted to her brother, and at one time governess in the family of Lord Stirling.

The first dish of currants served in a saucer at Mrs. Sanborn's tea-party, in Canandaigua, — a thing much talked of at the time.

1796. First paper published in Western New York, the "Bath Gazette and Genesee Advertiser."

1797. "Our first school had for its first school-master a young man by the name of Micah Brooks. Of him we learned for the first time that the earth was round and turned upon its axis, etc. His illustration was after this fashion: He took an old hat without a crown, doubled in the old rim, marked, with chalk, a line round the middle for the equator and another for the ecliptic, and, holding it up, began the revolutions. A shout followed the droll but convincing exhibitition, but we learned what we never forgot. The name of General Micah Brooks became famous afterwards, but I always think of him twirling that old hat for a globe." — *A Bloomfield Pioneer.*

1798. First crop on Rochester soil. Jeremiah Olmstead's grain, sown to the south of the House of Refuge, on the site afterwards occupied by a brewery.

1799. First orchard planted west of the Genesee River. Shaeffer's, on the Allan Farm, Scottsville. Enos Boughton, of Victor, planted the first orchard west of Seneca Lake.

1807. First mill in Frankford, Charles Harford's, afterwards the site of the Phœnix Mills, now Edge Tool Works of Mack & Co.

First block-house on State Street, built by Charles Harford, near corner of Lisle Road.

1810. First East Side inn, that of Isaac W. Stone, South St. Paul, near Ely Street.

1811. First hotel at mouth of the river, built by Erastus Spaulding. He built the first vessel there, — the schooner Isabel, afterwards captured by the British. Lake View, on the Boulevard, was his country seat.

First schooner built in Brighton, — and probably the last, — on the Roswell Hart farm, by Oliver Culver, who drew it to the bay with twenty-six yoke of oxen.

1812–16. Forests cleared from North and Monroe streets, by Gideon Cobb.

1812. First blacksmith shop, James B. Carter's, site of present Elwood Block.

First pilot at the Rapids, Castle Town, Zachariah Lewis.

First instrumental church music, the horn that called the people to service.

First picnic on Independence Day was attended by every man, woman, and child in the settlement who could reach the bough arbor, corner of Main and St. Paul streets, where they had a feast in common, each contributing a share. There was roast lamb, roast pig, such vegetables as could be had, and a bottle of whiskey. The party did not exceed twenty, including the travelers who were invited to join the celebration.

First surgical operation in Rochester was performed by Dr. Hunt, on the dislocated ankle of a daughter of Hamlet Scrantom. "My father went to the landing, on horseback, for the doctor, who was full two hours in performing what was a successful operation." — *E. Scrantom.*

First tailor, Jehiel Barnard. First Rochester-made coat

was fashioned by Barnard, for Francis Brown, of a piece of "fulled cloth" made in Rome, New York.

The first mail delivery established between Rochester and Canandaigua, a weekly mail; the post-rider, usually a woman, one Mrs. Dunham, on horseback.

First tea-party, Mrs. Isaac Stone's, in honor of Colonel and Mrs. Rochester and Master Nathaniel Rochester. Invited guests — Mr. and Mrs. Hamlet Scrantom, Miss Delia Scrantom. My readers will be glad to know that the guests departed at early candle-light, thus securing a safe passage across the unfinished bridge. The red plum preserve and crab-apple jelly served upon this occasion were something superior.

About 1812. A first call. "Hearing a family had arrived some eleven miles distant, my mother resolved at once to call upon them. She went through the woods by marked trees, dined with our new neighbors, and was home in time to do her milking, having walked, in going and coming, only some twenty-two miles." — *A Pioneer's Story.*

1812–20. First merchant, Ira West.

First store, Silas O. Smith's.

First grocery keeper, Abraham Starks.

First cabinet maker, William Brewster.

First chairmakers, R. Lester, H. S. Packard.

First lawyers, E. Pomeroy, H. R. Bender, Moses Chapin.

First settled minister, Comfort Williams, who preached first at the house of Enos Stone, afterwards in the schoolhouse.

First doctors, O. E. Gibbs, Jonah Brown.

First turning-lathe, Preston Smith's, driven by foot, State Street, where the boys went for tops.

First printing-office, Dauby and Sholden, near the site of the present "Democrat and Chronicle" office, Main Street.

First auctioneer, Derick Sibley.

First jail, North Fitzhugh Street. The present jail was built in 1830.

1813. First West Side inn.

First public conveyance, owned and driven by Gideon

Cobb, two yoke of oxen and a cart, making semi-weekly trips to the landing.

The first school, taught by Miss Huldah M. Strong, sister to Mrs. Abelard Reynolds. About fifteen pupils, some living three or four miles distant. This school was on the site of the present Arcade.

1814. Francis Brown gave Gideon Cobb a yoke of oxen for cutting out the timber and grubbing the stumps towards making a three rod road where State Street now is.

The first school-house was built on the site of the present High School. Its first teacher, Aaron Skinner.

1815. First census, population 331.

Samuel J. Andrews built a stone house on the corner of Main and St. Paul, the first structure, other than wood, in Rochester.

First watchmaker and jeweler, Erastus Cook, at "Cook's Corners," corner Exchange and Buffalo. He offered the first piano for sale.

The first stage between Rochester and Canandaigua.

1816. The first steamboat entered the Genesee, the Ontario, Captain Lusher.

First bell west of the Genesee River, hung in the cotton mill on Brown's Race.

First stage to Lewiston. "We were three days in reaching Lewiston, and our sleigh broke down three times by running foul of snags on the track."

First weekly newspaper. The "Rochester Gazette."

The first school in Frankford, on Platt Street, taught by Moses King.

Harvey Ely and John G. Bond set out sugar-maple and other trees on the west side of Washington Street, the first shade trees set out in Rochester.

1817. Johnson's Dam and Mill Race costing about twelve thousand dollars.

First house west of Sophia Street built by John G. Bond on Washington Street, afterwards the residence of General Mathews. Called "out in the woods."

Josiah Bissell, Jr., Harvey Ely, and Elisha Ely built the

"Old Red Mill" on Aqueduct Street, the first mill after Allan's on the One Hundred Acre Tract.

First fire company organized, — 26 members.

First meeting-house built on Carroll, now State Street, west side, near Church Street of to-day.

First 4th of July celebration. A long bough house was put up on the east bank of the river; under this, on rough boards, a dinner-table. The ladies who served the generous feast were Mrs. Enos Stone, Mrs. Oliver Culver, Mrs. Moses Hall, Mrs. Isaac W. Stone, Mrs. Elisha Ely, Mrs. Hamlet Scrantom, Mrs. Elisha Johnson, Mrs. Ira West, Mrs. Daniel Mack, and others. Elisha Johnson sat at one end of the table and Enos Stone at the other. The Rev. Comfort Williams said grace, and then the blasts in Johnson's Race went off — one very heavy one being left for sundown. There were no bells to ring, no cannon, no firecrackers. De Witt Clinton had dug the first shovelful of earth for the Erie Canal that morning at sunrise, and in the course of a week or so they would hear of it.

First mill on East Side, built by William Atkinson. Timber cut from Chestnut and Clinton streets. This mill is still to be seen on South Water Street.

1818. First burying-ground selected by commissioners Jno. Russell, Ely Miller, and Chauncey Crittenden, the south end of Mount Hope, on the opposite side of the road near the Quaker graveyard. The three commissioners were buried there.

1819. First survey of route for canal.

First printing-press, an old Ramage press. Brought from the far east on a wagon. Passing through Oneida Castle, discovery was made that the bottom of the wagon was out, the type boxes and the type gone. After long delay found the Indians had picked up the boxes; thought they contained coin; opened them in secret council: "No good money, whoop!" with supreme disgust and disappointment. Type finally restored to owners and brought to Rochester with the press. Difficulty in getting a printer who could set them up. Found one at last, painting a

house. The printing-office was hardly in operation when a fire destroyed the most of the type and the contents of the building as well.

Cleveland's Mill, east side Great Falls.

1820. First United States District Court held in Rochester, Judge Roger Skinner, presiding.

1821. First canal boat left the village.

First County Court held in the attic of Ensworth's Tavern.

First brick building in Rochester, South Fitzhugh Street, built by Charles J. Hill, afterwards the residence of Wm. Alling.

First insurance office, L. A. Ward.

First patent, Dr. Vought's Pills.

1822. First Court-House built of stone quarried on the spot, on a lot given to the city by Rochester, Carroll, and Fitzhugh, for the county buildings. The corner-stone of the present court-house was laid on the same site June 20, 1850.

First light-house at Charlotte.

Oliver Culver built, in Brighton, the first packet boat in this section — the fourth built on the Erie Canal.

First ordinance for a sidewalk, to reach from Pitkin's Store, 14 Main Street, to the Mansion House, now corner Market and State.

1823. First Cattle Show and Fair in Monroe County. James Sperry, President; Jacob Gould, Corresponding Secretary; S. P. Allcott, Treasurer.

First meeting nominating John Quincy Adams for President was held in Rochester. The "Rochester Telegraph" the first paper that placed his name under its editorial head as candidate for the presidency.

1824. Rochester the only place out of the city of New York favored with a bank charter by the state legislature. The charter for "The Bank of Rochester" was, according to Thurlow Weed, obtained upon its merits alone.

1825. Tomatoes as a vegetable were first grown in Rochester. Mr. Tousey, a Virginian, who spent his summers here, brought tomato seed with him, raised them for his

own table at Christopher's Tavern, and invited a party of gentlemen to partake of them. His guests were by no means pleased with the new dish. Thurlow Weed, one of the party, introduced tomatoes to Albanians in 1830.

1826. First editor first daily newspaper between the Hudson and the Pacific Ocean, Henry O'Reilly, of the "Rochester Advertiser."

1827. First Directory.

1829. Eagle Tavern built.

1829–30. First Seed House in Rochester established by William A. Reynolds. Green-house and gardens at the corner of Sophia and Buffalo streets. This seed-house was succeeded by Ellwanger & Barry's nurseries — said to be the largest in the world.

1833. First Memorial presented to the Legislature and the Canal Board, in favor of enlarging and improving the Erie Canal, presented by Henry O'Reilly, Chairman of the Executive Committee of Rochester on Canal Affairs.

1835. Building of the big Crescent Mill on South Water Street, by Thomas Emerson and Jacob Graves. Still standing.

1837, May 11th. First railroad excursion on Tonawanda Railroad. Reached Churchville in forty minutes. The passenger cars were about fifteen feet long, two cross seats at each end, an upper story in the centre for passengers, the space underneath for luggage, each car containing about twenty-four passengers.

First murder in the corporation of the City of Rochester. William Lyman murdered by Octavius Barren.

First locomotives on railroad between Rochester and Batavia.

1838. First local history west of the Hudson. O'Reilly's "Sketches of Rochester."

First execution, Octavius Barren, in the Monroe County jail, for the murder of William Lyman.

August 18. First burial in Mount Hope.

1840. First car load of freight, Auburn and Rochester Railroad. Mutton tallow loaded at Victor for Rochester.

First trains left Rochester for Auburn September 10th. First baggage-man Heman Miller.

First Rochester and Auburn Railroad Depot built. First depot-master, John Sholtus. First ticket agent, John B. Robertson. The second depot, recently demolished, was built by C. A. Jones in 1852.

September 8th. First time-table of the Rochester and Auburn Railroad published.

Organization of first Society of Odd Fellows in the State outside of New York city.

1841. First Free Schools organized under the present system of School Commissioners.

By the original charter the mayor, aldermen, and assistants were commissioners. Until 1839 they had not performed any duties as such except in appointing inspectors. The common schools were under the old district system, three trustees to a district. Apparently the aldermen failed to discover their responsibility. In August, 1839, George Arnold, Alderman for the Second Ward, made a thorough examination of the schools, and learned that District No. 6 was drawing state money for 900 children between the ages of 5 and 15, and that only about 160 children were receiving instruction. The school-house on Brown Square had two rooms capable of seating about 75 pupils each. Nelson Kine taught on the lower floor, Miss Cornelia Parsons (Mrs. Latham Gardner) on the upper. She was the first to introduce singing and music in the public schools, — a happy innovation at the time. Mr. Arnold's explorations in the Second Ward discovered three private schools : Mrs. Hotchkiss taught 30 scholars in her home on Jones Street ; Mrs. Chichester, about 40 over a grocery on the corner of Brown and Lyell streets ; and Miss Cornell was doing the best she could for education in a small stuffy room in an old house on State Street, in which her 30 pupils were crowded. The streets were full of truants, and very poor children were particularly left out in the cold. Mr. Arnold's report of his investigations in the Second Ward made no little commotion at the time ; and his vigorous recommendation that

there be a separation between educational and municipal affairs, that a special board of education be appointed, and that the schools should be made free and supported by general tax, was heartily approved and finally accepted. The carrying out of the measure demanded an amendment of the city charter. The new system was adopted, and the Free Schools opened under the present plan June, 1841. Therefore it is not amiss to call George Arnold the Father of our Public Schools.

1844 or 1845. First telegraph office opened in the basement of Congress Hall.

1845. First novel by a Rochester author: "The Mysteries of Rochester," by John C. Chumasero. William Beach, Publisher.

1846. First coal—a small quantity—brought to Rochester by Jonathan Child, for furnaces and foundries. The following year N. T. Rochester & Co. brought on a larger amount, and dealt in the same for several years. The accumulation of the breakage of this large coal was first used by the members of the firm in their own households. In 1851, Roswell Hart first introduced coal for domestic use, furnishing stoves and lighting the fires for his customers, who were slow to adopt the improvement.

1848. Mysterious noises first heard in the house of the Fox Family living on Troup Street.

August 2d, the first Woman's Rights Convention, and the second in the State, was held in the Unitarian Church, Rochester. Amy Post, Sarah C. Owens, and Mary H. Hallowell were the Committee of Arrangements. Officers for the convention: Abigail Bush, President; Laura Murray, Vice President; Elizabeth McClintock, Sarah Hallowell, and Catherine A. F. Stebbins, Secretaries. Mrs. Lucretia Mott, Mrs. Stanton, and Mrs. McClintock stoutly opposed the "hazardous experiment" of having a woman act as president. Among the gentlemen taking part in this convention were Frederick Douglass, William C. Nell, William C. Bloss. Letters were received from Gerrit Smith and William Lloyd Garrison. This convention was one of the first

and strongest inspirations of the Woman's Rights movement.

1849. House of Refuge completed.

Streets first lighted with gas.

1850, October 8th. Organization of the Buffalo and Rochester Railroad Company.

1851. The Rochester and Genesee Valley Railroad Company was organized. James S. Wadsworth, President; Freeman Clarke, Secretary and Treasurer. The road was opened to Avon in 1854.

1852, May 3d. The Rochester and Charlotte Railroad Company was organized. Road completed, 1853.

1854. First report of Porter Farley, D. M. Dewey, A. J. Brackett, Committee on a Free Academy.

1860. The first Wide Awake Company in the State of New York, with uniform, cape, cap, and torch, was organized in Rochester for the first Lincoln campaign. Mr. George C. Buell, Henry Harrison, and D. M. Dewey contributed and became responsible for one hundred outfits. The first parade of the Wide Awakes, S. W. Updike, Captain, was in celebration of the announcement of the nomination of Lincoln at Chicago. After this, Wide Awake companies were organized throughout the State, and within ninety days 20,000 Wide Awakes paraded in New York city.

Consolidation of the New York, Albany, and Buffalo Telegraph Companies with the Western Union, an organization having its origin in Henry O'Reilly's first section of telegraph range, and composed largely of Rochester capitalists. Upon its first Board of Directors were Hiram Sibley, B. R. McAlpine, Vice Presidents; O. H. Palmer, Secretary and Treasurer; R. Hart Rochester, Assistant Treasurer; D. A. Watson, James D. Reid, author of the "Telegraph in America."

A considerable proportion of the Western Union stockholders were residents of Rochester. We may fairly call the Western Union a Rochester institution.

1861. First regiment of volunteers from Western New

York, the 13th, left Rochester for the front, Colonel Isaac F. Quimby in command. The first company mustered in was raised and commanded by Captain Hiram Smith, then sheriff of Monroe County.

1862. First news in Rochester of the defeat of the Merrimac by the Monitor. The Superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph Company in the State of New York, contributes the following: —

"An anniversary of the Sunday-Schools of Rochester was announced for Sunday night, March 9, 1862. It was a time of deep public anxiety and alarm. The rebel ram Merrimac had appeared in Hampton Roads, and had commenced her destructive mission. She had sunk, March 8th, the Cumberland and Congress, and on Sunday morning, March 9th, attacked the Minnesota. The Federal navy was in imminent danger. Just then a devastating fire occurred in Troy, which burned down the telegraph masts, which at that time bore the wires across the Hudson, and Western New York was isolated. James D. Reid was at that time superintendent of the state telegraphs. On Saturday he ordered a wire swung across the highlands of the Hudson River above West Point, to secure communication at the earliest moment, and arranged to be reported to at Rochester at each hour of Sunday until connection was secured. At 3 P. M. word was sent him that the wire was up, and at the same time communicated to him the arrival of the Monitor in Hampton Roads, and the particulars of her victory over the Merrimac. No one else in that anxious city knew of it. He was announced as one of the speakers at the anniversary in the evening. The other speakers were Dr. Peet of the First Presbyterian, and Dr. Coit of St. Peters, now both dead. As if in expectation of some great event the house was packed. The national dangers could be read on the solemn and anxious faces of every citizen. Passing up to the organist, Mr. Reid told him to keep himself ready for a signal from him during his address. Dr. Peet and Dr. Coit had delivered eloquent addresses. It was now Mr. Reid's turn. In vain he tried to postpone the an-

nouncement which was to make the nation laugh with joy. Taking from his pocket the despatch, he had scarcely finished reading it when a small boy in the gallery shouted, in a shrill voice, 'Hurrah!' Instantly a shout of general joy arose. The organist, with all the stops out, started the national hymn, 'My country, 't is of thee,' which was sung amid almost transporting fervor, and at a late hour the people separated with the feeling that a great danger was passed."

1863. The first Union League in the State of New York was organized in Rochester, and made the pattern for similar societies. Charter members of this first Union League: D. M. Dewey, John C. Chumasero, W. V. K. Lansing, Henry L. Achilles, George Shelton, Wm. S. Little, George T. Parker.

1865. D. W. Powers began building Powers Block. The old Eagle Tavern disappeared.

1872. First voting of Rochester women at the polls made by Susan B. Anthony and others in the Eighth Ward. The following women voted with her: Mrs. Hannah Anthony Mosher, Mrs. Mary S. Hibbard, Mrs. Nancy M. Chapman, Mrs. Jane M. Cogswell, Mrs. Martha N. French, Mrs. Margaret Leyden, Mrs. Lottie Bolles Anthony, Mrs. Hannah Chatfield, Mrs. Susan M. Hough, Mrs. Sarah Truesdale, Mrs. Mary Pulver, Mrs. Rhoda De Garmo, Mrs. Guelma Anthony McLean, Miss Mary S. Anthony, Miss Ellen T. Baker. The following women registered but were not allowed to vote: Mrs. Amy Post, Mrs. Mary Fish Curtis, Mrs. Dr. Dutton, Mrs. Charlotte Wilbur Griffin, Mrs. Dr. Wheeler, Mrs. Allen, Mrs. Lathrop. These women offered their votes to the inspectors of election, claiming the right to vote for a president and vice president, and members of Congress, as among the privileges and immunities secured to them as citizens by the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States.

The inspectors of the Eighth Ward, Beverly W. Jones, William B. Hall, and Edwin T. Marsh, by a majority, decided in favor of receiving the offered votes, against the

dissent of Hall, and they were received and deposited in the ballot box. For this act, the women, fourteen in number, were arrested and held to bail, and indictments were found against them severally, under the 19th section of the Act of Congress of May 30, 1870 (16 St. at L. 144), charging them with the offense of "knowingly voting without having a lawful right to vote." The three inspectors were also arrested, but only two of them were held to bail, Hall having been discharged by the commissioner on whose warrant they were arrested. All three, however, were jointly indicted under the same statute — for having "knowingly and willfully received the votes of persons not entitled to vote."

Of the women voters, the case of Miss Anthony alone was brought to trial, a *nolle prosequi* having been entered upon the other indictments. . . .

The court held that the defendant had no right to vote; that good faith constituted no defense; that there was nothing in the case for the jury to decide, and directed them to find a verdict of guilty, — refusing to submit, at the request of the defendant's counsel, any question to the jury, or to allow the clerk to ask the jurors, severally, whether they assented to the verdict which the court had directed to be entered. The verdict of guilty was entered by the clerk, as directed by the court, without any express assent or dissent on the part of the jury. A fine of $100 and costs was imposed upon the defendant.

This case was tried in the United States Circuit Court, Northern District of New York, The United States *vs.* Susan B. Anthony.

Hon. Ward Hunt, presiding.

Appearances: For the United States, Hon. Richard Crowley, U. S. District Attorney.

For the defendant, Hon. Henry R. Selden, John Van Voorhis, Esq.

Tried at Canandaigua, Tuesday and Wednesday, June 17th and 18th, 1873

Upon receiving the sentence of the court Miss Anthony (the prisoner) said: —

"May it please your honor, I shall never pay a dollar of your unjust penalty. All the stock in trade I possess is a $10,000 debt, incurred by publishing my paper — 'The Revolution' — four years ago, the sole object of which was to educate all women to do precisely as I have done, — rebel against your man-made, unjust, unconstitutional forms of law, that tax, fine, imprison and hang women, while they deny them the right of representation in the government; and I shall work on with might and main to pay every dollar of that honest debt, but not a penny shall go to this unjust claim. And I shall earnestly and persistently continue to urge all women to the practical recognition of the old revolutionary maxim, that 'Resistance to tyranny is obedience to God.'"

Judge Hunt: "Madam, the court will not order you committed until the fine is paid."

The fine was finally remitted.

The decision of Justice Hunt was severely criticised. "He had as much right to order me hanged upon the nearest tree," Judge Selden is reported to have said, "as to take the case from the jury and render the decision he did." Several of the jury declared they should never have agreed to a verdict of guilty.

The three inspectors were each fined $25 and costs. In default of payment they were thrown into jail, where the best of dinners were furnished them by the fourteen women voters of the Eighth Ward. "I would not pay, if I were they," wrote B. F. Butler to Miss Anthony, "but allow any process to be served. I have no doubt the President will remit the fine if they are pressed too hard," which President Grant did in due season, and so ended this assertion of Rochester women of their right to the ballot.

1875. Present City Hall completed and turned over to the Mayor by the Commissioners, C. J. Hayden, Jacob Howe, George C. Buell, L. Farrar, D. W. Powers (absent in Europe). Corner-stone laid May 28, 1873.

1876, February 4th. Hemlock Lake Water first supplied to the city.

Lake Ontario Railroad from Oswego to Lewiston completed.

State Line Railroad completed.

1877. First telephone used by Water Works Department from city to Hemlock Lake (thirty miles), the longest telephone wire then in use in the world.

1879. Telephone Exchange. First used by E. Ocumpaugh; now over 700 in use.

1880, February 1st. The first Land League in America was organized in Rochester, N. Y.: William Purcell, President; Patrick Cox, Treasurer; Patrick Mahon, Secretary.

1882. First electric light. First used in stores. The dry goods house of A. S. Mann, on State Street, was among the very first to adopt the same.

PLATE GLASS.

The first plate-glass, narrow plates, was brought to Rochester about 1840, by Abelard Reynolds, and placed around the curving entrance of the Arcade. About 1852, what was considered a marvelously large plate was placed in the show window of C. F. True's dry goods store (the present site of Burke, Fitz Simmons, Hone & Co.); and the story was, that when this, then considered immense, plate was in Paris, it was seen by Louis Philippe, who, upon learning that it was destined for Rochester, New York, exclaimed incredulously: "Is it possible that mud-hole is sending for such a plate of glass as that?" recalling the discomforts of his visit to the Genesee Falls only fifty-five years before.[1]

[1] See p. 39.

APPENDIX A.

A LETTER DESCRIBING THE VISIT OF LA FAYETTE TO ROCHESTER.

The following letter, written by a son of our pioneer citizen, Matthew Brown, was furnished too late for insertion in its proper place: —

ROCHESTER, *June* 10, 1825.

The long agony is over! La Fayette passed through here on Tuesday, and as your friends, my dear J——, were all of them more or less concerned in the affair, I shall just go to work and give you the particulars. On Friday last, we were informed that in consequence of the misfortune of the General in losing his baggage on the steamboat Mechanic, which was sunk on the Ohio, he had changed his route to Boston (where he was to be on the 17th inst. to assist in laying the Bunker Hill Monument), and that he would come by way of the villages of Buffalo and Lockport and down the canal to Albany. The fact that he was positively to come this way was communicated to us on Friday afternoon, and the committees of arrangements appointed a delegation of twelve or fourteen gentlemen, who left here Saturday afternoon, to go to Lockport to meet the General. Our express, sent on Friday to meet him at Buffalo, returned on Monday morning, informing us that he would be here on Tuesday, at eleven o'clock A. M. We then ordered three companies of rifle, one of artillery, one of dragoons, and two of infantry, to be on parade at this place at seven o'clock Tuesday morning. But I will not attempt to give you a complete *military* description of the whole matter. On Tuesday morn at six o'clock eleven crowded boats started for Kings, about six miles west from here, to meet the expected guest; among the ladies on board were C. and M. S., under the protection of Mrs. A. At eleven La Fayette arrived, and was received on a platform erected over the Aqueduct for that purpose. An address was delivered by Judge Rochester, to which the Gen-

eral responded; he was then escorted on board a boat and taken to the Eastern Basin, on the east side of the river; the military was paraded on the top of the bank on the east side of the canal, the right of the column directly in front of the Aqueduct. He was there introduced to the military (he being on board the boat and they upon the top of the bank); we raised our hats, being the highest possible honor, according to military usage, that soldiers can bestow. During this introduction the corps of artillery saluted him with twenty-four guns. He then passed down, and, landing, was taken into an open carriage that I had procured from Mr. Gurnsey, at Pittsford. Colonel Rochester sat beside him. He then reviewed the troops, we saluted him, and he passed on to the Falls, the column counter-marching so as to bring him in the rear; we marched across the old bridge and down Mill Street, through Carroll up to Buffalo Street, where the military halted and presented arms. He alighted at Hoard's where the revolutionary soldiers were introduced to him, then rode to Christopher's, and dined. At dinner he requested that the officers commanding the light troops might be sent for. Colonel Riley and myself went in their behalf, and were appointed to attend him to Mendon. He halted in front of my corps and gave them a short address. They did indeed appear elegantly. Riley and I attended him to Mendon, took him from the carriage, introduced him, etc. I never was more gratified with any day's duty in my life. Father received from him a letter from Canandaigua, inclosing his reply to the address upon the Aqueduct. — *Extract from a Letter written by B. H. Brown.*

Copy of the first Document known to be in existence relating to the One Hundred Acre Tract.

The original paper was found by O. Turner, author of the "Pioneer History of the Phelps and Gorham Purchase," and the "Pioneer History of the Holland Purchase," when gathering material for his work, among a quantity of papers, etc., in the garret of the old house that had been occupied by Joseph Brandt. Mr. Turner gave the deed to Mr. D. M. Dewey, and he, deciding that it should be preserved as a valuable public document, framed and presented it to the Rochester Athenæum. In the changes and chances of that venerable institution it was at one time reported as lost. Fortunately Henry O'Reilly made a copy of the paper at the time of its presentation to the Athenæum, and through his

kindness I am enabled to present the same to my readers. The fact that the orthography of E. Allan, in his signature, does not agree with that adopted by Turner and other historians, is explained in many ways, as Turner took pains to ascertain that the correct spelling of the name was Allan.

[COPY.]

Original Deed of the One Hundred Acre Tract, on which the first plat of Rochester was laid out.

Articles of agreement made this 21st day of March in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and ninety-two, between Ebenezer Allin and Benjamin Barton, witnesseth, that for and in consideration of Five Hundred Pounds, New York currency, received by the said Ebenezer Allin of Benjamin Barton, the said Ebenezer Allin doth sell all that tract of land, containing one hundred acres, lying on the west side of the Genesee River, in the County of Ontario, State of New York. Bounded east on the Geneseo (?) River, so as to take in the mills lately built by the said Allin: from thence to run northerly from said mills, sixty-three rods, also southerly of said mills sixty-three rods, from thence running westerly so as to make one hundred acres strict measure: and the said Ebenezer Allin doth hereby empower the said Benjamin Barton to apply to the Honor[1] Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, or either of them, for a good and sufficient deed of conveyance, to be by them or either of them executed to the said Benjamin Barton, his heirs or assignees, for said tract of land: and the said Ebenezer Allin doth hereby request and empower the said Oliver Phelps or Nathaniel Gorham to seal, execute, and deliver such deed to the said Benjamin Barton, his heirs or assigns: and the said Ebenezer Allin doth hereby exonerate and discharge the said Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham, in consequence of their executing the deed, from all and every agreement or instrument which might or may have existed respecting the conveyance of said tract of land from them, the said Oliver Phelps and Nathaniel Gorham or either of them, to the said Ebenezer Allin: in witness whereof, the said Ebenezer Allin hath hereunto set his hand and seal, the day and year above written. (Signed) E. ALLIN. [SEAL.]

Sealed and delivered in the presence of

(Signed) GERTRUDE G. OGDEN,
JOHN FARLOWE.

Rec'd of Benjamin Barton a deed for Allin's Mills on the Genesee River; in settling therefor, I am to settle the bond for £300 which he gave Ebenezer Allin, for which I was security.

(Signed) SAM'L OGDEN.

DECEMBER 24, 1798.

On the back of the copy of the deed I find this note: "This is the foundation of Allin's title. John Barton, son of Benjamin, says that his father paid Allin $200 for this one hundred acres.

APPENDIX B.

STATISTICAL DEPARTMENT.

PREPARED BY MR. J. M. WINSLOW.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

Mayor. Elected biennially. Salary $3,000. Office 1 City Hall. Office hours, 10 to 12 A. M.

Following is a complete list of the names of the Mayors of the City from 1834 to the present time.

Jonathan Child, 1834.
Jacob Gould, 1835 and 1836.
A. M. Schermerhorn, 1837.
Elisha Johnson, 1838.
Thomas H. Rochester, 1839.
Saml G. Andrews, 1840.
Elijah F. Smith, 1841.
Charles J. Hill, 1842.
Isaac Hills, 1843.
John Allen, 1844.
William Pitkin, 1845 and 1846.
John B. Elwood, 1847.
Joseph Field, 1848.
Levi A. Ward, 1849.
Samuel Richardson, 1850.
Nicholas E. Paine, 1851.
Hamlin Stillwell, 1852.
John Williams, 1853.
Maltby Strong, 1854.
Charles J. Hayden, 1855.
Samuel G. Andrews, 1856.
Rufus Keeler, 1857.
Charles H. Clark, 1858.
S. W. D. Moore, 1859.
Hamlet D. Scrantom, 1860.
John C. Nash, 1861.
Michael Filon, 1862.
Nehemiah C. Bradstreet, 1863.
James Brackett, 1864.
Danl. D. T. Moore, 1865.
S. W. D. Moore, 1866.
Henry L. Fish, 1867 and 1868.
Edward M. Smith, 1869.
John Lutes, 1870.
Charles W. Briggs, 1871.
A. Carter Wilder, 1872 and 1873.
Geo. G. Clarkson, 1874 and 1875.
Cornelius R. Parsons, 1876 to 1884; reëlected for two years, March 4, 1884.

Elijah F. Smith was the first Mayor elected by the people. All before him being appointed by the Common Council. Since 1872, the Mayor has been elected for the term of two years. The Mayor was first paid a salary, in 1851. The amount then, and until 1858, was $1,000. In 1858 it was $1,200; in 1859 $1,590; in 1875 $2,500; in 1877 $2,200; in 1878 $2,400; in 1880 $2,500; in 1881 $2,500; in 1882 $3,000; in 1883 $3,000.

COMMON COUNCIL.

The Aldermen of the different wards constitute the Common Council. At the present time there are sixteen aldermen, one for each ward. They are elected for two years, and in such manner that the terms of one half the whole number expire annually.

Up to 1863 the Mayor presided at all meetings of Council, but having no vote.

At a meeting of the Common Council, July 28, 1863, Ald. Plinny M. Bromley was chosen President of the Council, and this practice has been continued to the present time. For the last two years, ending March, 1884, Ald. Martin Barron has been President.

The following named persons composed the first Common Council in 1834: —

First Ward. Lewis Brooks, John Jones, Assistant.

Second Ward. Thomas Kempshall, Elijah F. Smith, Assistant.

Third Ward. Frederick F. Backus, Jacob Thorn, Assistant.

Fourth Ward. Ashbel W. Riley, Lansing B. Swan, Assistant.

Fifth Ward. Jacob Graves, Henry Kennedy, Assistant.

In 1837, the distinction between alderman and assistant alderman was abolished.

CITY OFFICERS.

City Clerk. Office 20 City Hall. Appointed biennially by the Common Council. Salary $2,000.

Messenger. Appointed annually by the Common Council. Salary $1,200. *One Assistant.* Appointed by City Property Committee. Salary $600.

City Surveyor. Appointed biennially by the Common Council. Salary $2,500. *Six Assistants*, with salaries ranging from $720 to $1,500. Appointed by the City Surveyor.

City Treasurer. Elected biennially by the people. Salary $4,500. *One Deputy.* Salary $2,000. Five clerks, with salaries ranging from $540 to $1,200. Appointed by the City Treasurer.

City Attorney. Office 19 City Hall. Salary $3,000. Appointed biennially by the Common Council.

Fire Marshal. Salary $1,200. Appointed annually by the Common Council.

Overseer of the Poor. Salary $1,700. Appointed biennially by the Common Council. *Four Assistants.* Salary $900 each. Appointed by the Committee on Support and Relief of the Poor.

One Sealer of Weights and Measures. Salary, fees. Appointed by the Common Council.

Milk Inspector. Salary $800. Appointed by the Common Council.

Watchman, City Hall. Salary $900. Appointed by the Committee on City Property.

Engineer, City Hall. Salary $900. Appointed as above.

Janitor, Front Street Building. Salary $840. Appointed by Committe on City Property.

ASSESSORS' DEPARTMENT.

Office 15 City Hall.

The assessors, three in number, appointed by Common Council for the term of three years, in such manner that the term of one assessor expires annually. Salary $2,500, including clerk hire.

POLICE DEPARTMENT.

Police Station at City Hall.

Three Commissioners. The Mayor, ex-officio. Appointed by the Common Council every four years.

Police Justice. Salary $3,000; fixed by Common Council; elected by the people every four years.

Clerk of Commissioners, and of Police Court. Salary $1,500. Appointed by the Police Commissioners.

Chief of Police. Salary $1,560. Appointed by the Police Commissioners.

Captain. Appointed by Police Commissioners.

Brevet Captain. Appointed by Police Commissioners.

There are ninety policemen, including ten detectives, and six lieutenants, appointed by the Police Commissioners. About twenty are on duty during the day (two being mounted), and the remainder at night. Salary $75 per month, fixed by the Com-

missioners. Salary of detectives and lieutenants, $85; salary of mounted men, $105.

CONSTABLES.

One for each ward elected annually in March.

MUNICIPAL COURT.

Court Room 34 City Hall.

Two Judges. Elected by the people for a term of six years. Salary $1,800.

Clerk. Appointed by the Court. Salary $600.

INSPECTORS OF ELECTION.

For each Election District.

The first two Inspectors in each ward, or district, are elected annually by the people; a third is appointed by the Common Council.

HEALTH DEPARTMENT.

Chairman. The Mayor, ex-officio. *Clerk.* City Clerk, ex-officio.

Six Commissioners. Appointed by the Common Council; meet alternate Friday afternoons, on the Friday preceding the regular meetings of the Common Council, at the Mayor's office.

Health Officer. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $900.

Messenger. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $400.

Supt. and Clerk. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $800.

Six Inspectors. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $600.

Two Sewer Flushers. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $600.

Keeper, Hope Hospital. Appointed by Commissioners. Salary $700.

PHYSICIANS.

For East Side of River. Three physicians.

For West Side of River. Three physicians.

Appointed annually by Common Council. Salary $600.

COMMISSIONERS OF EXCISE.

Office 61 Front Street.

Three Commissioners. Appointed by the Mayor for the term of three years. Salary $900.

PRINTING AND ADVERTISING.

City Printers. Union and Advertiser Printing Co. Contract at $3,300 per annum.

Rochester Printing Co. $2,250.

Post Express Printing Co. $2,250.

Rochester Herald Publishing Co. $1,000.

German Printing and Publishing Co. $1,000.

E. H. Makk $720.

STREET LAMP DEPARTMENT.

There are 2,514 gas lamps; of this number 1,466 are on the east side of the river, and are supplied by the Citizens Gas Company and Municipal Gas Company; 1,048 are on the west side of the river, and are supplied with gas by the Rochester Gas Light Company.

There are also 1,746 oil lamps, supplied with kerosene oil, lighted and cared for at the rate of $7.32, for each lamp per annum.

There are also about 270 electric lights, owned by the Brush Electric Light Company, at a cost of 45 cents per light, per night.

At a meeting held on the 11th day of May, 1824, John W. Strong, one of the Trustees, was appointed a Committee to purchase a barrel of oil, with which to light the lamps on the *river bridge.*

EXECUTIVE BOARD.

Office at City Hall.

Elected by the people. Salary $2,500.

Chairman. Byron Holley, chosen by the Board. The Board consists of three members elected for three years, in such manner that the term of one member expires annually.

Clerk. Thomas J. Neville. Salary $1,800.

Book-keeper. General Pay Clerk, Geo. B. Harris. Salary $1,700.

Supt. of Streets. Gilbert H. Reynolds. Salary $1,800.

Pay Clerk, Street Department. W. J. Steinhauser. Salary $1,100.

Foreman. Joseph Friedel. Salary $3.50 per day.

The Board has power to let all contracts made by the city, in pursuance of any ordinance, except such as are by law required to be made otherwise, and has oversight of the work and of pay-

ing for it. The Streets, Water Works, and Fire Department are under its care.

WATER WORKS.

Chief Engineer and Superintendent. Salary $3,000.
Assistant Engineer. Salary $2,000.
Draughtsman. Salary $782.
Receiver. Salary $1,200.
Six Clerks. Salaries ranging from $600 to $1,200.
Foreman of Repairs. Salary $1,400.
Engineer, Holly Works. Salary $1,500.
Assistant Engineer. Salary $1,200.

The Water Works were begun July, 1873, and finished February, 1876.

Miles of iron pipe in Holly system in city, April, 1883, about $9\frac{3}{4}$; miles of iron pipe in Hemlock system in city, 121. Total miles of distribution pipe in city, about 131.

Miles from City Hall to Mount Hope Reservoir, about $1\frac{1}{2}$; to Rush Reservoir, about $10\frac{3}{4}$; to Hemlock Lake, about $29\frac{3}{4}$. Elevation of Mount Hope Reservoir above Aqueduct, about $125\frac{3}{4}$ feet. Capacity 24,278,101 gallons. Elevation of Rush Reservoir, $242\frac{3}{4}$ feet. Capacity 74,525,992 gallons.

Elevation of Hemlock Lake above Aqueduct, 388 feet; length of lake, 7 miles; average width, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile; depth, 40 to 100 feet.

Number of hydrants in city, 1883, 1,129; number of drinking fountains for animals, 35. For citizens and others, 1; a unique affair, but not quite up to the "Probasco Bronze Fountain," in Cincinnati, costing nearly $200,000.

Original cost of the Water Works, for which 30 year-bonds were issued, $3,182,000; additional cost in extending the works, and included in tax levies, $312,749.

Number of takers of water, in 1877, 3,260; in 1878, 3,955; in 1879, 6,037; in 1880, 7,395; in 1881, 8,343; in 1882, 9,843; in 1883, 11,951.

Income for the year ending March, 1883, $56,547.14.

The first steps taken to supply our city with water were in 1838, when Elisha Johnson was Mayor, who made a report to the Common Council on that subject, — the plan being to take the water of the river to the high ground, near the Rapids, where a head of about 20 feet could be secured.

The next movement for that purpose was in 1852, by the late C. A. Jones, who had secured a charter from the Legislature, and

formed a company for the purpose contemplated. The plan of this company proposed to take the water from the "Honeoye Outlet," at a place called Smithtown. The aggregate cost of this plan for two millions of gallons daily, with twelve miles of distributing pipe, was $594,595, but obstacles arose that could not well be overcome and the works were never commenced.

In 1855, a new Water Works Company was organized under the charter surrendered by the former company. Charles J. Hayden, then Mayor, being president, and Alderman Winslow secretary, who, as chairman of a select committee on Water Works, had previously submitted a lengthy report on the subject, including plans, and estimates of cost, for an abundant supply of water.

The plan contemplated taking the water from Lake Ontario, a quarter of a mile northwest of the piers at the mouth of the river, where the water can nearly at all times be obtained in utmost purity. The water to be brought through cast iron pipes along the banks of the river to the foot of the Lower Falls, at Carthage, where it was proposed to raise it to the high ground, securing a head of at least seventy-five feet in the highest part of the city. The aggregate cost of this plan, with twenty miles of distributing pipe, being less than $600,000.

In order to give the matter some character abroad, and so secure the ready sale of a part of the stock, the company sought to obtain from the city its bonds to the amount of $200,000, to be secured by a first mortgage on the works, when from $200,000 to $400,000 had been expended. This proposition raised great clamor and opposition on the part of some who could not see the difference between a small loan on absolute security and public debt, and who were content to drink the unwholesome water of limy and sulphurous wells, or the turbid river water that runs through our city, and so the whole undertaking was finally given up, and the charter surrendered to still another company, which the late Gen. Swan was chiefly prominent in forming, the plan being to bring water from Hemlock Lake, through a conduit of wooden pipes, which proved an utter failure.

FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Office and Hose Depot, City Buildings, 61 *Front Street.*

Chief Engineer. Salary $2,000.
Assistant Engineer. Salary $1,200.

Assistant Engineer. Salary $600.
Superintendent Hose Depot. Salary $840.
Assistant Superintendent Hose Depot. Salary $720.
Appointed annually.

ENGINE COMPANIES.

Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 1, 36 Stone Street.

Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 2, corner Stillson and East Main streets.

Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 3, Platt, near State Street.

Steam Fire Engine Co. No. 4, 21 South Ford Street.

Empire Hook and Ladder Co. No. 1, City Building, Front Street.

Hook and Ladder Co. No. 2, Stillson, near East Main Street.

Alert Hose Co. No. 1, Fitzhugh Street.

Active Hose Co. No. 2, North St. Paul Street.

Protective Sack and Bucket Co., 39 Fitzhugh Street.

Wheel Babcock Extinguishing Co., 61 Front Street.

Following are the names of persons who composed the first Fire Company, organized October 19, 1817.

Everard Peck.	Gideon Cobb.	Moses Chapin.
Josiah Bissell, Jr.	J. Safford.	William Cobb.
Roswell Hart.	R. Darrow.	Roswell Babbitt.
Isaac Colvin.	William P. Sherman.	Daniel Warren.
Ebenezer Watts.	Albert Backus.	William Brewster.
Daniel Mack.	Jehiel Barnard.	Ira West.
Horace Bates.	Hastings R. Bender.	Charles J. Hill.

In the records of the village in which the above names are entered that of Charles J. Hill is the last, and he was the last of that first Fire Engine Company, to pass from earth, as he did a few months ago. The first fireman killed in Rochester was Thomas M. Rathbun. He met his death by a falling chimney, at the burning of Peck's Paper Mill, South Water Street, which the writer witnessed. The first firemen granted exemption papers were Frederick Starr and Joseph Halsey. In 1834, Rochester was incorporated as a City, having a population of about 13,000. The Fire Department then consisted of six Engine Companies, one Hook and Ladder Company, and a Hose and Bucket Company. In 1835, Colonel Thomas Meachem, of Sandy Creek, Oswego County, tendered, as a gift to the city of Rochester, a mam-

moth cheese, the product of his dairy. The amount realized by the sale of this cheese, and interest on the money deposited in bank, at the close of the year 1836, was $1,237.83. Engine No. 1 paid the largest amount for one ounce of the cheese. No. 6 paid the next largest amount. The avails from the sale of the cheese constitute a charitable fund for the relief of the widows and orphans of firemen, and the disabled firemen of the city of Rochester, and is known as the "Meachem Fund."

FIRE ALARM TELEGRAPH.

Superintendent. Salary $1,700.

Lineman. Salary $624.

The telegraph was constructed at a cost of $12,000, and was accepted by the city, March, 1869. Alarm is given instantly from the alarm boxes to the office of the Fire Department, to each of the engine houses, to the City Hall, to the Water Works Building, to Mount Hope Reservoir, and to the residence of the Chief Engineer, the number of taps indicating the box from which the alarm is given. The taps can also be heard at all of the other boxes. Keys to the boxes are in the hands of the Police and the nearest responsible resident.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

BOARD OF EDUCATION.

Office and Library, Free Academy Building, Fitzhugh Street.

There is one School Commissioner for each ward, elected in such manner that the terms of one half the whole number expire annually.

Superintendent and Librarian. Salary $1,800.
Assistant Librarian. Salary $600.
Clerk. Salary $420.
Messenger of the Board. Salary $300.
Engineer and Janitor, Free Academy. Salary $900.
School Policeman. Salary $800.
School Carpenter. Salary $900.

SALARIES OF TEACHERS.

Grammar and Intermediate, male Principals. Salary $1,350.
Female Principals. Salary $500 to $700.

NUMBER OF PUPILS AND TEACHERS.

Number of pupils registered in public schools (not including asylums), 12,760. Average daily attendance, 9,058. Number of teachers, 288.

ROCHESTER FREE ACADEMY.

Fitzhugh Street, near West Main Street.

Principal. Salary $1,850.
Assistant Principal. Salary $1,550.
Preceptress. Salary $1,000.
Assistants. Salary $650 to $1,000.
Teacher of German. Salary $1,500.
Teacher of Natural Sciences. Salary $1,550.
Number of pupils 379.

	Pupils.
No. 2. Intermediate School, King Street	332
No. 3. Grammar School, Tremont Street	732
No. 4. Grammar School, Francis Street	853
No. 5. Grammar School, Jones Street	496
No. 6. Grammar School, Lyell Avenue	691

	Pupils.
No. 7. Grammar School, Lake Avenue	338
No. 8. Grammar School, North St. Paul Street	99
No. 9. Grammar School, St. Joseph Street	717
No. 10. Grammar School, North Clinton Street	511
No. 11. Intermediate School, Chestnut Street	243
No. 12. Grammar School, Wadsworth Square	441
No. 13. Grammar School, Hickory Street	624
No. 14. Grammar School, Scio Street	669
No. 15. Grammar School, Monroe Avenue	508
No. 16. Intermediate School, North Street	384
No. 17. Grammar School, Orange Street	651
No. 18. Grammar School, North Avenue	888
No. 19. Intermediate School, Seward Street	270
No. 20. Intermediate School, Oakman Street	479
No. 21. Intermediate School, Wackerman Street	313
No. 22. Intermediate School, Norton Street	89
No. 23. Intermediate School, Ely Place	73
No. 24. Intermediate School, Meigs Street	358
No. 25. Intermediate School, North Goodman Street	125
No. 26. Intermediate School, Clifford Street	483
No. 27. Intermediate School, Central Park	27
Rochester Orphan Asylum, Hubbell Park	102
Industrial School, 76 Exchange Street	213
St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, Frank Street	62
St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Franklin Street	73
St. Mary's Orphan Boys Asylum, West Avenue	92
Church Home Orphan Asylum, Mount Hope Avenue	37

INSTITUTION FOR DEAF MUTES.

263 North Street.

Incorporated February 4, 1876. Established by legislative enactment as a branch of the public school system of the State, under the control of the department of Public Instruction. Annual meeting in April, at Monroe County Savings Bank. Annual exhibition in June. Number of pupils 136.

CHURCHES.

Founded.	Names of Churches.	Location.	Denomination.	Ministers.
1815	First Presbyterian	Plymouth Ave.	Presb.	Ch. E. Robinson, D.D.
1825	Brick	Fitzhugh cor. Allen	Presb.	James B. Shaw, D. D.
1827	Third Presb.	E. Ave. cor. Meigs	Presb.	George Patton, D. D.
1836	Central Presb.	Sophia n. W. Main	Presb.	Theodore W. Hopkins.
1853	St. Peter's Presb.	Gibbs cor. Grove	Presb.	Herm. C. Riggs, D. D.
1856	Calvary Presb.	South Avenue	Presb.	Edward Bristol.
1868	Westminster	West Avenue	Presb.	Corliss B. Gardner.
1872	Memorial Presb.	Hudson cor. Wilson	Presb.	Charles P. Coit.
1883	North Mission	Fulton A. c. Locust	Presb.	Peter Lindsay.
1840	Ref. Presbyterian	North St. Paul	Presb. Ref.	John Graham.
1848	United Presb.	Allen n. Fitzhugh	P. United	I. P. Sankey, D. D.
1817	St. Luke's	Fitzhugh St.	Prot. Epis.	Henry Austice, D. D.
1827	St. Paul's	North St. Paul St.	Prot. Epis.	Wm. H. Platt, D. D.
1845	Trinity	Jones Ave. c. Frank	Prot. Epis.	W. W. Walsh.
1855	Christ	East Avenue	Prot. Epis.	W. D'O. Doty, D. D.
1869	Ch. Good Shep.	Grape St.	Prot. Epis.	James Stoddard.
1869	Ch. of Epiphany	South Francis St.	Prot. Epis.	Amos Skeele.
1876	Ch. St. James the Greater	Almira St.	Prot. Epis.	James H. Dennis.
1879	St. Andrew's	Averill Ave.	Prot. Epis.	A. S. Crapsey.
1882	St. John's	Hawthorne St.	Prot. Epis.	J. A. Massey, D. D.
	St. Mark's Mis.	Bay St.	Prot. Epis.	Albert Wood.
1818	First Baptist	Fitzhugh St.	Baptist.	Charles J. Baldwin.
1834	Second Baptist	North Ave.	Baptist.	S. W. Duncan, D. D.
1851	Ger. Baptist	Andrews St.	Baptist.	Peter Ritter.
1871	East Ave. Baptist	E. Ave. c. Anson P.	Baptist.	J. H. Pattison (supply).
1871	Lake Ave. Mem. Baptist	Lake Ave. cor. Ambrose	Baptist.	A. Judson Barrett.
1872	Rapids Baptist	Genesee St.	Baptist.	D. D. Babcock.
1820	First Meth. Epis.	Fitzhugh St.	Meth. E.	Ch. W. Cushing, D. D.
1837	Asbury Meth. E.	East Main St.	Meth. E.	R. C. Brownlee, D. D.
1837	Zion	Favor St.	Meth. E.	N. E. Collins.
1849	Ger. Meth. Epis.	North Ave.	Meth. E.	John J. Messner.
1852	North St. M. E.	North St.	Meth. E.	E. Lansing Newman.
1852	Frank St. M. E.	Frank St.	Meth. E.	Geo. W. Coe.
1853	Cornhill Meth. E.	Edinburg St.	Meth. E.	L. A. Stevens.
1853	Alexander St. M.E.	Alexander St.	Meth. E.	J. T. Foote.
1874	Hedding Mission Meth. Epis.	North St. Paul	Meth. E.	I. H. Kellogg.
1820	St. Patrick's Cathedral.	Platt cor. Frank	R. Cath.	B. J. McQuaid, Bp. of the Diocese. J. F. O'Hare, Rect. H. De Regge, Chanc. D. Laurenzis. W. A. McDonald.

CHURCHES (*continued*).

Founded.	Names of Churches.	Location.	Denomination.	Ministers.
1835	St. Joseph's (Ger.)	Franklin St.	R. Cath.	Joseph Froelich.
1842	St. Mary's	South n. Court St.	R. Cath.	John P. Stewart.
1843	St. Peter & Paul's	East Maple St.	R. Cath.	John J. Gleeson.
1848	Our Lady of Victory (French)	Pleasant St.	R. Cath.	Francis H. Sinclair.
1848	Immac. Concept.	Plymouth Ave.	R. Cath.	Alphonse A. Notaburt.
1854	St. Bridget's	Gorham St.	R. Cath.	Michael M. Meagher.
1861	St. Boniface	Grand St.	R. Cath.	James O'Conner.
1864	Holy Family	Jay St.	R. Cath.	Herman Reuker.
1866	Holy Redeemer	Hudson St.	R. Cath.	Leop. C. Oberholzer.
1874	St. Michael's	N. Clinton n. Clifford	R. Cath.	Fridolin Pascalor.
1860	Christadelphians	Palmer Bl. E. Main	Christad.	Vacant.
1860	Christadelphians	62 East Main St.	Christad.	Vacant.
1851	Plymouth	Plymouth Ave.	Cong. Tri.	Myron Adams.
1841	First Unitarian	Temple St.	Unitarian	Newton M. Mann.
1817	Friends' Meeting	Hubbell Park	(Hicksite)	Vacant.
1828	Friends' Meeting	Alexander St.	(Ortho.)	Jacob D. Bell.
1843	Temple Berith Kodesh	North St. Paul	Jewish	Max Landsberg.
1870	Aitz Raanon Kodesh	Franklin Park	Jewish	Max L. Moll.
1879	Beth Israel Kodesh	54 Chatham St.	Jewish	K. Barden.
1882	Beni David Kodesh	5 Herman St.	Jewish	Moritz Weiss.
1883	Berith Oulom Kodesh	Clinton & Atwater	Jewish	Vacant.
1834	Ger. Luth. Zion's	Grove St.	Lutheran	A. Ritcher.
1869	Ch. of the Reform.	Grove near North	Lutheran	Chas. S. Kohler.
1874	St. John's	St. Joseph St.	Lutheran	John Muehlhaeuser.
1878	Ger. Evang. Luth.	Helena St.	Lutheran	Charles N. Conrad.
1860	Free Methodist	127 Alexander St.	M. (Free)	Wilson T. Hogg.
1848	First Reformed	Oregon St.	Ref. in Am.	Peter De Bruyn.
1852	Evang. Ref. E.	Hamilton Place	Ref. U. S.	Carl Gunlach.
1877	Ebenezer	Chatham St.	True Dutch Ref.	Hermancz Temple.
1867	Advent Christian	155 E. Main St.	2d Advent	Geo. W. Wright.
1846	First Universalist	South Clinton	Universal.	Asa Saxe, D. D.
1883	Sec. Universalist	Spencer St.	Universal.	L. B. Fisher.

The whole number of churches or religious societies is 65. In 1837 the number was only 20. The oldest church edifice is St. Luke's, erected in 1823 and 1824. The front and tower being of hewn stone from Auburn, cut by the prisoners.

St. Paul's is the next oldest church building, erected in 1827 and 1828. This church at first had a steeple 227 feet high, which was blown down just before it was finished, and while the workmen were gone to dinner. In 1847, the church was destroyed by fire, including a large fine toned bell and organ. The walls of the church being found in good condition, it was soon rebuilt as it is to-day. The whole number of church edifices destroyed by fire, since 1834, is 11.

GENESEE RIVER FLOODS.

In early days sudden freshets and great floods were not so common as now, owing to the fact that the country was new, and the snows of the upper country did not melt, and the water run off so rapidly as now. Still the early settlers saw, from the appearance of the trees along the banks of the river, evidence of very high water at some time prior to their coming, and from the Indians they learned that about 1805 a great flood did occur, occasioned, no doubt, by the accumulation of ice at Avon, thus setting the water back upon the Genesee flats, as has since once happened. Aside from this, the first notable flood we are called to chronicle happened in September, 1835. A short time previous to this, Mr. Nehemiah Osburn had made an addition in the rear of the wooden buildings on the north side of Main Street bridge, from the centre pier to the Globe Building on the east. This was undermined, and the whole structure tumbled into the river. The next great flood occurred in the spring of 1856. On this occasion, as many of our citizens will remember, Main Street bridge, and all the buildings on the north side of it, were carried away. Of the stone piers in the river, laid up without mortar, not one stone was left upon another. But the greatest overflowing of the Genesee, the most destructive tide of rushing waters that the oldest inhabitant ever witnessed, occurred in March, 1865. Bridges were impelled from their foundation; buildings undermined came crashing down; railroad communication severed; and heavy individual and corporation losses incurred. On the morning of March 18, nine tenths of the streets in the first

ward were under water, and many in the second, and in others. State Street for half a mile was under water from one to four feet. In the Arcade it was two feet deep; at the corner of Buffalo and Front streets, from six to eight feet. It flowed over the west end of Main Street bridge of sufficient depth to float a well loaded canal boat. S. Richardson and D. R. Barton lost, by the falling of their buildings and in stock, $100,000. The bridge of the Central Railroad near the Falls gave way, and was hurled over the Falls. The territory covered by the waters in the city was a half mile long and one third of a mile wide, and the entire loss was fully one million of dollars. This great flood was, no doubt (in fact we know), caused by the accumulation of ice at Avon, as in the great flood of 1805, and is liable to happen again.

CANAL AQUEDUCTS.

The first canal aqueduct over the Genesee River was commenced in 1821, by William Britton, with thirty convicts from Auburn prison, who were kept upon the Island, with ball and chain, where Kimball's Tobacco Works now are. The aqueduct was constructed chiefly of red sandstone from the bank of the river at Carthage. It was 804 feet long, and was built on eleven arches. It was commenced on the 17th of July, and completed in September, 1823. Its cost was $83,000.

THE NEW AQUEDUCT.

This canal aqueduct was commenced in 1842, and was nearly two years in building. It is built of stone from Split Rock Quarry, in Onondaga County. Its total length is 800 feet. It consists of ten spans: two of twenty-five feet, seven of fifty-two feet, and one of thirty feet. Width of water-way forty-three feet. Depth seven feet eight and one fourth inches. Height from bed of the river to the coping twenty-seven feet. Its original cost was $445,387. The superintendent of the mason work committed suicide in this city, soon after the work was finished.

GAS COMPANIES.

Rochester Gas Light Company. Organized in 1848.
Capital stock $700,000.
Office and works corner of Mumford Street and Genesee River.

Citizens Gas Company. Incorporated in 1872.

Capital stock $500,000.

The company supplies gas to consumers on the east side of the river. General office 15 North St. Paul Street, gas works at Carthage Landing Bridge.

Municipal Gaslight Company.

Supplies gas on either side of the Genesee River. Office No. 6 Powers Block.

THE MUTUAL RELIEF SOCIETY OF ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Office 28 Elwood Block.

Membership 9,000. Has paid over $250,000 in death claims. The society is organized under the laws of the State of New York, and is managed by a board of directors, chosen by and from among its own members.

THE MUTUAL AID AND ACCIDENT ASSOCIATION.

No. 86 Powers Buildings, Rochester, N. Y.

This association issues general life policies from $2,000 to $10,000 on the most favorable terms and approved plans.

Both sexes are admitted on equal terms; graded assessments according to age.

Special features of reserve fund class.

ROCHESTER GERMAN INSURANCE CO.

Home Office No. 12 Rochester Savings Bank Building.

Chartered 1872.
Cash Capital $200,000.
Unearned Premium Reserve $157,778.
Reserve for unpaid losses, etc. $22,636.
Net surplus $124,096.

THE SAFE DEPOSIT COMPANY OF ROCHESTER.

Monroe County Savings Bank Building, 31 State Street.

Incorporated March 30, 1868.
Capital $100,000.
Additional liability of stockholders $100,000.

Storage for valuable papers, silver ware, jewelry, clothing, furniture, and valuable property of every description.

BANKS.

Flour City National Bank. Incorporated as a state bank, 1856; reorganized as a national bank, 1865.

Capital Stock, all paid in, $300,000.

Surplus, January 1, 1884, $233,366.

Traders' National Bank. Incorporated as a state bank, 1859; reorganized as a national bank, 1865.

Capital Stock $250,000.

Surplus, January 1, 1884, $336,099.

Commercial National Bank. Incorporated 1878.

Capital Stock, all paid in, $200,000.

Surplus, January 1, 1884, $84,927.

Bank of Monroe. Incorporated as a state bank, 1867.

Capital Stock $100,000.

Surplus, January 1, 1884, $197,712.

German American Bank. Incorporated 1875.

Capital Stock $200,000.

A new bank organized January 1, 1884.

Merchants' Bank of Rochester. Incorporated 1883.

Capital Stock, all paid in, $100,000.

Commenced business December 17, 1883.

PRIVATE BANKS.

D. W. Powers, Banker. Established in 1850.

With one exception the oldest bank in Rochester.

Erickson, Jennings, and Co., successors to Erickson, Jennings, and Mumford.

SAVINGS BANKS.

Rochester Savings Bank. Incorporated April 21, 1831.

Total resources $11,535,609.

Due Depositors $10,358,304.

Surplus $1,146,198.

Monroe County Savings Bank. Incorporated 1850.

Total resources $7,077,473.

Due Depositors $6,039,399.

Surplus $1,019,330.

East Side Savings Bank. Incorporated 1869.

Total resources, January 1, 1884, $1,367,293.

Due Depositors $1,203,002.
Surplus $102,275.
Mechanics' Savings Bank. Incorporated 1867.
Total resources, January 1, 1884, $1,673,924.
Due Depositors $1,509,863.
Surplus $159,911.

THE HOTELS OF ROCHESTER.

Perhaps there is no city, of the size of Rochester, where the hotel accommodations are greater or better than in our city. The new and grand Powers Hotel, strictly fire-proof, is unequaled by any hotel between the Hudson River and Chicago. The principal hotels are as follows: —

Powers Hotel, West Main St., Buck and Sanger.
Whitcomb House, 110 East Main St., Whitcomb and Crouch.
New Osburn, 64 South St. Paul St., Elmer E. Almy.
New National, West Main and Plymouth Ave., S. C. Tibbets.
Hotel Brunswick, 43 Fitzhugh St., S. Leiders.
Clinton House, 28 Exchange St., B. L. Sheldon.
Congress Hall, Central Ave., A. J. Axtell.
Waverley Hotel, State St. and Central Ave., Axtell and King.
Brackett House, Mill St. and Central Ave., James Day.

In addition to the above are others affording good accommodations, and negotiations are pending looking to the erection of another grand fire-proof hotel (and opera house) on North St. Paul and Mortimer streets.

THE ROCHESTER CIRCUS

was in existence as early as 1825, and was located on Exchange Street, opposite the Industrial School. Both a ring and stage performance were maintained at this primitive place of entertainment. In 1828, one Geo. H. Hill, the village paper hanger, was a great attraction, as a personator of the Down East Yankee, and after that for many years known all over the country as "famous Yankee Hill." Smooth Canada coppers washed with a little quicksilver, in imitation of well-worn Spanish quarters, used to pass current for tickets of admission.

In after years the circus building was used for a candle factory by H. C. Frink, and later by the late John M. French as a stove foundry.

ROCHESTER CITY AND BRIGHTON RAILROAD.

Depot, 159 State Street.

Incorporated 1863. *President*, Patrick Barry; *Secretary*, C. C. Woodworth; *Treasurer*, C. B. Woodworth; *Superintendent*, L. A. Green; *Assistant Superintendent*, E. Shultz.

Number of cars on Lake and Mount Hope avenues	19
Number of cars on West and North Avenues	20
Number of cars on Main, Alexander, and Park avenues	8
Number of cars on North Clinton Street	6
Number of cars on North St. Paul Street	6
Number of cars on Allen and Jay streets	4
Number of cars on South Avenue	7
Number of cars on Monroe Avenue	6
Number of cars on Lyell Avenue	4
Number of cars on N. Y. Central Depot Line	2
Herdic Coaches, East Avenue	2
Cars on Caledonia Avenue	4
Number of men employed	225
Number of horses in use	424

BRIDGES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

These are known as *Main Street*, *Court Street*, *Andrews Street*, *Clarissa Street*, *Vincent Place*, and *Central Avenue bridges*. The first bridge over the river was built in 1812, upon wooden piers. Beginning to decay, it was rebuilt by Elisha Johnson, in 1824, on stone piers, without mortar, and inclosing the timbers, chiefly of the old wood piers. The first to cross this bridge while building were Mrs. Thomas Child and her little daughter, now Mrs. J. M. Winslow, who were assisted over by their neighbor, Mr. Johnson.

In 1834 this bridge was again rebuilt on the same piers. The present bridge was commenced in 1856, and finished in the spring of 1857. It is built chiefly of stone, designed for piers at Charlotte, which cost the United States Government more than one hundred thousand dollars, and which the city bought for about six thousand dollars. Contractor, Charles B. Coleman; Engineer, Josiah W. Bissell.

In 1819 the second bridge over the Genesee was built by a private company, a short distance above the Upper Falls, and was a toll-bridge.

CARTHAGE BRIDGE.

This wonder of early days was built by Norton, Beach & Strong. It was commenced in 1818, and completed in the spring of 1819. It consisted of an entire arch, the chord of which was 352 feet, the summit of which was 200 feet above the surface of the water. Its length was 718 feet, and its width 30 feet. It contained 70,000 feet of timber, and 64,620 feet of board measure. The arch consisted of nine ribs, two feet four inches thick, and secured by 800 strong iron bolts.

The fourth bridge over the river was built soon after the destruction of the "Carthage Bridge," a short distance *above* the Lower Falls.

Court Street Bridge was built in 1826, a wooden structure, on stone piers, laid without mortar. It has since been rebuilt of iron, on stone piers, laid *with* mortar.

Andrews Street Bridge was built about fifty years ago. It was originally a wooden bridge, on stone piers; has since been rebuilt with iron, on the same piers, lengthened, and raised several feet.

Clarissa Street Bridge is the seventh in order, and was built about thirty years ago, being the first iron truss bridge over the Genesee in Rochester.

Vincent Place Bridge was built in 1873, and is the eighth. The iron-work was constructed by the Leighton Bridge Company.

Central Avenue Bridge was built during the fall of 1883. It is an iron bridge, on substantial stone piers, and cost about $40,000.

THE ROCHESTER POST OFFICE.

In November, 1812, Abelard Reynolds was appointed the first postmaster in Rochester. The office thus established was held by Mr. Reynolds till 1829. The proceeds of the office up to April 1, 1813, had been *three dollars and forty-six cents*. When he passed the office to other hands, in 1829, they amounted to two thousand one hundred and five dollars and sixteen cents.

During the year ending December 31, 1868, the sale of stamps, stamped envelopes, and postal cards amounted to $58,973.42; during the year ending December 31, 1883, $257,438.12; increase in fifteen years, $198,464.70.

THE FIRST ROCHESTER THEATRE.

This was a wooden structure on Carroll, now State Street, opposite Market Street. It had a stock company, and was open during the fall and winter months. We call to mind the names of some of the actors: Mr. and Mrs. Judah, Mr. and Mrs. Brewster, the latter, stage-name for Mr. and Mrs. C. J. B. Mount, well known in later years as nice people living on South Street.

About 1830 the old theatre was turned into a livery stable, and kept for a number of years by Joseph Christopher, and then by the late S. Kershaw, who was the pioneer druggist of Frankfort.

ASSOCIATIONS AND SOCIETIES.

POLICE BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION.

Organized 1874.

This association provides a fund for the relief of families of deceased members.

ORATORIO SOCIETY OF ROCHESTER.

Organized 1882.

Annual meeting last Wednesday in May.

ROCHESTER DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION.

Organized 1873.

Annual meeting in January.

ROCHESTER AND CHARLOTTE TURNPIKE ROAD COMPANY.

84 Powers Block. Incorporated 1880.

Annual meeting in April.

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Organized 1875. Incorporated 1880.

Rooms 18 Main Street Bridge. Annual meeting in September.

MENDELSSOHN VOCAL SOCIETY.

Organized February, 1883.

President, D. W. Powers; *Vice President*, E. H. Satterlee. Rehearsals every Thursday evening. *Director*, Henry Greiner.

LIBRARIES.

Central Library, Free Academy Building, Fitzhugh Street. A free library, under the control of the School Commissioners.

Reynolds Library, over the post-office, lately chartered by the Legislature.

YOUNG MEN'S CATHOLIC ASSOCIATION OF ROCHESTER.

Incorporated 1872. No. 120 West Main Street.

President, Rt. Rev. B. J. McQuaid. Annual meeting and election of directors in April.

MASONIC.

The number of Lodges, Chapters, Councils, Commanderies, Consistories, Temples, and Relief Associations of the Masonic Fraternity in the city is *twenty*.

I. O. O. F.

The number of Encampments, Subordinate Lodges, Degree Lodges, Associations, etc., of this Order is *twenty-three*.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES.

Good Templars, Royal Templars, Knights of Temperance, Women's Temperance Unions, — in all, *eight*.

CLUBS.

Abelard Club. 137 Powers Buildings. Organized 1872. Incorporated, 1875. Annual Meeting in January.

Amity Club. Rooms in Powers Buildings. Organized March, 1872. Meets first Tuesday in each month.

Cecelia Glee Club. Annual Meeting in October of each year.

Celtic Club. Organized 1874. Rooms 134 Powers Buildings. Annual Meeting in November.

Eureka Club. Organized 1882. Rooms 40 North Clinton Street. Officers elected annually in June.

Griffith Club.

Genesee Bicycle Club. Organized 1883. Rooms 136 State Street.

Henry Grattan Club.

Lincoln Club. Organized 1878. Incorporated 1883. Meets at Lincoln Hall, West Main Street, corner of Plymouth Ave.

Monroe County Sportsman's Club. Room 128 Arcade. Meets first Thursday in each month.

Old Star Club. Incorporated 1872. Cottage Irondequoit Bay. Meets first Monday in each month at 85 Exchange Street. Annual Meeting first Saturday in May.

Opera Club of Rochester. Comedy Hall, 72 State Street. Organized 1879. Officers elected annually in May.

Riverside Rowing Club. Organized 1869. Incorporated 1872. Boat-house foot of Griffith Street.

Rochester Bicycle Club. Organized 1880. Rooms 135½ W. Main Street.

Rochester Canoe Club. Commodore George H. Harris.

Rochester Gun Club. Organized 1879. Annual Meeting second Monday in April.

Windsor Club. Organized 1876. Annual Meeting in January. Rooms 35 State Street.

FIRE DEPARTMENT OF THE CITY OF ROCHESTER.

Formerly Firemen's Benevolent Association.

This body was incorporated for the purpose of taking charge of certain moneys assessed by law upon all insurance companies outside of the State doing business in Rochester. The interest accruing on money so received is devoted to the relief of indigent, disabled firemen and their families. The fund amounts to $47,089.44, yielding an annual income of about $2,500. Office 207 Powers Block.

HUMANE SOCIETY OF ROCHESTER.

Organized 1865.

For the prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children. Complaints may be left in box kept for the purpose in Mayor's Office. Regular Meetings first Wednesday of each month, at 207 Powers Block.

ROCHESTER SOCIETY OF NATURAL SCIENCES.

Incorporated, January 27, 1880.

President, Sarah R. A. Dolley, M. D.

The objects of this Society are to promote the study and teaching of the Natural Sciences, through the mutual instruction of the members of said Society, by the reading and discussion of papers by said members, the formation of a museum and library, the

procurement of lectures, and by such other means as shall be desirable and efficient for those purposes. Annual Meeting in March.

ROCHESTER ACADEMY OF SCIENCE.

Incorporated, May 14, 1881.

President, H. F. Atwood.

The object is to promote scientific study and research, and especially a thorough knowledge of the natural history of that part of the State of New York in the vicinity of Rochester, and to make permanent collections of objects illustrative of the different branches of science. Meetings are held on the second Monday of every month.

ROCHESTER ART EXCHANGE AND BUREAU OF INSTRUCTION.

Organized, February 1, 1881.

Its object is to provide for the sale of art work, and to maintain classes for instruction in several branches of art. Free classes in charcoal drawing and embroidery have also been maintained each year, and, as showing the practical result of artistic education, many of the pupils are now supporting themselves in various branches of decorative industrial work. The aim of this Society is to assist those who strive to help themselves, and the great benefits from the association are becoming thoroughly recognized by our citizens. The officers for the current year are: Miss Lois Whitney, President; Miss Stella Shuart, Secretary; together with Vice Presidents and a board of Directresses.

ROCHESTER BUSINESS UNIVERSITY

Is an institution for the commercial education of young men and women. It was established in 1864, and is known far and wide, taking high rank among institutions of its kind. Its Faculty is composed of men eminent in their specialties, and its graduates are sought for by business men in all directions. L. L. Williams is President, and F. E. Rogers, Secretary.

THE ROCHESTER ART CLUB.

Organized, 1877. Incorporated, 1882.

Charter Members. James Hogarth Dennis, Harvey Ellis, J. Guernsey Mitchell, James Somerville, Horatio Walker, John Z. Wood.

The object of the organization is the cultivation and advancement of the Fine and Industrial Arts; and an exhibition has been held in May of each year, since its organization, with marked and increasing success.

ROCHESTER FEMALE CHARITABLE SOCIETY.

This Society was organized February 22, 1822, at the house of Mr. Everard Peck. A President, Vice President, Treasurer, twelve Directresses, and fifteen Visitors were chosen. The primary objects of the Society, the relief of indigent sick persons, and the establishment of a charity school. It is the oldest charitable institution in Rochester, and in it we find the germs of more than one important public institution. In 1844, the Society sent to the Common Council the first petition for a workhouse, and which resulted in the erection of the penitentiary.

ROCHESTER ORPHAN ASYLUM.

Hubbell Park.

This institution was organized in 1837, under the name of "The Rochester Female Association, for the Relief of Orphans and Destitute Children." It was opened with nine children. In March, 1838, it was incorporated under the name of "The Rochester Orphan Asylum." The main building was erected in 1844, and in 1870 the wing on the east side was erected at a cost of more than ten thousand four hundred dollars. Another addition was made in 1873, which, with repairs on the main building, cost over twenty thousand dollars. Since its organization over two thousand children have shared its fostering care.

HOME FOR THE FRIENDLESS.

East Avenue and Alexander Street.

This institution was founded in 1849, and incorporated by act of the legislature June 4, 1855. It is designed to furnish a temporary home for destitute females, and a permanent abode for the aged and infirm. It is under the control of a body of benevolent ladies, who use every endeavor to render it pleasant and attractive. It is supported by individual and church contributions, and also by the county, city and state aid.

HOME OF INDUSTRY.

South St. Paul Street.

Its object is to afford a home to girls who are out of employment, and an opportunity to its permanent inmates to learn useful trades. It is under the charge of the venerable Sister Hieronymo, assisted by several of the Sisters of St. Joseph.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

76 Exchange Street.

"The objects of this association are, to gather into the school vagrant and destitute children, who from poverty or vice of their parents, *are unable to attend the public schools.*" This organization had its birth in the midst of a winter of great severity, and when there was a great pressure in the money market. The first cash contributions were from H. A. Brewster and A. Champion, who each gave one hundred dollars; Samuel P. Ely and George H. Ely each gave fifty dollars; and John M. French gave the free use of rooms in the Old Rochester House. On Christmas, 1856, more than three hundred destitute children partook of a good dinner provided for them. During the first year two hundred and sixty-four girls and two hundred and seventy-two boys were connected with the school; ten children provided with homes; seven hundred garments, one hundred and nineteen pairs of shoes, and twenty-one pairs of rubbers were distributed among them.

THE SOCIETY OF THE RED CROSS, OF MONROE COUNTY.

President. Edward M. Moore, M. D.
Vice President. Mrs. Sarah Nichols.
Secretary. Rev. H. C. Riggs, D. D.
Treasurer. J. E. Pierpont.

This Society is auxiliary to the New York State Society (when formed), and the National Society located at Washington, D. C. Its object is to alleviate the sufferings and prevent barbarities upon fields of battle, as contemplated by the Convention of Geneva, Switzerland, August, 1864. Also, for rendering of aid in material, money, and in furnishing nurses and other assistance in cases of public calamity by pestilence, fire, famine, and other causes.

The Executive Committee consists of fifteen members. There

are also sixteen additional Vice Presidents, both ladies and gentlemen, being one for each ward in the city.

CHURCH HOME.

Mount Hope Avenue.

This Charitable Institution of the Episcopal Church of the city of Rochester was organized June 10, 1868, and incorporated September 10, 1869.

It is designed as a Home for Orphans and aged persons of this Church, although it receives applicants from other churches.

The building is of Medina stone, and is a well-finished and commodious structure. It owes its existence in a great measure to the thoughtful liberality of George E. Mumford, Esq., the late George R. Clark, and his deceased daughter, Mary Clark Proctor.

The Home is conducted by a board of lady managers from the different churches.

Regular meetings first Friday of each month.

WESTERN HOUSE OF REFUGE.

Phelps Avenue.

This institution for juvenile delinquents is a reform school of undoubted excellence. The act authorizing its establishment was passed May 8, 1846.

The farm upon which the institution is located contains forty-two acres of valuable land, and lies in the northwest part of the city. A stone wall twenty feet in height incloses six and a half acres upon which the several costly buildings stand. A stockade fence, nine feet high, incloses twenty acres, while the remaining ten acres are used for pasturage. Walks, playgrounds, and lawns, ornamented with trees and shrubbery, give beauty to the place and comfort to the inmates.

MOUNT HOPE CEMETERY.

Located in the south part of the city, overlooking the Genesee River. It was commenced by the city in 1836, by the purchase of fifty acres; it now contains two hundred acres, by several additional purchases in subsequent years. Number of interments during the year ending May 31, 1883, 1,177. Total number of interments May 31, 1883, 34,407. In October, 1838, Mount Hope was dedicated with public ceremonies, the address being made by the Rev. Pharcellus Church, D. D.

The first interment at Mount Hope was made August 18, 1838. In 1859 an entrance was constructed at a cost of more than ten thousand dollars. This building was taken down in 1874, and was replaced by the present handsome edifice.

HOLY SEPULCHRE CEMETERY.

Incorporated, April 24, 1872.

This beautiful cemetery is located on Lake Avenue, in the town of Greece. It is under the management of a Board of Trustees composed of the Bishop of the Diocese, four priests, and ten laymen. Number of interments during the year ending May 31, 1883, 766. Total number of interments, 7,230.

ST. PETER'S AND ST. PAUL'S CEMETERY.

Located on Maple Street, near Childs.

ST. PATRICK'S CEMETERY.

Located in the southeastern part of the city, on the western slope of Pinnacle Hill.

ST. BONIFACE'S CEMETERY.

Pinnacle Avenue.

UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER.

Trustees. President, John B. Trevor, of Yonkers; Vice President, Rev. Edward Bright, D. D., of Yonkers; Secretary and Treasurer, William N. Sage, of Rochester.

This noble institution is pleasantly situated on high ground, ten acres in extent, the gift of Azariah Boody, Esq. The Library (in Sibley Hall) is open free to the public for consultation daily, from 12.30 to 5 P. M., except Sundays.

ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

East Avenue, Corner Alexander Street.

This institution was founded in 1851, by the Baptist denomination of the State of New York, for the purpose of educating young men for the sacred ministry. In the year of its organization it had three professors and forty-five students. The Seminary has been very successful. It has now three fine buildings, valued at $140,000. Its library is very valuable, and comprises the collection of the great Neander.

MORTALITY IN ROCHESTER.

FOR THE YEAR ENDING MARCH 31, 1883.

	April, '82.	May.	June.	July.	August.	September.	October.	November.	December.	January.	February.	March, '83.	Total.
Total	145	158	167	180	196	157	145	124	135	126	121	137	1,791
Sex. — Males	72	84	92	90	94	64	61	53	62	56	65	67	865
Females	73	74	75	96	97	83	71	64	64	70	56	70	885
Sex not given	–	–	–	4	–	8	13	7	9	–	–	–	41
Nativity. — American	98	110	104	123	145	113	85	81	85	83	79	79	1,185
German	20	23	28	25	23	15	30	21	28	12	13	20	258
Irish	13	12	15	12	12	13	11	10	9	12	10	22	151
English	6	6	7	6	2	2	8	3	5	6	7	8	66
Other nations	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	–	128
Parentage. — United States	56	109	104	64	73	50	37	34	35	30	36	29	657
Foreign	89	46	59	104	98	79	88	68	79	72	72	40	944
Unknown	–	3	4	12	25	28	20	22	21	24	13	18	190

WEALTH OF ROCHESTER.

The Assessors' Valuation.

	1880.	1881.	1882.	1883.
Real Estate . . .	$34,408,725	$34,506,225	$34,840,975	$36,166,200
Personal Estate . .	1,432,144	1,291,320	1,202,395	1,817,200
Total	35,840,869	35,797,545	36,043,370	37,983,400
Amount of City Tax,[1]	$840,953.84	$871,607.18	$1,013,541.26	$1,034,322.21

THE CITY DEBT.

The City Debt, June 15, 1883, consists of the following loans:

Genesee Valley Railroad Loan (reissue) . .	$148,000
Rochester and State Line Railroad . .	600,000
Rochester, Nunda, and Penn. Railroad . .	150,000
Arsenal Site	9,000
Floating Debt	210,000
City Hall Commissioners	335,000
Free Academy Site and Building . . .	140,000
Deficiency, unpaid taxes	50,000
Water Works	3,182,000
Funding Loan, 1875	410,000
School No. 5	20,000
Consolidated Loan	100,000
	$5,354,000

THE TAX LEVY, 1883.

Lighting the City		$65,000.00
Support of the Police Department . .		60,000.00
General Contingent Fund		45,000.00
Support and Relief of the Poor . . .		30,000.00
Board of Health and Garbage		12,000.00
Support of Common Schools, viz: —		
Building Fund	$30,000	
Repair Fund	10,000	
Contingent Fund	46,500	
Teachers' Fund	88,500	
		175,000.00
Erroneous Assessments		2,219.47
City Property Fund		3,000.00
Maintenance of Public Parks . . .		2,000.00

[1] See Tax Levy below.

Payment of Bonds falling due in 1882 and 1883		$23,950.00
Payment of Notes given for deficiencies in several funds for 1883		219,440.79
Local Assessments on City Property		3,781.95
Executive Boards, viz: —		
Fire Department Fund	$70,000	
Extension of Water Pipe	22,810	
Highway Fund	25,000	
Repair and Care of Avenues	4,200	
Salaries and Expenses	8,000	
		130,010.00
Interest on bonded debt as follows, at seven per cent.: —		
Water Works Loan	$222,740	
Rochester and State Line Railroad Loan	42,000	
R., N. and Penn. Railroad Loan	10,500	
City Hall Loan	23,450	
Free Academy Loan	8,750	
Free Academy Site	1,050	
Funding Loan, 1875	28,700	
Floating Debt	14,700	
Deficiency Loan	3,500	
School No. 5 Loan	1,400	
Arsenal Site	130	
At four per cent.: —		
Consolidated Loan	6,000	
Amount required to pay interest	$362,920	
Deduct receipts from Water Works to apply on interest on bonds	100,000	
		262,920.00
Total Tax Levy		$1,034,322.21

THE MILLING INTEREST OF ROCHESTER.

In 1826, there were seven merchant millers in Rochester. The returns of flour made at their mills, at the end of the year, was as follows: —

Beach's mill	24,000	Barrels.
Brown's mill	20,000	"
Atkinson's mill	20,500	"

Rochester's mill	20,000	Barrels.
Cleveland's mill	15,700	"
Strong's mill	17,000	"
Ely's mill	32,389	"

In 1827, Beach & Kempshall built the "Big Mill," known in late years as the "Bee-Hive" building, designed for ten run of stones. While building, four or five men at work on a staging near the eaves, shingling the roof, fell into the race below, and all were drowned. Between this and 1834 several other mills were built, among the number the mill of Warham Whitney, at the end of Brown's Race; the Crescent Mill, by Thomas Emerson, on South Water Street; the remodeling of the old cotton factory on Brown's Race into a mill, by Silas O. Smith; the reconstruction of the mill of Hervey Ely, at the east end of the Aqueduct, and several others; so that by 1834 Rochester had become the greatest manufactory of flour in the world, turning out six hundred thousand barrels of flour annually, — Genesee flour having achieved a world-wide fame. This important industry has of course, since that day, very much declined, or rather failed to keep pace with the development of the West, and the facilities for manufacturing flour in that portion of our vast country. Still, very large quantities of flour are made in Rochester at the present time, and it well maintains its old time popularity and excellence, — the number of mills now being eighteen, and nearly all of them with the latest improvements in machinery, with an annual production of 550,000 barrels of flour.

ROCHESTER CITY HOSPITAL.

No. 93 West Avenue.

This institution was incorporated by act of legislature May 7, 1847. It is located on the site of the old "Western Cemetery," a plot of ground containing about three acres, conveyed to the hospital by the common council in 1851. The main building is of brick, fifty by sixty feet, and four stories high. The east wing was completed in 1865. It is eighty feet long, with a transept wing, forty by twenty-five feet, two stories high, with basement. The west wing, designed exclusively for female patients, was completed in 1871. The hospital has a capacity of one hundred and seventy-five beds. It is conducted by a board of lady managers appointed by the Rochester Female Charitable

Society. It has three visiting surgeons, whose services are given free. Two resident physicians, one oculist, matron, etc. etc.

ST. MARY'S HOSPITAL.

West Avenue, corner Genesee Street.

The Sisters of Charity commenced their hospital in two small stone stables on Genesee Street, near Main, in 1857. From this small beginning by these trusting faithful women has arisen the large and noble hospital as it now stands, costing more than two hundred thousand dollars. During the war the hospital accommodated five hundred wounded and sick soldiers, besides a large number of other sick poor. St. Mary's Hospital is, and always has been, a benevolent institution. No one was ever turned away because he had nothing wherewith to pay. Though the sisters find themselves occasionally embarrassed by financial matters, they are neither dismayed nor disheartened by the obstacles that oppose them, relying as they do on the providence of God, that He will give them the means in his own good time to support the sick poor.

MANUFACTURE OF BOOTS AND SHOES.

This is one of the most extensive and important manufacturing industries in our city, giving employment to an immense number of men and women, and doing much to advance the prosperity of Rochester. We cannot estimate too highly the importance to our city of these two great industries, the manufacture of boots and shoes and ready made clothing, in which there is no doubt more capital invested, and more persons employed, than in all other manufactures combined. The following statistics of a few of the leading firms in the manufacture of boots and shoes will give some idea of its extent and importance.

D. Armstrong & Co., Annual Sales	$250,000
Hands employed	140
Brooks & Reynolds, Annual Sales	$200,000
Hands employed (chiefly boys in Refuge)	150
P. Cox, Annual Sales	$600,000
Hands employed	450
Hough & Ford, Annual Sales	$550,000
Hands employed	200
A. J. Johnson & Co., Annual Sales	$400,000
Hands employed	300

Reed & Weaver, Annual Sales	$400,000
Hands employed	300
D. W. Wright & Co., Annual Sales	$300,000
Hands employed	250
Curtis & Wheeler (Mill Street), Annual Sales	$400,000
Hands employed	350
L. P. Ross (State Street), Annual Sales	$1,000,000
Hands employed	75

Other large firms are, Byrnes, Dugan & Hudson, J. D. Cox, A. C. Eastwood, I. W. Graffin, Jaquith & Co., Robinson & Cole, Sherwood, Goodman, and Astles, Williams & Hoyt, Wheeler & Wales, D. H. Westbury & Co., and many more.

THE MANUFACTURE OF CLOTHING.

Forty years ago, when it was feared by our citizens that, from one cause and another, the milling interest might not keep pace with the same industry in other parts of the country, thus retarding the growth and prosperity of the city, it was hoped that our excellent water power would attract other kinds of business, and make up for what might be lost in connection with the manufacture of flour, which first gave Rochester its early and rapid growth. This hope to a considerable extent has been realized. Still it is plain to be seen that Rochester no longer is dependent upon its water power to insure its future prosperity. The "Sewing Machine" is already doing more than the water power can do hereafter. The important industry of clothing manufacture is one of the most extensive and important in our city. More than twenty firms composed of thorough business men, and with ample capital, are giving work to thousands of operatives, thus indicating most plainly its vast importance to our city. The following statement of annual sales, of a few of the leading houses, will give some idea of the immense business in the manufacture and sale of ready made clothing.

Wile, Stern & Co., Annual Sales	$350,000
Simon, Hays & Sons, Annual Sales	300,000
Lichenstein, Rothschild & Co., Annual Sales	650,000
Cauffman, Dinkelspeil & Co., Annual Sales	650,000
Strouss, Moore & Bier, Annual Sales	550,000
J. W. Rosenthal & Co., Annual Sales	750,000
Michaels, Koch & Stern, Annual Sales	800,000

In addition to the above there are many other firms that do as large or nearly as large a business, among which are Gallagher, Kelly & Johnson, J. A. Britenstool, Garson, Meyer & Co., L. Garson & Co., Hays & Thalheimer, Kolb, McMahon & Best, Levi, Schwarz & Co., Oppenheimer, Hays & Co., Rosenberg, Wolf & Blum, H. Schwarz & Co., Webber, Sheil, Rosenbaum & Co., Wile, Brickner, & Wile, and others.

POPULATION OF THE CITY AT DIFFERENT DATES.

First census, 1815	331
Second census, 1818	1,094
Third census, 1820	1,502
Fourth census, 1822	2,700
Fifth census, 1825	4,274
State census, August, 1825	5,273
Seventh census, 1826	7,669
Eighth census, 1830	9,269
Ninth census, 1840	20,191
Tenth census, 1845	25,261
Eleventh census, 1850	36,403
Twelfth census, 1855	43,877
Thirteenth census, 1860	48,204
Fourteenth census, 1865	50,940
Fifteenth census, 1870	62,386
Sixteenth census, 1875	81,622
Seventeenth census, 1880	89,363
Present population, estimated	110,000

NEWSPAPERS.

Rochester Democrat and Chronicle	3 West Main Street
Rochester Union and Advertiser	44 Exchange Street
Rochester Morning Herald	33 Exchange Street
Post-Express	12 Mill Street
Rochester Abend Post and Reobachter	5 Mumford Street
Rochester Volksblatt	18 North St. Paul Street
Rochester Sunday Journal	18 North St. Paul Street
Sunday Truth	South St. Paul Street
Sunday Morning Herald	Aqueduct Street
Vicks Illustrated Monthly Magazine	327 East Avenue
American Rural Home	53 Arcade
The Casket (monthly)	113 Powers Buildings

Empire State Agriculturist . . .	163 East Main Street
Exponent	144 East Main Street
Hospital Review (monthly) . .	2 Tremont Street
Industrial School Advocate. (monthly)	2 Tremont Street
Rochester Catholic Volkszeitung .	124½ West Main Street

EARLY MEMBERS OF THE ROCHESTER BAR.

First among the names of the honored members of the Rochesester Bar stands that of Vincent Mathews, who has been properly styled the "Father of the Bar of Western New York." Others were, Isaac Hills, Moses Chapin, Ashley Sampson, Elisha B. Strong, Timothy Childs, Addison Gardner, Samuel L. Selden, Henry R. Selden, Harvey Humphrey, James H. Gregory, Selah Mathews, Richard C. Jones, E. B. Wheeler, James R. Doolittle, P. G. Buchan, Charles M. Lee, E. S. Lee, Henry E. Rochester, Frederick Whittlesey, Wm. W. Mumford, Enos Pomeroy, Fletcher M. Haight, William S. Bishop, Graham H. Chapin, Ariel Wentworth, M. F. Delano, I. R. Elwood, Horace Gay, Robert Haight, Hiram Leonard, Samuel Miller, T. B. Hamilton, John C. Nash, E. Darwin Smith, Joseph A. Eastman, Joseph D. Husbands, Orlando Hastings, Jasper W. Gilbert, J. W. Dwinnelle, A. S. Alexander, Hester L. Stevens, Abner Pratt, Alba Lathrop.

Pioneers, and still residents of Rochester, who were in active business fifty years ago: —

David C. Alling, Benjamin M. Baker, A. B. Buckland, Elisha W. Bryan, Giles Carter, John Dart, Richard Howell, Michael Madden, Samuel Moulson, John Quinn, Robert Shields, Joseph Talmadge, Nehemiah Osburn, J. M. Southwick, Dr. Geo. A. Bartholick, William Alling, Lewis Chapin, Isaac Haight, Jacob Howe, H. B. Sherman, William Alling, Philip Kirley, Julius T. Andrews, J. M. Winslow, Evan Evans, John F. Bush, Ambrose Cram, Elihu H. Grover, Isaac Loomis, David Dickey, Darius Perrin, Ashbel W. Riley, Alvah Strong, Stephen Y. Alling, Thomas J. Patterson, Schuyler Moses, William I. Hanford, Joseph Stone, Joel Anderson, John Gorton, J. W. Hatch, John McKibbin, Albert Walker, George Arnold.

PHYSICIANS OF EARLY DAYS.

John D. Henry, Simon Hunt, J. C. Landon, Jas. S. Monroe, John B. Elwood, Anson Colman, Eli Day, Thomas Havill, Alexander Kelsey, J. W. Russell, E. G. Peckham, Henry A. Deforest,

E. S. Marsh, P. G. Shipman, James Webster, Edward M. Moore, A. G. Smith, Jas. W. Smith, H. Graham, F. F. Backus, D. Knickerbocker, P. G. Tobey, Ezra Strong, Daniel McGregor, George Swinburne, John Rolph, Wm. W. Reid, T. B. V. Durand, E. G. Munn, John Smyles, J. H. Van Every, Frank H. Hamilton, Henry W. Dean.

ROCHESTER DRUGGISTS, 45 AND 50 YEARS AGO.

William Pitkin, Lansing B. Swan, George Brace, Post & Willis, J. & D. Hawks, J. M. Winslow, Dr. L. Tousey, P. P. Thayer.

Only one of the above named druggists now living.

THE PATENT MEDICINE BUSINESS.

Within the last forty years quite a number of fortunes amounting to millions of dollars, have been made by the sale of patent or proprietary medicines, among which are the following : Jaynes' Family Medicines, Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup, J. C. Ayer's Medicines, Townsend's Sarsaparilla, and some others. "Have we a millionaire among us," in the same line of business? If not already, the prospect is pretty fair that we soon shall have. The various remedies of our public spirited townsman, H. H. Warner, from present indications, promise, as the result of merit and his bold manipulation, the richest returns. He has, we learn, three glass factories running wholly on bottles for his laboratory, and the sales amount to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a a month. However marvelous his success may be, we are sure that our city will not be the loser by his good fortune.

THE EARLY ROCHESTER DENTISTS.

The dentists of fifty years ago were Lewis K. Faulkner, Horatio N. Fenn, and David Haines. At that period artificial teeth were worked out by hand from ivory, and but little if any plate work was made. Artificial teeth, as now made, were first manufactured in Philadelphia about 1845. Jones & White, Orum & Armstrong, and Dr. John Kline, being the manufacturers. In New York, as early as 1850, Dr. James Alcock was engaged in the business on a large scale, and later they were manufactured by Roberts, and the New York Teeth Company. The oldest practitioners of Dental Surgery in our city at the present time are Drs. A. A. Morgan and E. F. Wilson, well known as skillful operators.

POWERS ART GALLERY.

One of the objects proposed by Mr. Powers in the establishment of his famous gallery was to show and explain the noted paintings of those great artists known as the "Old Masters." Most of the original works of the great painters, that have much merit, it is well known, are in the Royal Galleries and Palace Halls of European cities. But copies of them are occasionally made which rival the originals in excellence, and surpass them, of course, in freshness and beauty of coloring; many such may be seen in the gallery of Mr. Powers. In this collection will also be found the best examples of recent art — pictures of home life, views of the beautiful and sublime in nature. A large number of modern original paintings, from the studios of the most noted artists of Europe, have been imported, and added to this collection, and it is no presumption to claim that the Art Gallery of Mr. Powers is second to none in this country for the number and value of its works of art.

RAILROADS.

New York Central and Hudson River Railroad. Passenger Depot, Central Avenue and North St. Paul Street.

Rochester and Genesee Valley Railroad. Passenger Depot, Exchange Street.

Rochester and Pittsburgh Railroad. Passenger Depot, West Avenue, corner North Ford Street.

Buffalo, New York, and Philadelphia Railroad. Passenger Depot and Offices on Trowbridge Street.

New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railroad. Depot and Office, Trowbridge Street.

Rochester and Lake Ontario Railroad. Passenger Depot and office, North Avenue.

Rome, Watertown, and Ogdensburg Railroad. Passenger Depot at Charlotte.

Rochester and Ontario Belt Railroad. President, J. R. Dillon; Vice President, T. H. Baily.

Rochester, Lake Side, and Braddock's Bay Railroad. Incorporated 1881. Office 99 Powers Buildings.

THE ICE INDUSTRY.

In the summer of 1828, the writer used to go with a wheelbarrow to a small ice-house, early each morning, under the hill

just west of the Jewish Synagogue, on North St. Paul Street, for ice for a soda fountain in a drug store on the bridge. Aside from this, and a soda fountain kept by J. L. D. Mathies in the post-office building, where the Arcade now is, there was probably no ice used in Rochester. As late as 1850, ice was regarded as a luxury and not a necessity, and only two persons were engaged in the business, and that in a small way. Market men and the breweries used but little, and the trade with private families was quite limited. In 1852, Mr. E. L. Thomas, of 159 Alexander Street, came to Rochester, and commenced the erection of a large ice-house. He was cautioned against such an outlay; that there was nothing to warrant it, and that it would prove a loss to him; but he went forward, built his ice-house, and when the season came, he brought out his "ice-plough," to the wonder of crowds of people, to look at a man ploughing ice, instead of land, at the rate of from one to two thousand tons a day. At that time there was not in use such a thing as an ice-plough west of the Hudson River. The amount of ice used in this city at the present time is probably about equally divided between the large breweries and the rest of the entire city.

BREWERIES.

The Rochester breweries are celebrated for the purity and excellence of the beer and ales produced, which are shipped in every direction. The number of barrels brewed and the amount of ice used annually will no doubt surprise many.

Bartholomy Brewing Company, Annual Sales	150,000 Bbls.
Ice, for present season	55,000 tons
Men employed	100
Rochester Brewing Company, Annual Sales	75,000 bbls.
Ice, for present season	40,000 tons
Genesee Brewing Company, Annual Sales	45,000 bbls.
Ice for this season	12,000 tons
Miller Brewing Company, Annual Sales, Beer and Ale	20,000 bbls.
Ice for season	8,000 tons
Hathaway & Gordon, Annual Sales of Ale	10,000 bbls.
E. K. Warren & Son, Annual Sales of Ale	8,000 bbls.

Other brewers are J. G. Baetzel & Brother, Patrick Enright, Meyer, Leobs & Co., and several others.

FINE FUNERAL SUPPLIES.

Stein Manufacturing Company, 87 Exchange Street.

Chappell, Chace, Maxwell & Co., 105 State Street.

The above named firms are largely engaged in the manufacture of cloth-covered caskets, and coffins of every grade, and are wholesale dealers in funeral supplies of every description usually required by undertakers.

ROCHESTER PAPER COMPANY.

A. M. Hastings, President; Wm. A. Hubbard, Vice President; Charles S. Hastings, Secretary. Manufacturers of printing and other paper. The time was, in this city, when the paper used for daily and weekly issues was made by hand, one sheet at a time. The paper-mill of this company at the Lower Falls is well worth a visit from such as would like to see with what facility rags and wood pulp are converted into beautiful white paper by the improved processes of the present time.

WHOLESALE GROCERS.

Smith, Perkins & Co. Established 1826.

George C. Buell & Co. Established 1844.

Brewster, Gordon & Co. Established 1843.

H. Brewster & Co. Established 1853.

Brewster, Crittenden & Co. Established 1853.

A. M. Semple. Established 1841.

All the above, except the last named, are exclusively wholesale dealers, and are well known throughout Western New York as strong and reputable houses, giving better terms to retail dealers than they could get in New York.

WHOLESALE DRY GOODS.

A. S. Mann & Co. Established 1838.

Burke, Fitz Simons, Hone & Co. Established 1848.

Sibley, Lindsay & Curr. Established 1868.

S. J. Arnold & Co. Established 1872.

The above-named well-known firms are among the largest in Western New York, as importers and jobbers, and, with one exception, retailers of dry goods, the sales of some of them ranging from one to two or three millions of dollars annually, and giving employment to from two to three hundred clerks, porters, etc.

KIMBALL & CO.'S TOBACCO WORKS.

This is one of the most extensive and complete establishments of the kind in this part of the country, giving employment not only to a large number of men but also to hundreds of needy, industrious girls. Their manufactured goods consist chiefly of their celebrated "Peerless" and "Vanity Fair" tobacco, and cigarettes, and are shipped to San Francisco, London, Australia, and nearly every civilized country on the globe. Other extensive and well-known manufacturers of tobacco in our city are, S. F. Hess & Co., R. Whalen & Co., T. Whalen, G. & C. Gucker, R. D. Kellogg.

THE CUNNINGHAM CARRIAGE WORKS.

This is one of the largest and most prominent establishments of the kind in the country, dating its origin back to 1838. The firm name now being Cunningham, Son & Co. Some idea of the extent of their business may be had from the fact that the buildings comprising their present works on Canal Street, if placed in a straight line, would measure one thousand feet: one half, six stories high and forty five feet wide; the other, three stories high and sixty-six feet wide. All these buildings are of brick, with a floor area of about seven acres, with ample room to employ seven hundred men. A great variety of vehicles are made, embracing family carriages, buggies, phaetons, landaus, barouches, coupés, rockaways, etc. Other specialties are the manufacture of hearses, and from their establishment there has been turned out some of the most elegant and elaborate work in this country.

If space permitted we should gladly give a detailed account of many other manufacturing interests, among which are prominent the following: Walter B. Duffey, rectifying and vinegar works. James Fee & Brothers, dealers in pure wines and liquors. Kidd Car Wheel Works. J. S. Graham & Co., wood-working machinery. The Coöperative Stove Works. Woodbury, Booth & Pryor, steam-engines and boilers. Junius Judson & Son, steam governors. F. P. Michel, machine shop. Greenwood, barrel machinery. Gregg, coopers' tool factory. Erwin & Stott, file works. Forsyth & Howe, scale works. Corris & Co., patent wheels, etc. F. L. Hughes, baby carriages. Hayden & Havens Co., C. J. Hayden, Minges & Shale, and I. H. Dewey, furniture works. Gibbons & Stone, piano makers. John Dufuer,

last maker. Geo. W. Archer & Co., dental chairs, etc. Buffalo Steam-gauge and Lantern Co. Little & Rowe, iron works. Strong, Woodbury & Co., whip makers. Otis & Gorsline, sewer pipe. Van Zandt, coffee and spice mills. J. B. Stevens & Son, and J. S. Disbrow, packing boxes. Hebard, steam marble works. Peter Pitkin, marble monuments. Whitmore, Rauber & Vicinus, cut and sawed stone. Lowry & Bradner, morocco and other leather. Mack & Co., edge tools. Briggs & Son, safes. Sargent & Greenleaf, lock makers. Taylor Brothers, and L. C. Tower, thermometers, and many others.

ROCHESTER NURSERIES.

The Nursery Business of Rochester and Monroe County exceeds in extent that of any other State in the Union. Ellwanger & Barry may be said to have founded this important industry, which they did in the year 1840, occupying at that time but a few acres of land. At that period the Nursery Business was comparatively a new enterprise, and many predicted the financial ruin of the proprietors. But they saw that a great agricultural progress must soon be made in this country, and that there would be a great demand for nursery stock.

Their grounds were steadily enlarged, and in 1849 embraced eighty acres. In 1852 the nurseries occupied two hundred acres, and, in 1857, four hundred acres. Its area rapidly increased, and in 1860 had reached five hundred acres. In 1871 the area of land covered by these nurseries reached six hundred and fifty acres. Space will not allow of a full and complete account of these extensive nurseries; suffice it to say that four hundred and fifty acres of land are devoted to fruit trees; twenty to ornamental trees, shrubs, and other plants; twenty-five acres to specimen trees, both fruit and ornamental; thirty acres are in vineyards; and about five-and-twenty included in the lawn and ornamental grounds.

In addition to the celebrated firm of Ellwanger & Barry there are many other firms in Rochester and vicinity worthy of mention, prominent among which are Chase Brothers, Frost & Co., H. E. Hooker Estate, George Moulson & Son, J. F. Norris, J. Salter, George S. Wales, George A. Stone, and others.

PERFUMERY MANUFACTURERS.

The time was when genuine Cologne water bore the name of

Farina and others in Germany, and for the more concentrated and delicate perfumes we looked for the label of *Lubin*, and other chemists of Paris. Time has changed all this. This class of goods is now produced in this country, of equal fragrance and permanency to the best imported. While Philadelphia is the chief centre, Rochester has become famous in this line of trade. From the laboratories of C. B. Woodworth & Sons, and Alfred Wright, who employ only the most skilled chemists from France and Germany, all the popular perfumes of the present day can be obtained equal to the imported.

JAMES VICK, THE FLORAL SEEDSMAN.

Twenty-five years ago, James Vick, now deceased, commenced the systematic growing of flower seeds, and in the following year issued his first "Floral Guide" and catalogue. With the establishment of this enterprise seeds were placed within the reach of the masses, and a new era was entered upon in the culture of flowers. Up to this time but few flower seeds were grown in America for market, and these of the commonest kinds. Mr. Vick was the pioneer in the systematic growing of flower seeds, and his son, James Vick, is now without doubt the most extensive grower in America. His immense flower gardens, in the blooming season, July and August, present a grand display of floral beauty, and tourists make "Vick's Gardens" an objective point in their rides about the "Flower City."

In the growing and sale of seeds for the farm and vegetable garden, the firm of Hiram Sibley & Co., successors to the famous house of Briggs & Brother, without doubt stands at the head in this country. With hundreds of acres of land devoted to the growing, and with two immense establishments for putting up seeds, — one in Rochester and another in Chicago, — they must be almost above competition in that line of business. Besides these firms there are a number of younger establishments conducting a large and increasing business.

THE FIRST BRICK BUILDING.

This building is a private residence on the corner of West Main and Ford streets, the brick for which were drawn with a yoke of oxen from Brighton, by our venerable townsman A. B. Buckland, residing at the Sand Hill.

MILITARY.

A BRIEF HISTORY OF ROCHESTER AND MONROE COUNTY SOLDIERY FROM 1861 TO 1865.

Rochester and the entire County of Monroe were true for the Union when its existence was threatened more than twenty years ago. The citizens of both city and towns were of the best and bravest soldiers; the press was cheering and devoted, the war committees were indefatigable, and their daughters were seen presenting colors, gathering hospital supplies, and volunteering to nurse the gallant sick and wounded. The history of Monroe in the rebellion would be a graphic record of the war in the East, and to trace march, camp, and battle, of all, would make a valuable library. The towns and city vied in gallantry, and in less than fifteen months over forty organized companies had been raised, and most of them gone forward.

THE THIRTEENTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

This regiment was organized in this city: eight companies credited to Rochester, one to Brockport, and one to Dansville. Its Colonel was I. F. Quimby, a professor in the University, and a graduate of West Point; Lieutenant Colonel, E. G. Marshall; and among the captains were men who rose to high positions. Clothed in a handsome suit of blue, and presented with a beautiful stand of colors by the ladies of Monroe County, it started for Washington, May 20, and, with the Twelfth New York, passed through Baltimore on the next day after the attack on the Massachusetts Sixth. This regiment was in the hottest of the first battle of Bull Run, and the last to leave the field; its record all through its term of service is a noble one, and on its return to Rochester, as it marched through the city, with its tattered colors borne on many battle-fields, its progress, a continuous ovation, was, as another has expressed it, "the grandest thing in its way ever seen in Rochester."

THE EIGHTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEER CAVALRY,

With Sketches of the 21st, 22d, and 24th Regiments.

The Eighth Regiment New York Cavalry was organized in Rochester in 1861, under Colonel Samuel J. Crooks, to serve for three years. Among its officers were Lieutenant Colonel Charles

R. Babbitt, Majors William L. Markell and William H. Benjamin, Adjutant Albert L. Ford, Chaplain John J. Van Ingen.

The regiment was ordered to Washington, and went into winter quarters at Camp Selden. On September 11, 1862, the Eighth were surrounded by Jackson's force at Harper's Ferry. A demand was made to surrender; the demand was refused, and at midnight the regiment crossed the pontoon bridge and dashed on at a break-neck pace over the rocky roads directly through the centre of the army environing Harper's Ferry, and in the darkness taken for rebel cavalry. After this came, in rapid succession, the engagements of Philomont, Union, Upperville, Barber's Cross Roads, and Amosville. After three years of brave service the regiment returned to Rochester. Of nine hundred and forty men who went away in 1861, *only* one hundred and ninety came back. The battle-flag bore the names of *sixty-four* actions.

The Twenty-first Regiment New York Cavalry was organized at Troy, to serve three years. Four companies, G, L, M, and H, were from Rochester. The regiment was with Sigel in his movement up the Shenandoah, and at a later period with Hunter in his great raid, performing a most gallant part.

The Twenty-Second Regiment New York Cavalry was organized at Rochester, to serve for three years. It was mustered in February, 1864, and out August 1, 1865. Its record, though brief, is brilliant. Samuel J. Crooks, Colonel of the Eighth Regiment, was made Colonel May 4, 1864. This regiment, under command of General George A. Custer, was brigaded with the Eighth, and Fifteenth New York and Third Indiana. In an order issued by the General, April 9, 1865, he closes by saying, "I only ask that my name may be written as that of the commander of the Third Cavalry Division."

THE ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

In the summer of 1862 the President issued a call for three hundred thousand men, and the citizens of Monroe nobly responded, and by August 18th the new Monroe County Regiment — the second under the call — was fully organized at Camp Hillhouse, Rochester. The field and staff officers were: Colonel, Oliver H. Palmer; Lieutenant Colonel, Charles J. Powers; Major, George B. Force; Adjutant, John T. Chumasero; Quartermaster, Joseph S. Harris; Surgeon, John F. Whitbeck; Assistant Surgeon, Thomas Arner; Chaplain, James Nichols.

The regiment left Rochester August 19th, and in a few days went into camp five miles from Washington.

During its term of service this noble regiment performed deeds of heroism, which won for the participants undying honor. After three years of service it returned to gladden many a home faithful as soldiers, estimable as citizens.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FORTIETH NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.

Scarcely had the One Hundred and Eighth received orders to leave for the seat of war, when a new regiment, the fourth from Monroe, was authorized, and by September 15th this regiment was full and mustered in for three years, at Camp Porter, Rochester. Patrick H. O'Rorke was commissioned Colonel; Louis Ernst, Lieutenant Colonel; I. F. Force. Major; Ira C. Clark, Adjutant; T. F. Hall, Surgeon; William C. Slayton and O. Sprague Paine, Assistant Surgeons.

On September 15th the young ladies of Rochester presented the regiment with a beautiful stand of colors, and four days later the regiment left for Washington.

On the 2d of July, while the regiment was hotly engaged with the enemy, the brave Colonel O'Rorke fell, while holding and waving the colors at the head of the regiment. The regiment was mustered out at Washington, June 3, 1865, and on the 6th returned to Rochester. It went out a thousand strong, had an addition of more than six hundred recruits, and came back with only two hundred and ninety men.

THE THIRD REGIMENT NEW YORK CAVALRY,

Known as "Van Allen's Cavalry," was mustered into service during the summer of 1861. Its officers originally were: Colonel, James H. Van Allen; Lieutenant Colonel, Simon H. Mix, of Rochester; Major, John Mix; Surgeon, William H. Palmer; Adjutant, Samuel C. Pierce. Five companies were from Monroe County; one company from Rochester, under Captain Charles Fitzsimons. On May 8th the company of George W. Lewis, which fought at Bull Run as infantry with the old Thirteenth, returned home and were mustered out. George W. Lewis, as Lieutenant Colonel of this regiment, on the promotion, as supposed, of Lieutenant Colonel Mix, did much brave and noble service. On June 29th a sharp action took place at Reams Station, in which the Third lost heavily.

At the close of the war the regiment was consolidated with the First Mounted Rifles, and designated the Fourth "Provisional Cavalry."

THE FIRST REGIMENT LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This regiment was organized at Elmira, to serve three years. It was mustered into service August 30, 1861.

In this regiment was Battery "L," known as Reynolds' Battery, from its commander, John H. Reynolds, composed of Monroe County men, and independent in service. This battery performed long, arduous, and valuable service during the war, and at its close returned to Rochester, June 20, 1865, with one hundred and thirty-seven men.

THE ELEVENTH ARTILLERY,

Colonel W. B. Barnes, was recruited at Rochester, as heavy artillery, on June 16, 1863. Lee was known to have invaded Pennsylvania, and every available soldier was put in requisition. The Eleventh was ordered to proceed at once to Harrisburg, and report to General Couch, and all through the war, here and there, performed most valuable service in support of the Union.

THE MONROE COUNTY SHARP-SHOOTERS.

In December, 1862, Abijah C. Gray was commissioned to raise a company of sharp-shooters, to be attached to the One Hundred and Eighth Volunteers. In this regiment, this company, composed of Monroe men, were designated as the Sixth Company.

THE FIFTIETH ENGINEERS.

This regiment was organized by General Charles B. Stewart, during the summer of 1861, and was known as "Stewart's Independent Volunteers." To this regiment Monroe County gave many men, who were organized in Companies L, F, and G, and some in other companies. After three years of most valuable service, the Engineers returned to Elmira, where it had been organized, and mustered out.

THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT.

This regiment from the beginning contained one company from Monroe, and later in the term of service was heavily recruited at Rochester. In September, 1862, two hundred and forty recruits from Monroe joined the regiment. It was mustered in on May

22, 1861. An election being held, Robert F. Taylor, of Rochester, was made Colonel. A fine flag was presented by the ladies of Canandaigua, and, after a troublous stay at Elmira barracks, the regiment departed for Washington.

THE EIGHTY-NINTH REGIMENT,

Known as "Dickinson's Guards," was organized at Elmira. It was mustered into United States service on December 6, 1861, for a period of three years. Its Colonel was Harrison S. Fairchild, of Rochester, who was mustered out with his regiment as a Brigadier-General. Company D was from Monroe, and was reputed to have been composed of excellent men, who did brave service in the field.

THE SEVENTIETH REGIMENT,

Otherwise known as the First Excelsior, was organized in New York city, to serve for three years. It was mustered in during the month of June, 1861. Its Colonel was Daniel E. Sickles.

In the Seventieth was a company from Monroe, known as "G," under Captain Henry B. O'Reilly. The first engagement was at Williamsburg. In this battle Captain O'Reilly was killed.

THE ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTH REGIMENT

Was formed by the consolidation of the Irish regiment recruited at Camp Hillhouse, in this city, with a regiment organized at Camp Upham, Leroy.

The men from Monroe County were mainly patriotic Irishmen, whose discipline during the winter following prepared them for the arduous service they were called to perform. During the summer and fall this regiment was in eight battles. With thinned ranks, we find the regiment in camp at Belle Plain, Virginia, where it passed the winter.

THE TWENTY-FIFTH REGIMENT.

This regiment was organized for two years early in the war, and bore its part in the campaigns of the various eastern generals. In this regiment was the company of Captain Preston. The Monroe company went into action on one occasion with thirty-two men, and but nine were brought off, the regiment itself losing half its force in killed and wounded.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH REGIMENT

Was organized at Elmira, where it was mustered in for two years. It was known as the Utica Regiment, and contained two companies from Monroe County, one commanded by G. S. Jennings, afterwards promoted to Major, and the other by Thomas Davis. The Twenty-sixth was brigaded with the Ninety-fourth and Eighty-eighth New York, and Ninetieth Pennsylvania, and four companies of the Ira Harris (Third) New York Cavalry. In the battle of Fredericksburg the regiment bore a gallant part, as well as in several other engagements. At the end of two years the regiment was mustered out.

THE FOURTEENTH REGIMENT VETERAN HEAVY ARTILLERY

Originated in this city shortly after the muster out of the old Thirteenth Infantry. Colonel Elisha G. Marshall was duly authorized to enter upon the work of enlisting a regiment of Heavy Artillery, and by July 15, 1863, had about three hundred men in camp on Lake Avenue, mainly veterans of the Thirteenth. The command lay quietly in camp until the advance across the Rapidan in May, 1864. In the charge at Spottsylvania and Petersburg, at Cold Harbor, Weldon Railroad, Poplar Spring Church, and Hatcher's Run, the command acquitted itself with credit. When the swing to the left had brought the Ninth Army Corps before Petersburg, the Fourteenth Regiment, nine hundred and thirteen strong, scaled the enemy's breastworks and captured a battle-flag, a general, and three hundred prisoners. In this charge Colonel Marshall was wounded. This regiment won an enduring and honored name as a stanch and reliable organization.

THE EIGHTEENTH BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY,

Designated as "Mack's Battery," was raised and organized in this city to go out with the One Hundred and Eighth. The company, numbering one hundred and forty men, departed for New York on November 18, 1862, to join the Texas Expedition under General Banks. The following is a record of actions in the South: Pattersonville, Bisland, Comite Bridge, Port Hudson, and Mobile.

THE TWENTY-SIXTH BATTERY LIGHT ARTILLERY.

This battery was organized in this city, and mustered into service on February 25, 1863. It was originally commanded by J. Warren Barnes. The battery was ordered to the far South, and served in expeditions under General Banks in the Southeast, and was engaged at Cane River and at Avoyelles Prairie.

INDEX.

All the names mentioned in the book are not to be found in the Index. That would have given something like a Directory.

Abolitionism, 254.
Abolitionists, 256.
Acer, John, 62.
Acer, William, 62.
Adams, J. Q., 343.
Allan, Ebenezer, 47–56.
Allan's Creek, 56.
Allan's mill, 76.
Allan's mill raising, 51.
Allan's millstones, 54.
Allan, Seneca, 56.
Allen, Gid, 74.
Allen, John, 121.
Allen, Mary B., 167, 168.
Ancient remains, 1.
Anderson, Dr., 182, 296.
Andrews, S. J., 86, 120.
Anthony, Susan B., 262.
Anti-Slavery meeting, 221.
Anti-Slavery Society, 132.
Appendix A, 353.
Appendix B, 357.
Aqueduct, 212, 371.
Arcade, 154.
Archer's Dental Chairs, 312.
Architecture, 163.
Art Club, 380.
Art Exchange, 380.
Art Gallery, 274, 394.
Art Gallery receptions, 276.
Artists, 158.
Assessors' Department, 359.
Associations and Societies, 377.
Asylum, Deaf Mute, 309.
Atkinson's mill, 85, 342.

Backus, Charles, 173.
Backus, Dr., 89.
Backus, Mrs. Elizabeth, 130.
Banks, 373, 374.
Bar, early, 392.
Barnard, J., 85, 339.
Base ball, 137.
Beach, Elisha, 61.
Bear's Bones monument, 234.
Beckwith, F. X., 99, 249.
Benedict, Dr. N. W., 179.
Bible Society, American, 123.
Bishops (Episcopal), 300.
Bissell and Riley, 124, 127, 143, 184.
Blossoms, B., 54.
Boardman, Derick, 172.
Boats, Durham, 34.
Bond, J. G., 32, 341.
Boots and Shoes, manufacture of, 389.
Boughton, A., 28.
Boughton Hill, 23, 28.
Boys, old school, 169.
Brandt, J., 17, 19.
Breweries, 395.
Bridge, Falls Town, 70.
Bridge, petition for, 55.
Bridges, 375.
Brooks, Lewis, 293.
Brooks, M., 338.
Brooks, Mary H., 233.
Brown, Dr. J., 89.
Brown, Francis, 101.
Brown, John, raid of, 254, 258.
Brulè, 13.
Buell's Avenue, 318.
Buffalo, Battle of, 23.
Buffalo Creek treaty, 43.
Bumphrey, Major, 242.
Bunnell, Reuben, 133.
Burke, Fitz Simmons, Hone & Co., 352.
Burnet, Governor, 29.
Burr, Aaron, 39.
Bush, George, 281.
Butler's Rangers, 49.

Canal, Erie, 106, 109.
Canal, Genesee Valley, 118.
Carantouans, 13.
Caroline, burning of the, 247.
Carriage Works, 397.
Carroll, Major, 64, 121.

Carter, Mrs., 88.
Carthage, 33, 61.
Carthage bridge, 62, 376.
Carthage R. R., 135.
Carver monument, 233.
Castle Town, 33.
Cattle Show, first, 343.
Cemeteries, 383.
Champlain, 11, 14.
Charities and Associations, 381.
Charlevoix, 1.
Cherry Valley, 17.
Chichester, Rev. D., 171.
Child, Jonathan, 111, 203.
Child's Block, 164.
Childs, Timothy, 111.
Cholera, 191.
Christ Church, 129.
Churches, list, 368.
Circus, 374.
City Election notice (first), 199.
City Government, 357.
City Hall, 351.
City Officers, 358.
Cleveland, 34.
Clinton, De Witt, visit of, 60.
Clinton, De Witt, portrait of, 115.
Clothing, manufacture of, 390.
Coal, 346.
Cobb, G., 339.
Cochrane, Joseph, 184.
Coffin manufacturers, 228, 396.
Cogswell statue, 147.
College, Medical, 301.
Common Council, 358.
Copeland, Rev. John, 173.
Corn Planter, 18.
Court-House (first), 343.
Crab Island, 96.
Crescent Mill, 344.
Cuba, N. Y., 37.
Culver, O., 33, 54, 339.

Danforth, G. F., 306.
Dayton, Asa, 32.
Deaf Mute Institute, 367.
Debt, city, 386.
Debtors' races, 99.
Deep Hollow, 3.
Deep Hollow breastwork, 100.
Dentists, early, 393.
Depot, Central R. R., 311.
Detroit, 34.
Dewey, D. M., 9, 158, 163, 354.
Dewey, Dr., 5, 169, 181.
Dolley, Sarah R. A., M. D., 265.
Doty, Dr., 95.
Douglass, Frederick, 254, etc.
Drake, Sam, 133.
Druggists, early, 393.
Dry goods, wholesale, 396.
Duffy's cider mill, 295.
Dugan, C., letter of, 337.
Dugway, 22.
Dunbar, Asa, 32.
Durfee, Cyrus, 172.
Dutch traders, 10.

Eagle Hotel, old, 90.
Electric light, 352.
Ellwanger & Barry, 157, 295.
Ellwanger monument, 239.
Elwood Block, 298.
Elwood, Dr. J. B., 84.
Ely, Elisha, 101.
Ely, H., 341.
Embankment, Bushnell's Basin, 114.
Erickson monument, 232.
Ethridge, O. H., 161.
Evans, G. H., 93.
Excise Commissioners, 360.
Executive Board, 361.

Falls Town, 4, 32.
Female Charitable Society, 130.
Fenner, Madison County, 13.
Fire alarm, 365.
Fire Department, 363.
Firemen's monument, 233.
First things, 337.
First white child, 92.
Fitch, Charles E., 317.
Fitzhugh, Colonel, 64.
Five Nations, 17.
Float bridge, 26, 34.
Floods, 370.
Fording Genesee, 54.
Fourth July, first celebrated, 342.
Fox family, 346.
Fox girls, 267.
Franciscans, 14, 22.
Frankford, 33.
Free academy, 347.
Free schools, 345.
Fremin, Father, 23.
French burying-ground, 3.
French warfare, 22.

Galusha, Rev. Elon, 252.
Garden, Summer, 216.
Gardiner, Addison, 304.
Gardiner & Selden, 304.
Garnier, Father, 23.
Gas-light companies, 371.
Genesee, Charlevoix's description, 36.
Genesee Country, 78.
Genesee, the river, 36.
Gilbert, Grove S., 159, 163.
Gilmore, Professor, 298.
Glen House, 4.

Globe Buildings, 283.
Gorham, Nathaniel, 46.
Gould, Jacob, 152, 163, 167.
Granger, Eli, 59.
Graveyards, first, 223, 225.
Greek rebellion, 213.
Green, Seth, 307.
Greenwood, Grace, 170, 178, 255.
Griffin, Ebenezer, 152.
Groceries, wholesale, 396.
Guernsey, James K., 213, 354.

Hagerstown, 65.
Hall, Moses, 76.
Hall, Sedge, 133.
Hanford's Landing, 33.
Harford, C., 60.
Harford's mill, 60.
Hatch, J. M., 54.
Hawley, Jesse, 45, 107.
Health Department, 360.
Health statistics, 385.
Hebrew reformers, 299.
Hemlock Lake water, 351.
Hencher, William, 60.
Hennepin, Father, 23.
Hennepin's Niagara, 23.
Hieronymo, Rev. Mother, 265.
High school, old, 166.
Hill, Charles B., 172.
Hilton, Colonel, 64.
Himes, J. V., 254.
Holley, Myron, 231, 254.
Hospitals, 388.
Hotels, 374.
House of Refuge, 310.
Howe, Jacob, 89.
Hudson, Hendrick, 12.
Humphrey, Hon. Harvey, 160.
Hundred Acre Tract, old deed of, 354.
Hunt, Dr., 339.
Huntington, Bishop, 19.
Huron-Algonquins, 11.
Hyatt, T. Hart, 242.

Ice industry, 394.
Incendiary tract, 121.
Insurance, Mutual Aid, 372.
Insurance, Mutual Relief, 372.
Insurance, Rochester German Co., 372.
Irondequoit Bay, 4, 21.
Irondequoit, British fleet in, 30.
Iroquois, 6, 8, 18.
Iroquois, defeat of, 20.
Iroquois, farewell of, 15.
Isms, 245.

Jemison Mary, 2, 9, 48.
Jesuits, 11, 14, 16.
Johnson's Dam, 85, 341.
Johnson, E., 85, 91, 122.
Johnson, Rossiter, 309.
Johnson, Sir Wm., 17, 31.
Joncaire, 29.
July Fourth, 211, 219.

Kedzie, John, 161.
Kendrick, Dr., 302.
Kent, Elijah, 59.
Kimball's Tobacco Works, 295.
King, Moses, 341.
King, Simon, 59.
King, Thomas, 59.
Kirkland, Rev. S., 43, 52.
Knockings, Rochester, 267.

La Fayette, 136.
La Fayette Letter, by Mr. Brown, 353.
Lamberville, Father, 23, 25.
Lancastrian system, 181.
Land League, 352.
Land slide (Genesee), 2.
Lansberg, Dr., 299.
La Salle, 23.
Lattimore, Dr., 298
Lawsuits, early, 204.
Letchworth, W. P., 9.
Lewis, Z., 74, 339.
Liancourt, Duke of, 58.
Liberty Party, 256.
Lick, Deer, 75, 96.
Lincoln, Abraham, 259.
Long House, 1, 6.
Long House, sale to Phelps and Gorham, 40.
Losea, Silas, 33.
Lot buyers, 1811, 71.
Lottery, 218.
Lusk, 32, 52.

McGonegal, John, 35.
McQuaid, Bishop, 300, 309.
Mackensie, Dr. Wm. L., 246, 249.
McKnight, Dr., 171.
Mammoths, 290.
Manufacturers, 397.
Market Building, 164.
Marsh, Daniel, 168.
Masons' Charter, 197.
Mastodon, 3.
Mathews, Vincent, 337.
Mathies (artist), 18.
Mayors, list of, 357.
Medicines, patent, 393.
Merrimac, defeat of, 348.
Military in civil war, 400–406.
Millerism, 251.
Milling interest, 387.
Mill lot, old, bought of Senecas, 44.

Mills, Phœnix, 61.
Missionary societies, 130.
Missions, R. C., 19.
Monroe County, 99.
Montgomery, H., 90, 119.
Montreal, Iroquois attack on, 28.
Moore, Dr. E. M., 301.
Moore, L. M., 87, 132.
Morgan affair, 138.
Morgan, "Good Enough," 148.
Morgan, L. H., 2, 6, 302.
Morgan, L. H. Endowment Fund, 267.
Mormon Bible, 58.
Moses, Schuyler, 91, 223.
Mound builders, 1, 22.
Mount Hope, 223.
Mud, Rochester, 88.
Municipal Court, 360.
Murder of Wm. Lyman, 344.
Museum (old), 128, 217.
"Mysteries of Rochester," 346.

Neander's Library, 298.
Neanderthal man, the, 292.
Neely, Bishop, 300.
Neutrals, the, 23
Newport House, 26.
Newspapers, 391.
Newspapers (old files), 205.
Newton, Colonel Aaron, 133.
New York, Western, first settled, 29.
Nine Mile Point, 25, 31.
Nonville, Marquis de, in Irondequoit Bay, 24.
Northrup, Miles, 54.
Nurseries, 398.

Observatory, Warner, 284.
Odd Fellows, 345.
Old school-boys, 169.
One Hundred Acre Tract bought by Rochester, Carroll, and Fitzhugh, 64.
Onondaga Castle, 19, 23.
Ontario, Lake, 5.
O'Reilly, Henry, 42, 59, 146, 344, etc.
Osborn, Nehemiah, 6, 165.

Palmer, James, 129.
Paper Co., Rochester, 396.
Parker, J. G., 250.
Parsons, Chauncey, 242.
Patch, Sam, 184.
Patriot Hill, 235.
Patriot war, 246.
Peck, Everard, 90, 131, 205.
Peck, Norman, 174.
Penfield, Daniel, 214.
Perfumery Manufacturers, 398.
Perry, Old, 170.
Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, 41.
Phelps and Gorham's title deed, 41.
Phelps, Mary, 46.
Phelps, Oliver, 45.
Philippe, Louis, visit of, 39.
Physicians, early, 392.
Pioneer stages, 124.
Pioneers, Phelps and Gorham's Purchase, 57.
Pioneers still living, 392.
Pioneers, the young, 55.
Pittsford, 33.
Plate Glass, 352.
Police Department, 359.
Pomeroy & Mastick, 86.
Population, different dates, 391.
Portage Falls, 9
Post, Isaac and Amy, 258, 300.
Post-Office, 376.
Powers, D. W., 273.
Powers Buildings, 272.
Powers Corner, first arrival, 74.
Press, Rochester, 1834, 195.
Printing Press (first), 342.
Printing and Advertising, 361.
Prophecies: D. W. Powers, 319.
Dr. Lansberg, 320.
Dr. Thomas, 321.
Dr. Shaw, 322.
Dr. Platt, 323.
G. H. Humphrey, 324.
G. T. Parker, 325.
Mrs. Boyd, 325.
Dr. Dolley, 327.
W. S. Whittlesey, 328.
G. A. Redman, 329.
J. H. Kent, 329.
S. A. Ellis, 331.
D. M. Dewey, 331.
G. T. Lanigan, 332.
Lewis Swift, 333.
H. E. Rochester, 334.
Pundit Club, 302.

Quakers, 86.

Railroads, 134, 139.
Rattlesnake oil, 80.
Rattlesnakes, 6, 76.
Red Cross Society, 262, 301.
Red Jacket, 9, 18, 209, 221.
Red Mill, 342.
Reformatory (Girls), 310.
Refuge, House of, 383.
Reid, J. D., 248.
Revivals, 127.
Revolutionary soldiers, 244.
Reynolds, A., 88.
Reynolds, A., buys lot, 81.

Reynolds, Mrs. A., 101.
Reynolds, M. F. 94.
Reynolds, W. A., 97, 101, 157, 226, 344.
Ridge Road, 4
Riley, A. W., 121, 123, 127, 177, 191, 214.
Robinson, John, 134, 212, 214.
Rochester, 1834, 193.
Rochester, 1883, 312.
Rochester, first arrivals, 84.
Rochester in the Rebellion, 317.
Rochester, Old Map, 119.
Rochester, Colonel N., 63, 67, 70.
Rochester, Colonel, leaves Maryland, 65.
Rochester, H. E., 66, 113.
Rochester, Thomas H., 112.
Rochester, W. B, 67, 108, 126, 137.
Rochesterville, 75.
"Rock and Tree," 39.

Sabbath question, 124.
Safe Deposit, 372.
Salt Springs, 80.
Sampson, Judge Ashley, 136, 206.
Sand-bar, 21.
Sawyer, Colonel Amos, 133.
Schools, Public, 366.
Scrantom, Edwin, 60, 67, 73, 75, 176, 225.
Scrantom, H., arrival of, 72.
Scrantom, H., letter of, 76.
Schuyler, General, 18.
Schuyler, Montgomery, 309.
Schuyler, Peter, 29.
Science, Academy of, 380.
Sciences, Society of Natural, 379.
Scott, Sam, 190.
Seaver, James E., 9.
Seedsmen, 399.
Selden, H. R., 306.
Selden, S. L., 305.
Seminary, Theological, 298.
Senecas, 3, 8, 17, 36.
Shaeffer's Flats, 49, 52.
Sibley College, Cornell, 294.
Sibley, Hiram, 76, 157.
Six Nations, 17.
Smith, E. F., 239.
Smith, Edward M., 169.
Smith, E. Peshine, 309.
Smith, James B., 171.
Smith, Joseph, 58.
Smith, Judge E. D., 152.
Smith, Silas O., 84, 86, 88, 129.
Societies and Associations, 377.
Sodus, 33.
Soldiers' Aid Society, 318.
Spiritualism, 268.
Stage lines, 210.
Starr, Dr. C. S., 301.
Starr, Frederick, 171.
Stepping Mill, 214.
Stillson, Geo. D., 229.
Stone, Enos, 55, 70.
Stone, Enos, raising, 72.
Stone, James S., 93.
Stone, Joseph, 84.
Stone, Mrs. Orange, 39.
Stone's, Mrs., tea party, 340.
Street lamps, 361.
Street railroad, 375.
Streets, naming of, 120.
Strong, Elisha B., 61.
Strong, Huldah, 341.
Stull, Joseph A., 65.
Suicides' graves, 87.
Sullivan, 16, 49.
Sullivan's raid, 20, 235.
Sunday-Schools, 123, 132.
Swedenborgianism, 271.
Swift, Lewis, 283.

Tax Levy, 386.
Tea party, Mrs. Stone's, 340.
Telegraph, daily, 220.
Telegraph, first, 346.
Telephone, 352.
Testimonal to Miss Anthony, 263.
Theatre, first, 377.
Theatres, old, 215, 219.
Theological Seminary, 384.
Thirty-Three, our brave, 95.
Tobacco, manufacture of, 397.
Tomatoes, first, 343.
Tonawanda excursion, 344.
Tonti, 25.
Tourgée, Judge, 309.
Trading-posts, 16, 24.
Trails, Iroquois, 38.
Training days, 133.
Training School for Nurses, 267.
Transportation, river, 116.
Treaties, Indian, 18.
Treaty, United States and Great Britain, 17.
Tryon, city of, 32.
Twenty Thousand Acre Tract, 59.

Underground Railway, 257.
Union League, 349.
University, Rochester, 296, 384.

Valuation, assessors', 386.
Vick, 294, 399.
Village incorporated, 90.
Vining, Rev. E., 244.
Volunteers, first, 347.
Voting, women, 349.

Wadsworth, Colonel J., 33, 337.
Wadsworth's hand-bills, 78.
Walker the ranger, 38.
Ward, Professor H. A., 2, 288.
Ward, Dr. L., 63, 86, 132, 167.
Ward, Levi A., 192.
Ward's Museum, 288.
Warner, H. G., 18.
Warner, H. H., 284.
Warner's Buildings, 311.
Washington, General, 18.
Water-works, 362.
Watts, Ebenezer, 279.
Wax-works, 129.
Webster, Daniel, speech of, 37.
Weed, Thurlow, 59, 146.
Western Union, 347.
Whitney, John, 144, 147.
Whittlesey, Frederic, 137, 143.
Wide-awakes, 347.
Wilkinson, Jemima, 53, 57.
Williams, Comfort, 340.
Williams, Judge John, 103.
Williamson, Colonel, 54.
Winslow, J. M., 114, 357, 393.
Woman's rights, 260.
Woman's Rights Convention, 261, 346.
Wright, Elizur, 255.

Yeo's invasion, 95.
Yeo, Sir James, 98.
Yonnondio, Hosmer's, 27.

1m

3 6175 00074996 8

For Reference

Not to be taken from this room

Hist F 129 .R7 P37 1997
Parker, Jenny Marsh, 1836-1913
Rochester

DISCARDED